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HISTORY OF THE

NATIONAL

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CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY,

FROM MAY, 1848.

BY J. F. CORKRAN, ESQ.

NEW YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,

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1849.



P R E F A C E.

THE Author of this history had been for some months in almost daily attendance at the National Assembly, when repeated questions put to him about the style, manner, and appearance of such members as were attracting public attention, suggested the idea of writing sketches, calculated in some degree to satisfy the curiosity of friends. A consideration of persons led naturally to an *exposé* of such subjects as had become identified with particular names; and as the recent Revolution has had the effect of throwing down all that had been taken for granted, and of causing most political and social questions to be brought into light and examining, as if in themselves new, a Work which aimed not beyond simple portraiture, unavoidably assumed a certain politico-philosophical texture. Having, for purposes of his own, taken notes of the many speeches he had heard, the Author can truly describe this to be an original effort at painting a series of scenes, which it was given to but few of his countrymen to witness.

The debates of the Assembly, from the first day of meeting to the invasion by the Clubs on the 15th of May, and from that day to the Insurrection of June, receive daily notice, for the sake of showing how far the proceedings of this body tended to bring about that terrible struggle, in which the question at stake was—civilization itself. From that period, only such debates as serve to throw light on great or interesting questions, or to bring out remarkable individuals, are at all noticed. In fine, the Assembly, chosen by Universal Suffrage, and occupied with questions of a political or social character, was composed of the most varied characters and persons. The parties known under the names of Republicans—Moderate and Red, Socialists, Communists, Bonapartists, and Monarchists, all enter readily into the reader's classification. Then for the *personnel*: there were men whose names had never before been heard of, by the side of well-established reputations: there were lawyers and doctors, from town and country; bishòps, priests, friars, and *pasteurs*; nobles and workmen, even to the humblest *proletaire*. Not the least curious part of the study opened by such various persons, was the comparative effect produced by the new lamps and the old, on an Assembly whose temper changed with its age, and was modified by the strangely shifting events with which it was bound up. Before it was a fortnight old, this Assembly had to withstand an assault upon its existence;

later, again, it had to defend society from a fearful uprising of the masses, instigated and led by perverted intelligence and corrupted talents. So far, it was triumphant; but then it had to struggle, and in vain, against an heir of the Emperor, and it had to struggle against its own strong instinctive tendencies to become a Convention. To follow the Assembly through these struggles and efforts—to mark the men who influenced its career, for good or evil—such is the task into which the Author found himself almost insensibly drawn; certain, at all events, that whatever may be the extent of his own failure to exhibit becomingly the drama, and the *dramatis personæ*, yet that, if he has succeeded in making his sketches of a suggestive character to the reader's mind, his labor will not have been thrown away, nor his reader's time lost.

MAY, 1849.

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HISTORY

OF THE

NATIONAL CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY.

CHAPTER I.

MEETING OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY—ITS PHYSIOGNOMY—GENERAL COURTAIS' STRANGE PROPOSAL—PROCLAMATION OF THE REPUBLIC FROM THE STEPS OF THE CHAMBER.

It was an extraordinary sight, the meeting of the French National Assembly on the 4th of May, 1848. How unlike in its composition to what is generally understood by a House of Commons, or Chamber of Deputies, returned by constituencies more or less limited, to support certain principles or political systems with clearly indicated names, and personified in tried and well known leaders. That Assembly was created by universal suffrage, its principles all to be sought after, and its leaders but dimly indicated. Principles, laws, leadership, systems, influences were to be determined by *struggle*. The ground was cleared of all opposing prejudices. The race was open to all. There was no established pre-eminence to frown down, sneer down, censure down, or smile down, any sort of disputant, be he whom he might; no doctrine could startle, no language seem strange. The world expected some new unknown prophet—some one capable of reading the mystery supposed to be hidden in the great popular convulsion which had taken place. There was a religious awe over that Assembly, for it was deeply im-

pressed on the minds of many, if not of all, that Providence had not permitted so astounding a change, one threatening to be so boundless in its effects, unless for the bringing of some wonderful purpose to light, by unfamiliar instruments. The order of established parliaments was reversed, the difficulties were in the way of reputation and eminence. All the facilities were for the unknown.

The building in which the nine hundred representatives met, was provisional. It was run up for the occasion, slight and pretentious—a sort of well-ordered scaffolding—to facilitate the elaboration of the Constitution, and then to be thrown down. There are strange coincidences in localities. That Tennis Court at Versailles, into which the States-general, when the doors of their place of meeting were shut against them, rushed and joined in the immortal oath of the *jeu de paume*, was not inappropriate. The naked and harsh simplicity of such a place was not unsuited to men sternly marching to equality of condition. The game of rude rivalry so often played there, had no unfitting associations. There must have been some harmony between the place and the actors, to have so strongly fired the genius of the artist, and to have fascinated the eyes of all who had ever seen the work, original or engraved. It was in keeping with the character of a people who reverence law, that the first battle about ship money should have been in the Court of Exchequer. The Gracchi and Tell had scenes associated with their first endeavors. Even in modern maiden parliamentary meetings, be it by accident or design, some place consecrated by the occasion will be visited in time to come; but the great, or *monstre* temporary shed, in which the National Assembly of France first met, with its pasteboard figures without, and its pasteboard presidential canopy within, its endless tri-colored flags in *faisceaux*, and its scenic decorations, partaking partly of the circus, and partly of the *Bal Morel*, will disappear like a mimic stage scene, carrying with it no unapt commentary on the no less fragile performance beneath its roof.

Let this passing reflection on ephemeral architecture be forgiven—for those who were not present on that day, can hardly estimate the feverish state of observation to which the minds of

beholders present were raised. People looked at every one and every thing with a strange inexplicable curiosity. Those who had read and heard of that mightiest event in all history, the first French Revolution, and had speculated often, wondering many a time how those who then lived had thought and felt, and how they bore the emotions which each hour awakened, and how some must have grown callous, some careless, and others mad—such persons found to their amazement that, may be, they too were destined to pass through the fiery trial of similar experience!

But the Assembly has met. How is it to be classified? What guide has the eye through that mass of nine hundred legislators? The only thing certain is, that all have accepted the Republic.

Although the actors were present, the drama did not properly begin until the members of the Provisional Government appeared. The shout of *Vive la République!* burst from the Assembly as they entered. It was loud, it was unanimous, and it was repeated; yet it may be doubted if it was heartfelt. To my ear it did not sound so. I shall never forget that cry—the first audible voice of that universal-suffrage-elected body. My ear retained it well, and my mind criticised, and, as it were, handled that sound, as if it were a material substance; but there was a something in the tone that the sure, yet impalpable test of sympathy, pronounced to be factitious. The majority who uttered that cry, did so under the fierce suspicious surveillance, not only of fellow members but of lynx eyes in the gallery. There are vehement shouts that are the act of the will, determined by calculation and reflection, and self-imposed; but they do not awaken a response, like the deep heart-felt music of a holy sentiment through unmistakable sincerity of voice.

Run the eye rapidly along these benches. There is the comely face of De la Rochejacquelin, resting on an unsullied expanse of snow-white neck-cloth and waistcoat, as if he had come to a royal sitting in the time of Charles X. M. Berryer was there, the brilliant leader of the legitimist party as it had been constituted in the Chamber of Deputies. Odilon Barrot, whose last public

effort was in favor of the Regency, stood near to Dupin, the confidential law adviser of Louis-Philippe. Duvergier de Hauranne, Malleville, Remusat, Faucher, and many friends of M. Thiers stood there, brooding over the organized ostracism of which their brilliant leader had been made the victim, and *they* cried, ' *Vive la République!*'

M. Dufaure, who had refused to assist at a Reform banquet; Count Montalembert, the vigorous champion of the Swiss Jesuits; the Abbé Lacordaire, in his white Dominican robes; the Bishop of Orleans, the sober Abbé Fayet, from Brittany, the land of Vendéans and Chouans;* the Protestant Pastor Coquerel—all joined in the cry. Is it to be wondered at, that to the watchful ear it was the harmony of science, not of soul; the accent of resignation, not of joy? And it was repeated again and again on the challenge of those who wished to be satisfied, that they heard a true sound, and the challenge was unblenchingly answered, by priests, lawyers, statesmen, thrown so incongruously together by an inexplicable *coup-de-main*.

The members of the Provisional Government naturally attracted the eyes of all who were present. The aged Dupont de l'Eure, bending under the weight of four-score years, leant on the arm of the boyish-looking little Louis Blanc. The burly Ledru Rollin held the arm of a mean-looking person, who was Flocon. The noble old philosopher, Arago, contrasted with the somewhat pert, theatrical looking Marrast; and the elegant imaginative-faced Lamartine, made the little ugly Crémieux look more ugly, and the heavy Pagnerre more heavy. Garnier Pagès, to whose common, yet sickly features, his locks curling to his shoulders, gave an air of coxcombry that sat ill on the Finance Minister of a country in a revolution, contrasted with the grave and truly elegant demeanor of the avocat, Marie. Carnot, the son of the Conventionalist, called the organizer of victory, exhibited his pale, ascetic features by the side of the dogged and sinister looking Albert, the workman.

Thus, as far as appearances went, the Provisional Govern-

* Since the above was written, the Abbé Fayet fell a victim to cholera.

ment resembled any similar number of men, showing, as it did, the average mixture of well and ill-favored countenances. But where was the pilot who was to weather the storm? In that group there was poetry, science, heroism, with violence, ambition, and low vices; there was noble self-deception and reckless illusion; there was angel and devil, good and evil; lofty aspirations and deep designs; there was the incarnation of all the sentiments, passions, aspirations, and vices of human society, but with a solemn vow to make the better triumph; there was wanting, in each and all, political experience and political knowledge—nay, there was a contempt for both, as for a broken galley-chain, that had only served to bind mankind to systems from which he was to break forever, and launch into the unknown—believing his excited hopes to be heavenly inspirations.

The following address was read from the tribune in a weak voice by the aged Dupont de l'Eure :—"Citizens! representatives of the people! the Provisional Government of the Republic comes to incline itself before the nation, and to render conspicuous homage to the supreme power with which you are invested. Elect of the people! welcome to the great capitol where your presence excites a sentiment of happiness and hope that will not be disappointed. Depositaries of the National Sovereignty, you are about to found new institutions upon the wide basis of the democracy, and to give to France the only Constitution that is suitable to her—that of the Republic. But after having proclaimed the grand political law, which is henceforth to definitively constitute the country, you will endeavor to employ the efficacious action of the Government, as far as possible, in the relations that the necessity of labor establishes among all citizens, and which ought to have for base the holy laws of Justice and Fraternity. In fine, the moment has arrived for the Provisional Government to place in your hands the unlimited power with which it was invested by the Revolution. For us, the dictatorship was only treated as a moral power in the midst of the difficult circumstances we have traversed. Faithful to our origin and our personal convictions, we have all been called to proclaim the rising Republic of February. To-day we inaugurate the labors of the

Assembly, with the cry that always rallies us together, *Vive la République !*"

At the close, the shouts of *Vive la République !* were repeated. M. Crémieux, the Minister of Justice, invited the members to enter the Bureaux, to have their elections validated, and the first scene of the great drama closed.

The verification of the elections was a simple and rapid process, limited merely to proof of identity and citizenship ; and it was well that it was so, for had a handle for litigation been offered, through complex conditions, there can be no doubt that it would have been seized hold of by the old Republican party, who had already manifested their disappointment at the character of the returns. So completely had the Revolution been the work of a party in the capital, and so little did the departments sympathize with it, that it was deemed necessary by the Minister of the Interior to send Commissioners through the provinces, to make themselves acquainted with the state of feeling, to preach up Republicanism, and to get themselves returned. As these Commissioners were indicated for the most part by the Clubs, they were animated with the violent spirit of these assemblages, and their rude bearing and subversive doctrines excited angry resistance and passionate resentment. The Commissioners were armed with unlimited power, which they exercised in the full sense of the word, displacing local authorities, overruling local councils, giving forced currency to the notes of local banks, and, in fact, ruling with dictatorial power. Their march into the departments had been heralded by a circular, which immediately acquired celebrity from the distinction that it drew between *Républicains de la veille* and *Républicains du lendemain*, to the disadvantage of the latter.

Now, as the mass of the inhabitants of every portion of France ranged under the latter category, not only was exclusion pronounced against the majority, but as there is in every neighborhood some busy, idle, turbulent, and needy agitator, the people saw themselves threatened with that unendurable evil, their prostration at the feet of an obnoxious member ; and the consequence was distrust of the new Government, and resistance to its

emissaries. In several places there were collisions, generally excited by the partisans of the Government Commissioner; but at Rouen there was a fierce contest between the military and National Guards on the one side, and the workmen on the other. The latter threw up barricades, that had to be taken by cannon.

Generally speaking, it must be confessed, the voting went on with a degree of order that, considering the circumstances under which a whole people were called upon to exercise such a privilege as that of universal suffrage, was truly admirable; and proved, indeed, that the Revolution ought not to have been challenged on a mere question of a moderate extension of the franchise. The returns, too, instead of marking a revolutionary disposition, were such as might have been expected under the monarchy itself, being composed of mayors, manufacturers, farmers, officers on half pay, the judges, law officers, doctors, or notaries of the locality: in a word, the notabilities of the place, or names already celebrated in the eyes of the public at large. Of course the Government Commissioners were very many of them returned, but it was evident that the *Républicains de la veille* would form a small minority in the National Assembly.

Although the Revolutionists had relied chiefly on the sympathies of the working classes, yet very few operatives were returned, and the Assembly presented a fair image of French society, as at present constituted, which is only another way of saying that it was by its very nature Conservative. There was, indeed, a difference, amounting to a contrast between the National Assembly of 1789 and that of 1848. The first came charged with the elements of class struggles: the latter had derived, as the result of those struggles, an equality of condition and partition of agricultural property, so that division of the soil had been pushed to such a point as to interfere with the full development of its capabilities. The latter being in this position, had nothing to gain, if not every thing to lose, by the social theories that had made cities dens of idleness and schools of civil war, and so they came to maintain, and not to overthrow.

Although it may look like a paradox to assert that it was the Conservative disposition of the country that caused the Republic

to be so readily accepted, yet the fact is so. There had been so many changes of government in France within sixty years, that peculiar *prestige* for any had long ceased. It did not follow in the minds of people, familiar alike with Republic, Directory, Consulate, Emperor, Restoration, Legitimacy, and Legitimacy set aside in 1830, that a relapse into one or other of the same phases should inevitably lead to ruin. The Republic had, like all new governments, announced that nothing would be changed—that the Revolution was a reaction against corruption, that was leading to financial ruin—that there would be fewer expenses, more economy, less taxation, and that, in fact, there was only in a monarch's overthrow a Frenchman *de moins*, as Louis XVIII. had called himself a Frenchman *de plus*. Such was, in fact, the first language used by the Provisional Government; for, although very soon indeed the socialist element broke out, yet there had been an interval which, short as it was, between the sudden declaration of the Republic and the Communism of Louis Blanc, was yet sufficient to enable the assent of the provinces to be obtained, on a belief in the truth of the moderate sentiments pronounced, in the first instance, by the Provisional Government.

From this general view of the subject, it will be seen that at the very moment the National Assembly met, there was a general and common feeling of distrust. There was a still smoldering conspiracy at work on the part of the Socialist faction in conjunction with the Clubs. That conspiracy had already failed in two instances: on the 17th of March, when the workmen marched to the Hôtel-de-Ville, and mistaking the views of their leaders, shouted for the Provisional Government, which their demonstration was, as they thought, meant to support—although their leaders contemplated its subversion, and would have overthrown it, had the chief conspirator not lost heart: and again, on the 16th of April, when a plan for destroying the same Government was defeated by the prompt and energetic conduct of General Changarnier, who called out the National Guard.

In ten days from the meeting of the National Assembly, the same conspiracy was to be directed against the Assembly itself. But we are anticipating. Was there not, let it now be asked.

sufficient ground for trusting the evidence of the senses, that that cry of *Vive la République!* which met the Provisional Government on its entry, was on the one side a challenge, on the other a constrained and resigned effort to disarm hostility and suspicion, and *not* the blended harmony of joyous and happy souls, identified in a common sympathy?

The first inaugural scene of the great drama of the National Assembly was, as has already been told, of short duration, nor was it particularly impressive. But there was a double plot in the piece, which was not visible to the public eye. As the representatives of the people passed from the great stage, they encountered on the way to their respective *bureaux*, persons whose manner and costume showed that they too had their parts assigned, and were already performing them. Men, with long beards, pointed hats, and pieces of red cloth on their arms, met the representatives, who, by the way, wore—such of them, at least, as chose to attend to a fantastical decree of the Provisional Government on the subject—pieces of red ribbon, with gold tinsel thereon, at their button-hole; and the men of decorated arms gazed broadly on the men of decorated and undecorated coats, rudely examined their air, their features, and general appearance, accompanied them to their *bureaux*, and even essayed to violate the sanctuary of the committee-room.

Members complained and inquired, when they learned to their astonishment and indignation, that a deputation from the Clubs had waited on the Minister of the Interior, that they demanded that a portion of the public gallery should be assigned to Club-delegates, charged with a commission to watch the proceedings of the Assembly; and that for the more easy communication with the Clubs, arrogating to themselves, as they did, the true expression of public opinion, two *bureaux* should be assigned to the delegation, with pen, ink, paper, and all appliances and means to boot; and to this imperious demand the Minister of the Interior had courteously yielded.

Thus, the representatives of the people, elected by universal suffrage, found the elements prepared for renewing the worst scenes of the first Convention. The galleries, or *tribunes*, as

they are called, were to be brought to bear on the deliberations of the Assembly. The representatives were to meet under the muzzles of the *sans-culotte* artillery. The leaders of the Clubs, and the leaders of the *Mountain*, were to have their understood signals and mystic organization. While orations were uttering within, the aids-de-camp of demagogueism would be scouring through the streets, and the Assembly would find itself in the unrelaxing gripe of the mob.

A fact, coming hard and strong upon the senses, tells more than the best authenticated communications. It had been whispered, that Monsieur *un tel* had said, in one place, that suspected Moderates, or doubtful Republicans, would, on crossing the bridge that leads to the Chamber, be thrown into the Seine; that officers, before they had been elected to command companies of National Guards, had had to subscribe to a declaration, that in case of a division of opinion between the people and the Assembly, they would act with the former; that the Guard Mobile, in Clubs, had uttered their *credo*, as to the circumstances in which revolt would become the most sacred of duties. All this had been said in one shape or another, and had been listened to listlessly, or proudly, or contemptuously, according to the temperament; but when the eye has to pierce into physiognomy, and read more than language can convey; when the Club-man stands there, the representative of mysterious power, and shows by his demeanor that resolves have been made that shall be carried into execution, that there exists an illegitimate legislative and executive—rival, if not master, of the constituted authority itself—it is not permitted to the hardiest man to treat such audacity with indifference. The consequence was, that when the Assembly proceeded to regulate its internal form, a resolution was taken not to allow any interruption from the gallery, and, on a remonstrance from the members, the Clubs were deprived of their *ex-officio* rights within the walls.

As the several elections became verified, the Chamber filled, and on the prompting of some or other enthusiastic Republican, the shout of *Vive la République!* would be raised. This was not, however, sufficient for the most ardent. The Commander-

in-Chief of the National Guards, General Courtais, a good-looking elderly man, with an agreeable expression of face, in whose naturally handsome features there was a mixture of audacity and levity, the latter amounting to giddiness, ascended the tribune; and although, as he said, they had proclaimed the Republic seventeen times that day, yet the people desired that they should go outside, that all might blend their voices together. What a strange part this for the Commander of the National Guards, charged with the protection of the assembly itself, to intimate to that body a message from the sovereign people, with an implied penalty for disobedience! But there was no time for reflection at such a moment. The people had for more than two months been too much accustomed to be petted and humored to make it safe to refuse such a proposal; so the Assembly proceeded *en masse* to the peristyle of the old Chamber of Deputies, and the scene that occurred was, in all external respects, of the most animated, beautiful, and—had it been sustained by moral grandeur—would have been of the most sublime kind.

The scene from the bridge of the Chamber of Deputies is at all times imposing; but at sunset, when the weather is fine, indescribably beautiful. " 'Tis beautiful exceedingly!" Fancy a gorgeous sun immediately over, and enveloping that superb monument, the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, sending its rays upon the sparkling fountains of the Place de la Concorde, and converting the red Egyptian column, the Luxor, into a pillar of dull flame; the chaste architecture of the Madeleine becomes sweet silver; the windows of the Tuileries glitter like the robes of a Queen of Sheba; and then, far down on the river, in sober contrast with modern architectural beauties, the old Paris, behind its rampart, the Pont-Neuf, looking still a city of the Middle Ages, with the holy fane of St. Louis tempering the stiff, pike-like turrets of the Conciergerie, and behind all, the two saint-like towers of Notre Dame—sentinels of religion and of time, receiving on their brows, softly and chastely, the retiring light, with many gems from old casements darting through the evening mist; fancy all this, and then people the foreground, the steps of the Chamber, the bridge, the quays, the Place de la Concorde, with

National Guards, Deputies, and a population suddenly surprised by a spectacle altogether created by a combination of novel and accidental circumstances, with bands of music, leaving no sense ungratified, and you will understand that the universal shout of *Vive la République!* was then, at all events, as heartfelt as it was universal.

And so closed the first meeting of the National Assembly.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST OPERATIONS—M. BUCHEZ—NEWSPAPER INFLUENCE—THE MEN OF THE "NATIONAL," AND THE MEN OF THE "REFORME."

THE Assembly met, for the second time, on Friday, the 5th of May, in order to appoint, by ballot, their various officers, such as president, vice-presidents, secretaries, and questors. The operation was extremely tedious, owing to the clumsy manner in which the votes had to be collected; a system subsequently abandoned for a more expert mode, but worthy of notice in this instance, because it served to show, in a striking manner, the materials of which the Assembly was composed. The balloting urns were placed on the tribune, and as it became necessary for each member to ascend and drop his vote into the urn, it will be seen that the time necessary for eight or nine hundred members to ascend and descend would be considerable. The mob-like manner in which so many had to crowd to the foot of the tribune, was not favorable to quiet deportment; and so, on the very first day, there was a dispute provoked by the rude conduct of Barbès, of whom we shall have more to say hereafter, in which the exchange of names "Aristocrats" and "Factieux" were heard.

There was, as we have had to notice, disaffection, on the part of the Revolutionists, at the character of the returns; and although time had not been afforded for parties to group together, or for friends to recognize one another, yet the first nomination of officers would, it was fairly calculated, help to throw some light on the numerical strength of parties. Hence it was, that when the greater part of the day had been consumed in the election of president, which resulted in the defeat of the ultra party, the latter would not listen to an adjournment for the succeeding election, thus occasioning the ferment in which the hard names were exchanged, such as we have just noticed. The Revolutionists gained their point, for the proceedings were carried

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far into the evening, a half hour having been allowed to intervene for refreshments. The first scrutiny for President showed that 727 had voted. M. Buchez obtained 382; M. Trehat, 234; and M. Recurt, 91; M. Buchez was thus declared first monthly President of the Assembly.

The two defeated members had each figured as political conspirators under the late reign, yet their titles were set aside for those of a Christian Socialist, of wavering opinions. M. Buchez was, moreover, a man of the *National*, favorably known by a history of the debates of the Convention, which he had compiled with M. Bastide, one of the editors of that now-governing paper; and here let us make some observations with respect to newspaper influence, which, were we to omit, one of the main-springs of these present movements would be lost sight of altogether. The Revolution of February had hardly been accomplished, when a controversy arose upon the question, whether it was the men of the *National*, or the men of the *Réforme*, who made that revolution. We are not to infer that it was the writing contained in either or both of those journals that had produced such an effect. It is generally supposed in England, that because the writer of newspaper articles in France is an avowed, recognized responsible person, his journal is therefore marked with a stamp of personality, which causes the paper to be regarded as the expression of an individual, rather than the manifesto of a party. Yet the truth is, that however well known the writer may be, he merges into the particular political sect of which the paper is, as it were, the pulpit. For years the *National* had been the organ of the Republican party, acting on the principles of their famous leaders, Armand Carrel and Godefroy Cavaignac, both of whom died young. After their death, the party was without a leader, properly speaking; and although the paper continued to be conducted with remarkable talent, its circulation was extremely low, and its writers exercised no great influence upon the people.

Sometime after M. Ledru Rollin had started in public life, a division arose in the republican party: the *National* was too tame for so fiery a tribune, and the *Réforme* was founded by

that gentleman, in conjunction with M. Flocon. On the famous night of the 23d of February, the bureaux of the *National* and of the *Réforme* were the scenes of busy intrigue and agitated councils. Whether the fiat went forth from the *National* or from the *Réforme*, is still a question. The former journal asserts that on the morning of the fatal day, the watchwords, "*A bas les Bourbons !*" "*Vive la République !*" were printed on slips in the office, and circulated ; so far compromising the paper, that, had the Republic not been declared, the crime of high treason hung over the heads of all concerned. The *Réforme* lays claim to rougher and deeper work ; in fact, to having raised the barricades and incited the attacks.

The men of the *National* were the first to enjoy the fruits of the revolution which the men of the *Réforme* claim to have made. While Ledru Rollin, and Flocon, and Causidière, stumbled in the race, General Cavaignac, the brother of Godfrey, who adhered to the *National* party, rose to the highest office. Marrast, the chief writer, became successively Mayor of Paris and President of the Assembly, and what was perhaps a more gratifying honor, President of the Committee of the Constitution, and author of the great Charter of the Republic, to draw up which Cormenin and Lamennais had aspired in vain. Bastide, another writer, became Minister for Foreign Affairs ; Duclerc, a contributor, Minister of Finance. In fact, the highest and most honorable situations, at home and abroad, seats in the Cabinet, Prefectures, and embassies, devolved on the happy clique who wrote in the *National*. The dislike expressed by the *Réforme* is not the trading rivalry of shop with shop, but clique against clique. Although every paper has the stamp of personality upon it, yet the writer, unless he be a man of very great eminence, is not so much considered as the party leader whose organ the paper professes to be. The *Siècle* is not M. Chambolle's, but Odilon Barrot. The *Constitutionnel* is not Véron or Merruan, but Thiers ; although neither Barrot nor Thiers wrote except on rare occasions in these organs of their parties. *Le Bien Public* is not M. Pelletan, but Lamartine ; and the *Réforme* is Ledru Rollin.

Thus it happened under the monarchy, that, as there could not be political associations or clubs, the journal became the central point of parties and factions—the voice, the rendezvous, the government of the political sect. The journal was not a mere mercantile speculation, seeking to attract customers, and its writers obscure unknown men, drudging in the dark, or uttering mysterious oracles under the plural mask, but an active power, aspiring to rule and government. On this account the personality of the paper is, in France, as indispensable as is the personality of a political association in England. Men must know their leaders when they can call meetings and speak; those leaders speak and have little need of personal displays in the press. As speeches fill the columns of papers, so leading articles diminish in importance. It was often remarked, that even Paris journals lost their influence when the Chambers met. A consideration of these circumstances may help to explain the abiding connection that has so long existed between French statesmen and the press. The journal being the only means through which a politician can make himself heard, every distinguished statesman begins his career by making himself heard through that channel without disguise, and never afterward separates himself from it, but, like a lecturer at the Sorbonne, transplanted to the Cabinet, continues to speak through a *suppliant*, while his name figures on the sessional programme.

M. Buchez, the happy colleague of M. Bastide, became the first President of the Assembly. His appearance was bluff and homely, but his natural indecision of conduct rendered him less able to grapple with the difficulties of keeping so democratic a body in order than he had perhaps conceived, or than his broad, plain physiognomy would have seemed to indicate. The unimaginable turbulence of the early meetings of the Assembly used to bewilder him, and the nervous and unpremeditated way in which he would ring the large hand-bell with which he was furnished (and it was his only resource), used to render confusion more confounded. One day the tongue of the bell gave way in his efforts to restore order; and that incident did more toward the desired effect, by creating a laugh, than his most elaborate

efforts would have effected. As the Revolution had repeatedly been pronounced social rather than political, the nomination of M. Buchez, himself a sort of mystic Socialist, was calculated to give a certain degree of satisfaction to those who looked for social modifications in society ; while his well-known studious, religious, and humane character, took away the alarm with which those who viewed all classes of Socialists with fear and dread, might have regarded so important a nomination.

The Vice-Presidents, Secretaries, and Quæsteurs, were chiefly taken from the more moderate Republican section, which, it is now unnecessary to repeat, means here the party represented by the *National*.

CHAPTER III.

**THE MEMBERS OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT—THEIR REPORTS
—LAMARTINE—PORTRAIT OF CREMIEUX—OF LOUIS BLANC—OF
CARNOT.**

ON Saturday, the 6th of May, after a considerable number of elections had been verified, the members of the Provisional Government proceeded each to render an account of his stewardship. Owing to the extreme age of M. Dupont de l'Eure, the President of the Council, M. de Lamartine undertook to read what purported to be the general report of the head of the Government. The style, however, betrayed the real author. Having described the Revolution as the act of the people, the orator proceeded to state, that their first idea was to restore order in Paris; in which work, that would have been difficult or meritorious in any other country, they had been aided by that magnanimous people, who, with the one hand having overturned Royalty, raised with the other the wounded and vanquished, protected the life and property of the inhabitants, and preserved the public monuments. Posterity, he said, which did not flatter, would not be able to find expression equal to the dignity of the people of Paris. It was the people who had inspired the first decree of the Provisional Government—the abolition of capital punishment for political offenses.

“France and Europe comprehended that God revealed his inspirations in the crowd, and that a Revolution, inaugurated by greatness of soul, would be pure as an idea, magnanimous as a sentiment, holy as a virtue.”

And this was said, notwithstanding that the Palais Royal had been sacked, its treasures of art destroyed; that the post of municipal guards of the Chateau d'Eau, opposite the Palais Royal, had been burned, and the sixty-five municipal guards roasted and suffocated; that the Palace of Neuilly had been sacked and burned to the ground, and a mass of incendiaries, who had pol-

luted the bed-rooms of the Queen and Princesses, died, surfeited, in the cellars ; that the chateau of M. de Rothschild at Suresne, worth £50,000, had been wantonly destroyed ; and that attempts had been made to set the Tuileries on fire.

"We have founded," said the orator, "the Republic ; a form of Government declared to be impossible in France, on any other conditions than those of war abroad, civil war, anarchy, the prisons, and the scaffold. We have exhibited the Republic happily compatible with European peace, with national peace, with voluntary order, with individual liberty, with the gentleness and serenity of manners of a nation in whose eyes hatred is a punishment, and harmony a natural instinct."

This was said nine days only before the invasion of the Chamber, followed by the insurrection of June. Want of foresight may be pardonable ; but what follows ?

"We have passed forty-five days without any other executive force than that of moral authority, entirely disarmed, but condescendingly recognized by the nation, and the people allowed itself to be governed by words, by our counsels, by its own generous inspiration."

And this was gravely uttered, notwithstanding the two conspiracies of the 17th of March and the 16th of April ; the first of which had failed through misconception, and the second baffled by the promptitude and energy of General Changarnier. Such statements read now most strangely, and show the magnitude of the delusion under which all labored at the moment when they were not only credited, but received with acclamation.

The moment is not opportune for judging M. de Lamartine, yet we are not far from the fitting time ; for revolutions either stamp their men with the seal of immortal glory, or reject them rapidly : in the moments of a nation's crisis much time is not allowed for weighing and balancing doubtful merit.

M. Ledru-Rollin succeeded M. de Lamartine, and for the present we shall confine ourselves to a brief review of the topics he addressed to his auditory. Having declared that he had always been a Republican, he proceeded at once to justify his having sent commissioners, armed with unlimited powers, into

the departments, for the purpose of inoculating the country with Republican ideas. This measure had fearfully damaged the Minister of the Interior, and he felt the necessity of explaining it as one of conciliation, and not as it had been regarded—a reminiscence of the Convention. He then took credit for his laborious administration, and appealed to his successful reconstruction of the national guards and the police, the creation of the *garde mobile*, and the organization of universal suffrage, as affording the best replies to what he called the infamous calumnies of which he had been the object. While he proclaimed his Republican principles, he yet avowed himself a lover of order, and took credit for having called out the national guard on the 16th of April. In conclusion, he touched on the delicate ground of Socialism, saying that the Revolution should not be considered a barren conquest of political forms. These forms were but an instrument for realizing, in the social order, the dogma of equality and fraternity.

The report of M. Ledru-Rollin, of which the foregoing is the substance, was read by that gentleman with excessive vehemence, and was received with unsympathizing coldness.

The portly and rather prematurely corpulent M. Ledru-Rollin, who had succeeded the slim, graceful, and ideal form of Lamartine, was followed by the unprepossessing Crémieux (of Jewish birth), Minister of Justice, the very expression of an *avocat*, whose factitious warmth could rise with the amount of his fees, and on whose face and bearing the professional necessity of adulation to courts and juries had stamped an artificial *bonhomie*, which, offspring of cunning, as it were, disarmed any disposition to hostility. The habit of seeking to exercise influence by look and voice does become influence eventually. With the easy assurance of one habituated to extemporaneous effusion, he quickly abandoned his written report, and in an unembarrassed, colloquial fashion, described the good deeds of his ministry. Now, these good deeds might be resolved into two that were very bad. He audaciously violated the principle of the permanency of judges, justly regarded, under well-regulated government, as the best security for their independence; and he excited a ferment through-

out the length and breadth of the land, by an intimation of his intention to facilitate divorce. Apologizing for the first and main branch of his administration regarding the magistracy, he dwelt upon the corruption of the monarchy, which had, he alleged, inseparably bound up politics with the administration of justice. Without stopping to inquire into the truth of his assertions, it must yet be said that, of all the audacious usurpations of the Provisional Government, anticipatory of rights belonging to the National Assembly, this violation of the magistracy was one of the most unjustifiable; but for the moment it was allowed, like all the rest, to pass. It is right to notice, that M. Crémieux's exordium, like M. Ledru-Rollin's peroration, contained a Socialist flourish, for he described the first duty of the Republic to be the providing of the instruments of labor for all members of the community; another mode of expressing *le droit du travail*, the consequences involved in which were in all probability but little suspected by the *avocat* at the time, and only uttered because the Revolution had, at the very moment of its achievement, taken a Socialist form. It behoved the Minister of Justice to make profession of the new faith; and he did so, like many a hasty convert at the sword's point, without understanding very clearly what he was about.

The true hero of this day's scene, M. Louis Blanc, ascended the tribune next. The true hero, because the truly dangerous man. Figure to yourself a very small person—the very smallest you had ever seen above the species of the dwarf. With his back turned to you, you would be inclined to suppose that the glossy black hair and drooping shoulders belonged to a girl in male disguise; the face turned round, you were struck by the prominent, clear, dark eyes, the olive complexion, and the disappearance of effeminacy in the strong jaw and chin. The general expression was rather melancholy. Had you heard of him only as the author of the "*Histoire des Dix Ans*," a book so polished and so piquant, of such lively narration, such sparkling antithesis, such finished portraiture, you would rather have believed that you had a hero of the *salons*, than the president of the delegates of workmen—the evil genius of the Revolution.

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The work which formed Louis Blanc's title to a seat at the table of the Provisional Government was probably, in the minds of Lamartine and Marrast, the elegant satire that had done so much to undermine and discredit Louis-Philippe and his family; but the work which gave him credit in the eyes of the working classes, and on which he himself took his stand, was a *brochure*, unknown or forgotten by the republic of letters, on the organization of labor.

It has been said that Louis Blanc possesses the sensuality and sensibility of the southern races, with a deep-seated pride that induces him rather to shrink from the society of gross men; that he is touched with misanthropy, and little respects the masses whose champion he became. Such inconsistencies find their explanation in marked sensibility and deep-seated ambition. It is not the philosophical temperament; and no man can be less a philosopher than the ardent apostle of a new society. The "Organisation du travail" is a true picture of the author's mind. His analysis of the composition of society, his painful statistics of beggary, prostitution, ill-regulated labor, of lives closed in hospitals—all this is in the most painfully fascinating style of narration; the cry that rises from his pierced soul against society thrills through the reader;—but there stops the part of the inquirer.

When he comes to reconstruct that which he has knocked down, when he essays to remold the materials that lie molten in the furnace of his fiery indignation, the poverty of his invention becomes apparent; he stops short, incapable of advancing into the pure regions of philosophic thought. He may invoke justice, but can not apply it. Tracing all the evils of society to one cause, *only* one cause, he proposes to eradicate them, although society should come tumbling down, by the removal of an essential part of its foundation. That one cause is competition, or *concurrency*. Competitors can never be fairly matched in society, because of the advantages inherently appertaining to capital: that is to say, the man who brings much money to the working of a factory or trade, must crush the rival who brings but little. A great quantity of money in the hands of a man, or company of men, secures for that man or company an actual monopoly. The

laboring man, who has no money or capital, is placed by his necessities at the mercy of those who have ; so that slavery, although banished from modern society, exists in fact under a disguised form. According to this view, society is a system of strife and contest, in which the strong devour the weak, through a horrible competition, which divides the whole into two classes ; the new aristocracy of finance, called *bourgeoisie*, and the *prolétaires*, whom they hold in serfage.

As competition could not exist without capital, M. Louis Blanc would, if he could not destroy capital, at least neutralize its effect by making it the duty of the State to provide the working classes with the instruments of labor ; in other words, by making the State find capital through a popular system of credit. As, for example, instead of a factory being under the direction of a moneyed employer, it should be worked by the men, no longer the *employés* of another, but on their own personal account, the State supplying the means. But this is not all, for inasmuch as *concurrence* or competition would still exist, the State should interfere once more so to regulate prices, as that no one social establishment should outsell another, or be outsold by rival capitalists. In aid of the general plan, he would oblige the working people to live together, mess together, amuse themselves together, have schools, infirmaries, and all necessary institutions attached to their several factories, on a perfect footing of equality and fraternity, and contrive exchanges between one sort of manufactured articles and another, so as to make the social machine, in a great degree, work itself.

Taking for granted that he had thus destroyed competition on the whole, the discovery is made that competition may yet exist individually ; for it would so happen, that in these new monasteries one man would be stronger than another, or be brighter or more ingenious ; would it be just that the share falling to the skillful or industrious should not be more than that claimed by the dull or the lazy ? To this objection the author boldly answers, by affirming perfect equality in wages, laying it down as an axiom, held generally by Communists, that each should be paid according to his wants, and not according to the quantity of his production.

But, it was asked, how could you force a man of strength and industry to put forth his powers, and weary himself with toil, when he would be deprived of the stimulus of reward, and see the indifferent as well remunerated as himself? This question was pressed hard upon M. Blanc at one of the meetings of Delegates at the Luxembourg, and his answer betrayed a simplicity becoming a recluse, rather than a practical philosopher. He would, he said, have conspicuously inscribed on a placard that the "idler is a robber," *le paresseux est un voleur*. The whole plan, therefore, rested on two pillars—the State taking the place of the capitalist, and the most perfect individual honor of self-denial; or upon human nature, different from what human nature has ever been known to be—upon human nature deprived of the natural stimulus to exercise its powers by the invention of reward. As the object is here to make an expository statement rather than an argument, the objections to this scheme are not fully noticed. They are, however, sufficiently apparent.

When M. Louis Blanc made his appearance at the tribune of the National Assembly, it was not so much the author that fixed attention as the man of active, effective, pernicious influence. It was generally believed that he had, by his doctrines, at the Luxembourg, turned the heads of the working classes; and he was strongly suspected of having been implicated in the conspiracy of April. He was looked upon as a dangerous fanatic, prepared to carry out his views at all hazards. Had a serpent reared its crest at the tribune, it could have hardly excited more fear and aversion, than did that juvenile-looking man, with shining, well-brushed hair, and fashionable blue coat, glittering with bright buttons, and for whose accommodation a stool had to be introduced, to raise him to a level with his audience. Material circumstances influence even oratorical effects. French orators habitually employ much gesticulation; but as it would not be safe to gesticulate upon a stool, the little man was constrained to preserve throughout the same stiff attitude. His voice was loud and clear, but monotonous; so that the whole effect was that of a recitation of an exercise, learned by rote, and delivered by a youth at a public examination. Nor were encouraging friends

wanting. A celebrated lady, of known Communist opinions, as remarkable for the brilliant beauty of her style, as the corrupting laxity of her sentiments, sat conspicuously in the front of the gallery, wearing broad red ribbons, as a sign of her sympathy with the République Rouge. There was something of a provoking character in the well-assumed fierceness of tone and aspect, with which the orator faced the Assembly. Referring to the proclamation of the Republic, he told them that the people had proclaimed it before them ; and so far from seeking to win favor by deference or insinuation, he looked and spoke as if he held the force of the revolution in his small hand, and could, and would, let loose the destroying storm on the Assembly, should it not respond to popular expectation.

The contrast between M. Ledru-Rollin and Louis Blanc, so far as personal appearance was concerned, was striking enough. But the burly appearance of the former—his frowns and threats, failed to indicate strength of purpose, or overbearing will. Not so the latter. The slight person was one who could not be smiled at, for there was expressed subtlety, daring ambition, and unflinching determination. Of mingled French and Corsican blood, there stood before the Assembly a Communist-Bonaparte, ready to perpetrate another 18th Brumaire—to carry out the policy of a Robespierre.

The address of Louis Blanc was a reproach. He began by referring to the demand made by the people on the Place de Grève, immediately after the Revolution of February, who, with the drapeau waving over their heads, on which was inscribed *Organisation du Travail*, demanded the creation of a *Ministère du Progrès*—that was to say, an administration devoted to the study of the Labor Question ; or, in point of fact, an administration charged with the task of carrying into execution Louis Blanc's own plans for the organization of labor, such as we have already sketched them from his book. But to return to the orator : he proceeded to say, that the Provisional Government, not feeling itself authorized to create a new administration—an act properly belonging to the National Assembly—decided upon appointing a Commission for the working classes, which should hold its sittings

at the Luxembourg, under the direction of his noble friend, the workman, Albert, and himself. He then summed up the difficulties they had to encounter in presence of men whose hopes had been so violently excited, and which they had no means of meeting; but it became clear, through the hints he threw out, that the Assembly could not escape the promises that had been made to the working classes. Having glanced at the fraternal association of tailors that had been installed in the debtors' prison of the Rue de Clichy, and which was intended to be the practical commencement of the system prescribed in his work on the "*Organisation du Travail*"—an experiment that, by the way, proved a melancholy failure—the orator announced that the inquiries made at the Luxembourg, had for result, that the whole scheme which would be communicated to the Assembly, embracing industry, commerce, agriculture, colonies, and taxation, would be found to rest on two grand bases: Association, and the tutelary intervention of the State. This statement was received with marked coldness. The conclusion did not startle by its novelty, for it was precisely that of the "*Organisation du Travail*," the contents of which had already been read and judged.

Citizen Carnot, Minister of Public Instruction, next rose. Carnot, the son of the member of the Committee of Public Safety, the "*Organizer of Victories*," as he was called by Napoleon, bore a great republican name. He was a cold, ascetic-looking man, of a fair, pale complexion, and somewhat bald. M. Carnot read his Report in a shy, unpretending manner. Although his appearance was not calculated to excite suspicion of violence of temperament, or of extravagance of mind, yet there was a strong feeling of prejudice against him, founded upon an electioneering circular that he had addressed to the heads of colleges, and other educational institutions, in which he broached the odd doctrine—coming from such a Minister, and to such men—that education did not necessarily qualify a man to be a representative of the people. To make the inconsistency more complex, he recommended the poor, ill-requited provincial *Instituteur* to stand as candidates. But the political object at which the Minister aimed, or seemed to aim, would have been equally accomplished in either case;

for illiterate men, who could not make speeches, and who would become the submissive tools of ministers, and schoolmasters looking for promotion, who could not think of thwarting the Minister of Public Instruction, would have equally served the purpose of the party who were ambitious of governing the Republic. As if for the purpose of removing the evil effect of the circular in question, the Minister began by professing respect for the Clergy, and declared that he felt "strongly convinced in his conscience, that belief in God is the very principle of all serious faith in the grandeur of human destiny." He then struck out a plan of reform, such as he conceived became necessary to put education in harmony with Republican Institutions; for he considered, that as the offices of the State should henceforward be thrown open to all classes of the people without reserve, so should all be instructed in a manner to fit them for public employments. Education should, according to the principles involved in this scheme, assume a political form, and political instruction be made to predominate in academic teaching.

The Minister of Agriculture and Commerce next read his Report; but as M. Bethmont resigned very soon after, on account of ill-health, there is no necessity for noticing a gentleman, whose brief career has left no trace; the more especially as his Report opened no great question of speculation or practice. It was confined and technical.

With that Report, terminated the proceedings of the day.

CHAPTER IV.

GARNIER PAGES—ARAGO—MARIE, THE REAL AUTHOR OF THE NATIONAL ATELIERS—LAMARTINE—BERANGER—A PARLIAMENTARY HURRICANE—THE "MOUNTAIN" AND BARBES—THE HISTORY OF THE CONSPIRATORS—THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT DECLARED TO HAVE MERITED WELL OF THEIR COUNTRY.

THE adjourned meeting of the National Assembly on Monday, the 8th of May, proved highly interesting and curious. It became the turn of M. Garnier Pagès, the Finance Minister of the Provisional Government, to tell what feats he had performed. This M. Garnier Pagès had been an *agent de change* or broker, who on the death of his brother, a republican member of some celebrity, was elected his successor to the vacant seat. He is a tall, thin, and somewhat sickly-looking man, with small yet clumsy features, a little pert, and yet a little prim, while his sleek hair falling in curls to the nape of the neck, gives to the whole physiognomy a fantastic expression. He is what he looks, presumptuous and shallow, and yet not morose nor unkind. A man who would not cause individual ruin, but not a man to save a state. His address was very long, very elaborate, and cast into divisions or chapters, with appropriate headings in a business-like fashion.

He labored to prove, that the systematic corruption of the monarchy was conducting the country to an abyss, from which it had been saved by the Republic. The preceding speakers had taken a more or less socialist view of the Revolution; but M. Garnier Pagès saw in it merely a reaction against corruption. It was thus that he became the expression of the *République modérée et honnête*. He opposed successfully the scheme of M. Ledru-Rollin for a return to assignats, because he could not see any deeper change effected by the Republic, than a departure from corrupt practices. So little derangement did he contemplate, that he ventured to make a financial statement with the

calm, satisfied air of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, in times the most untroubled ; and showed that, at the end of the year 1848, a year to be marked apart in the great chronicle of the world's history, there would be a very respectable surplus of some eleven millions of francs in the national treasury. No one ventured to probe this statement, to ask questions, or to throw out doubts ; and although it was not possible that such a statement could have been swallowed, yet it was allowed to pass, for the apparent reason, that any soothing mystification was welcome ; and proof was soon afforded, by the votes that placed this gentleman in the Executive Commission, that optimism at such a moment was the best of parliamentary virtues.

After M. Garnier Pagès, there ascended the tribune a man in all respects his opposite, the venerable François Arago, who detailed what he had done as Minister of War and Minister of Marine, to place the forces of the country in a position to meet the eventualities that might arise out of the general state of perturbation into which Europe had been thrown. The account, so far as related to the army, was formidable enough ; but that which was left out of consideration was, after all, the serious point—viz., the heavy military burthen which the country had incurred rendered nugatory the fine flourishes in which the Finance Minister had just been indulging. A country thrown into such a state as France had been, with commerce arrested, trade stopped, enterprise paralyzed, and industry languishing, without credit abroad or confidence at home, might feel happy in regarding the aspect of her military strength ; but on reflection must have discovered that the test was ruinous. We have, however, more to do with the speaker than with the subject. François Arago is a fine, stalwart old man, tall, dark, and sinewy ; his head is magnificent, and when he is seated by other men, its vast size strikes with astonishment amounting to awe. Standing alone, this great development of head is not so remarkable, because it is symmetrical, for no object of fine symmetry ever strikes the eye as disproportioned ; this noble dome is furnished with thin hair, once jetty black, and not yet gray ; the large eye is bold and thoughtful ; the features massive and well

shaped, and altogether Arago looks a man of iron frame and great intellectual power.

His history is full of mistakes, as must ever be that of a man marked out so unmistakably by Providence for one great object—and that object the interpretation of the mysteries of Nature's most sublime work—who must needs turn aside to bend his knee to the pitiful idols of human passion or folly. Why should an Arago desert the Observatory for the Chamber? Why leave the telescope for the lorgnette, through which to read the mysteries of the ministerial benches. Nature denied him the gift of speech. He who could plunge into the infinity of space, and take his pupils along with him, was forbidden the tribune. Scientific eloquence sank into dribbling political *bavardage*. The whole of Arago's political life, had only served to make him a great prize for a pack of revolutionists, whom he soon learned to despise. Any one who doubted that his eyes had been opened, as by a great shock, needed only to look at his dejected aspect. What an inheritance had he not, we will not say sold, but periled for a mess of potage? Only think of this sage being obliged to plead his gray hairs to Louis Blanc, and implore that the latter would not expose, as he was doing by his conduct at the Hôtel-de-Ville, his throat to the knife of the mob; and yet there was not a particle of cowardice in that energetic soul. When we hear of some bold act done at a critical moment by the Government, be sure that it was inspired by Arago. More than once has he taken a ruffian mob leader by the collar, and paralyzed his wicked intentions. At the Hôtel-de-Ville he announced his readiness to descend into the street, and do battle with the Red Republic. He was the first member of the Government to mount the barricades in June. When a young man he was made prisoner by Barbary corsairs, while engaged on a scientific expedition, a romantic adventure full of peril, which probably endeared many a forgotten romance to his memory, for before the age of Edgeworth and Scott, the Barbary corsair was the great resource of all romancers in difficulty. This event, mayhap, gave him that mingled love of action and science, such as might seize a surgeon who had assisted at a campaign. It was

not fortunate for his fame. Whenever Arago thought to aid a party move, he covered himself with as much unenviable wonder as did Newton, when he wrote commentaries on the book of Daniel. On the fortifications-of-Paris question, Arago not only gave to the cannons of the surrounding forts an impossible range, but he filled the trenches with water from impossible sources, and destroyed the advanced works of an enemy with showers of small rain; such freaks and more could be forgiven a man like Arago; and if his name served, in the first instance, to give luster and power to a mob-made Provisional Government, his prompt disdain, and deep mournful condemnation served subsequently the cause of order, by the influence of his great example—that order for which, he observed, that he could offer himself a martyr. May the close of his life be devoted to science, and be as glorious as untroubled!

M. Marie, the Minister of Public Works, came next. This gentleman it was who had organized the *Ateliers Nationaux*, which furnished the insurgent soldiers of June, and not Louis Blanc, as has been erroneously supposed. The national workshops were a necessity of the times, and not the commencement of a communist plan. The Revolution had, as an inevitable consequence, caused a temporary stoppage of works of all kinds. Commerce was struck with paralysis, trade had ceased, the mills stopped, and ordinary business came to a stand still. The work people were thrown out of employment in thousands, and as they must be fed, and it would be an indignity to offer them charity, it became necessary to find employment. As the State was not prepared to order watches from watchmakers, rings, and chains, and necklaces, and bracelets from jewelers, as it could in fact only set men to dig, all the work-people were furnished with spades, pick-axes and wheel-barrows. It would be cruel to task household servants, working jewelers, or those whose soft hands would bleed at such toil, and if persisted in be rendered unfitted for their former avocations; the inspector, therefore, winked at idleness; the example of tolerated idleness became infectious, the workmen passing their day in talking, joking, amusing themselves, and discussing licentious papers, found life so agreeable, that even

when private employment offered, they would not take it. The very form of organization of these *Ateliers* was vicious. It was military. The men were assembled in brigades and companies under officers. They marched to work preceded by banners, and having passed the day in the manner described, they proved in the evening how much their imaginations had been affected by the military regime, for they spent the long summer evening at ball practice, and when this pleasing occupation was over, the pensioned Sybarites would club together and return home in carriages. The head-quarters, or *état-major* of this army of *travailleurs* set the example of licentiousness; so that the city of Paris had to witness the dangerous spectacle of a surrounding army of idling people, pensioned by the State, learning ball practice and drill, with the certainty that there were active demagogues and agents of revolt among them, preparing for an invasion as perilous as that of the barbarians who destroyed Rome.

M. Marie was not blind to these dangers. Having drawn a picture of the sufferings of the working classes, and of the insufficiency of the Mairies to afford relief, he mentioned that the idea of employing all on some common work, gave rise to the National *Ateliers*. "I know," said he, "the objections that are raised against them; that considerable sums of money are swallowed up without profit, that the workman is acquiring injurious habits;" but on the other hand, he "knew the quantity of misery that had been relieved. Still he did not deceive himself: it was no longer *Ateliers*, but an *army* of workmen that had grown up, yet it was an army that, enjoying all the rights of citizens, universal suffrage, and membership of the National Guard—was political, resigned, and friendly to order. *Ateliers* had also been opened for women, and worked well."

M. Marie was a distinguished advocate, who had been frequently employed by the *National* newspaper, to defend it against Crown prosecutions for libel. It was to his successful speeches on these occasions, that he owed his rude and loose election, on the 24th of February, to be one of the Provisional Government. The line of defense that he used to take for the *National*, on

trial for libel, was as singular as efficacious. He would make copious quotations from the most vigorous opposition speeches, delivered at times of the greatest party heat, in the British House of Commons, and reproduced with added bitterness of commentary in the British Press. He would take the trials for libel in British Courts of Justice: show how great was the licence allowed by constitutional lawyers and judges; dwell on the love of liberty that signalized Englishmen, show how their respect for law had been increased by freedom in expression of opinion, and challenge French jurymen to mark that *they* were not less lovers of such liberty than their Saxon neighbors. As it was generally the case, that the incriminated articles looked pale by the side of M. Marie's judicious specimens of blunt speech, the jury would feel themselves piqued into acquittal.

This gentleman's manner and appearance are more English than French. He has a fine bald head with a copious fringe of curly, sandy hair, the only approach to the golden lock in an Assembly, which can not boast one red head. His features are blunt and bold, but nevertheless refined. His dress is always neat, and his high white neckcloth raises his chin in a stiff quakerly fashion. His action is free from the redundant gesticulation, so much indulged in by French orators; and he looks what he is, a firm, intelligent gentleman.

We have now before us M. de Lamartine going to speak in his own name, or rather to read; and as regards M. de Lamartine, the distinction is worth making. When this gentleman puts on a pair of little black spectacles, and droops his shoulders, with which expressive action he is forced to read, he is an old man. While delivering an harangue with his shoulders thrown back, his arm extended, his graceful figure like marble set on its *socle*, his voice of trumpet-like sonorousness vibrating through the ears of his audience, he is ever young. The written address was very fine; but so necessary is it to captivate attention by appropriate action, that yielding to his own weariness as much as to the flagging attention of the Assembly, he skipped over considerable portions of his review of the foreign policy of the Government, throwing out comfortable assurances that all would

be found next day in the *Moniteur*. His description of that policy amounted to a grand, and, if true, sublime self-abnegation on the part of France, which renounced all ideas of territorial aggrandizement, yet incurred the incumbrance of an armed diplomacy for the pure purpose of countenancing the efforts of the democratic idea in other countries. That attitude alone had produced all the consequences of armed interference, and it was, he said, for the first time in history, that a principle disarmed and purely spiritual, presented itself to Europe, organized, armed, and allied for a different principle, and that the political world became shaken and modified of itself, before the power, not of a nation, but of an idea. The vagueness of M. de Lamartine's diplomatic circular was reproduced in his speech; and for this vagueness he has been much blamed. An English statesman, patriot, or demagogue thinks of England; a German thinks of Fatherland; an Italian of Italy; but a Frenchman thinks of all the world. As soon as the Revolution of February took place, there was hardly a Frenchman who did not declare war to be unavoidable; not that the least apprehension was felt on the score of invasion by a coalition, but because France would feel herself bound, according to her own code of honor, to carry her Koran in one hand, and her sword in the other, that all people might taste of the doctrinal blessings of liberty, equality, and fraternity, and all Kings and Rulers, who would stand in the way, be smitten to the earth for the glory of the Gaul.

In respect of what M. de Lamartine calls "ideas," a term significant enough to the minds of his countrymen, the French are at once Quixotic and intolerant. A Communist, a Socialist, or political discoverer of any kind, as soon as he has persuaded himself that his Utopia is realizable, thinks that he is justified in taking gun and sword, and carrying his views into execution by force. What political sects think and feel with regard to their own ideas, the whole nation felt as regarded their revolution, in relation to neighboring states. When M. de Lamartine, therefore, preached that the Revolution would, by its own inherent beauty, attract worshipers from all countries, and force

its way *morally*, he was doing service to the cause of humanity and peace, for which the rest of the world has not given him sufficient credit.

It would not do for M. de Lamartine to talk like an Englishman or a German, for, in order to acquire influence over his countrymen, he must not merely speak as they speak, but he must think and feel as they do. It is not by breaking with his countrymen upon an idea which has taken strong hold of their minds, that he could retain an ascendancy, but by presenting the same idea in a new and more beautiful light, and advancing it further than it had ever been advanced before.

Had it not been for M. de Lamartine, there would not have been presented a fascinating and elevating lure from the vulgar, and yet all-captivating project of a double invasion of Italy and Germany; nor could he break altogether from a prospect which he perhaps abhorred; and so, while he spoke of the moral effects produced by the Revolution, and drew a dazzling panorama of the happily infectious march of the principles of February through all the realms of Italy—through all the various provinces of the Austrian empire—and through the old states of the Germanic confederation; while he showed ideas, bearing the name of France, invading the greater portion of Europe, he yet painted this same France as animated at once by a democratic and sympathetic principle, with one hand upon the rights of the people, and the other upon what he called “the inaggressive *faisceau* of four armies of observation, regarding this movement of the continent, without ambition as without weakness, ready to negotiate or combat, according as her right, her honor, or the security of her frontiers might demand.”

Here again he touched upon a delicate subject in speaking of the frontiers of France—those frontiers that had been narrowed as the Empire crumbled, until, in 1814, there was no frontier but what had been traditionally regarded as such, and which, in 1815, had been narrowed, so as to hurt pride and inflict humiliation. M. de Lamartine had laid it down that the treaties of 1815 had been canceled. Then there should be war? No, not at all:—there should be patient negotiation, based on

right and justice ; but in the mean time, there was this ennobling consolation :

“ Her frontiers ! I use a word that has lost a portion of its signification. Under the Republic, it is the democratic and fraternal principle that becomes the veritable frontier of France. (Applause.) It is not her soil that extends—it is her influence—it is her sphere of radiance and of attraction upon the continent—it is the number of her natural allies—it is the disinterested and intellectual patronage that she shall exercise upon the people—it is the French system, in fine, that has been substituted in three days, and in three months, for the system of the holy alliance. The Republic has comprehended, from the first moment, the new policy that the philosophy, the humanity, the reason of the age ought to inaugurate by the hands of our country among nations. I would ask no more proof that democracy has had her divine inspiration, and that she shall triumph in Europe as rapidly and gloriously as she has triumphed in Paris. France will have changed the character of her glory—*voilà tout !* ”

Such was the glorious ideal that the poet, orator, statesman, had figured to himself. If he did not believe in it himself, it should be regarded as the nicest and most perfect piece of subtle tact ever presented to a people. All the attractions that war ever had were stripped for the embellishment of peace. The latent craving was still gratified by the aspect of the sword glittering in the light of law. Those who worshiped glory were still invited to the shrine, there to find unveiled a new divinity of hitherto uncomprehended beauty. Alas ! the poet was too credulous ; the prophet, as usual, was to end in the martyr ; the sweet words that enchanted the ear, and shed harmony over the soul, could not transform the deep corruptions that were but stilled, not subdued into holy desires and lofty sentiments. Yet the good that was done by M. de Lamartine ought never to be forgotten. He flung golden balls in the path of the impetuous racers to the armory of war ; and if the trivial, but somewhat familiar metaphor might be used for sake of more perfect comprehension of meaning, we would say that never was such “ a

tub thrown the whale" to amuse and distract the dangerous monster, and give time for security, as was that magnificent scheme of policy, traced in such luminous language by the greatest master of phraseology of our times.

Although the statement of M. de Lamartine had the disadvantage of being read, it yet produced a great effect. The venerable Dupont de l'Eure rose from his seat and embraced him like a son, amid general expressions of admiration. Lamartine was at that moment at the *apogée* of his Republican fame; but, instead of the Assembly being allowed to retire impressed with his rich diction, it was to happen that they were to part affected, perhaps afflicted, by one of those vulgar storms that became afterward of too frequent recurrence.

We must pause to notice an incident that found its place between the oration and the storm. The President announced that he had received a letter from the citizen Béranger, which he had no doubt would afflict them. He resigned his seat, on the ground that neither his meditations nor his studies had fitted him for the part of representative. The Assembly refused to accept the poet's resignation, which, however, even such a mark of esteem could not induce him to withdraw. Some thought that the privileged old man had been coquetting; yet, to those who had watched him, his resolution was evidently sincere. Béranger was not in his place in such a crowd: as he said himself, he was never at home except when chatting with a few friends. There was something exceedingly winning in the aspect of Béranger. He dresses in a plain, homely fashion. His head was a fine bald one. His eyes (and it was a pity) were hidden by large green goggles, from under which peeped a glowing, funny little nose, that well became a smiling, gracious mouth, beaming with kindness and pleasant humor. Why should a mouth, overflowing with mellifluous good things, turn, after half a century of song, to political haranguing? It would not do, and Béranger felt it would not do; and he wisely took himself to his own little snug temple, identified with fancies, and dreams, and visitings from creatures very shy and reserved in their favors. Yet how the old man was sought after and listened to, and how restlessly

he would turn on his seat, and quit it, to seek Lamennais or some other old friend, with whom to whisper in a corner, until at length he slipped away, and would not return !

It is M. Dornès who is in possession of the tribune—M. Dornès, destined to fall, a few weeks after, in the Insurrection of June. He lauded the addresses that had been heard : so far so well. He moved that those who read them had, by their conduct, deserved well of their country : nothing better ; the cheers were unanimous. He thought that the sovereignty of the Assembly should be exercised through a delegation of five members, forming an executive Commission of Government, until such time as the Constitution should be formed. There was no sign of opposition ; but when he proceeded to give the names of the five whom he undertook to propose, there was a burst of disapprobation. "Let me read the names." "No, no." "No names." "They are, Lamartine, Francis Arago." ("No names ! no names !") "Ledru Rollin, Garnier Pagès, and Marie."—(Shouts of disapprobation.) The President himself could not obtain a moment's attention. At length the aged Dupont de l'Eure succeeded in getting a little silence, when he gently reproved his friend, M. Dornès, for compromising names. M. Dornès felt nettled, and attempted to assert the parliamentary propriety of his conduct. He declared that the liberty of the tribune had been infringed upon : the noise and confusion became tremendous. M. Dornès was about to leave the tribune, when other members, tempted by the promised vacancy, rushed to get possession of the place as soon as it should be unoccupied. His friends shouted to him to keep his ground. One cried out that the liberty of the tribune had been violated ; another, that the question had been badly put. The President essayed in vain to induce a moment's attention, until he should put the question, whether the names would be heard or not. At length he saw that the only way to stop the clamor was to put on his hat—the sign that the meeting was suspended. The last frail hold on order seemed then to have given way. The members, as by a common impulse, rose from their seats, and rushed headlong to the floor of the house, vociferating all together. The wildest mob could not have exhib-

ited more ungovernable want of temper. The manners of the demagogical clubs, and of the streets, were fully represented in that universal-suffrage-elected assembly. It was an ill-omened and menacing scene. After a suspension of half an hour, M. Dornès again spoke. He said that he would not propose names, but would move his decree, that the members of the Provisional Government had deserved well of their country, and that they be replaced by an executive commission of five members. All seemed then plain sailing; but, no—there was yet to be discord. The boiling was over, but the bitterness was to come. From the highest bench of the extreme left, which had already been called “the Mountain,” in imitation of the language of the Convention, there descended Barbès, the idol of the ultra-revolutionary clubs. Barbès had taken a leading part in the *émeute* of May, 1839, an *émeute* which might have been a revolution. There had been a long ministerial crisis; the executive was embarrassed and weak, the National Guards apathetic and discontented, and the secret societies well organized. The Revolutionists hoped to succeed; but, after an ill-combined effort, they failed; and Barbès, one of the ringleaders, was arrested.

The main charge against him destroyed the romance of the political conspirator: it was a cold-blooded assassination. He had driven up to a military post in the *cité*, in a cabriolet, with a brother conspirator, hoping to effect a hardy *coup-de-main*, by frightening the officer in command into a surrender. While parleying with the officer, and on his refusal to surrender, Barbès drew a pistol and shot him. Such a dastardly act destroyed all sympathy in his fate. He himself became ashamed of it, and pleaded that the murder had been committed by his companion, who fell, subsequently, in the combat. He was found guilty by the Chamber of Peers, and condemned to death. His sister, who loved him dearly, was the means of saving his life. She obtained an interview with the King, and so wrought on the feelings of the Monarch that, although it was resolved at a Cabinet Council, to resist all recommendation to mercy, his Majesty declared “that having suffered his hand to be bathed by the tears of the man’s sister, he could not sign his death-warrant.” The sentence was

condemned to imprisonment in the Luxembourg, and the convict was so touched with the King's clemency, that he declared his political career to be forever over. His own account is, that in his cell he offered up his orisons to *Saint Robespierre*, *Saint Couthon*, and *Saint Just*.

The Revolution of February freed Barbès, and the Provisional Government, with that studied love of effect which characterized so many of their actions, created the prisoner of the Luxembourg the Governor of the Palace, from which had already been expelled the Peers who had tried and condemned him. A more startling freak, in the way of poetic justice, was to strike the citizens of Paris. The National Guards of the 12th arrondissement, composed now of all classes, of one of the poorest and most populous divisions of the city, elected Barbès for their Colonel! Thus was this *victim* of the tyranny of the Monarchy, invested with rank and honor, and, as it may be called, military power, and subsequently elected to a seat in the National Assembly.

He looked, as he impetuously ascended the tribune, like a man whose head could easily have been turned. Report says that he was once a handsome man. He did not now look very prepossessing. His figure was light and active, and he might be considered within forty years; but his face had that peculiarly pallid color, produced by long close confinement—the color of the cold wall, with that banishment of open cheerfulness, replaced by a dark brooding over his position, such as can not fail of producing a repulsive effect. His forehead was high, but narrow, and somewhat bald. His speech was rapid and thick, as if he gargled his words in his throat, and sounded like vulgar scolding.

This Barbès made his *début* by demanding an explanation of what he called the massacres of Rouen; and he, a Colonel of National Guards, allowed plainly enough to be seen, what might have been expected from him in case of a collision, as he continued: "Yes, in the name of the people, we have to demand from the Government an account of the murders committed on the people of Rouen, by the National Guards." This speech was interrupted by exclamations from all sides; but the orator continued to say, that the people would furthermore have to

demand an account, why their German, Polish, Italian, and Belgian brethren had been abandoned? and when all these accounts were settled, it would be time enough to talk of thanking the Provisional Government.

M. Sénard, member for Rouen, vindicated, in a warm speech, the conduct of the National Guards at Rouen. The Minister of Justice showed that the Government had done all that was proper. After some confused conversation, the vote that the Provisional Government had merited well of their country, was carried by acclamation. The question regarding the formation of an intermediate executive power, was agreed to be referred to a Committee, and the Assembly adjourned to the following day.

CHAPTER V.

M. PEUPIN, OUVRIER—WORKMEN IN THE ASSEMBLY—M. L'HERBETTE
THE SERIOUS CONSEQUENCES OF HIS ACCUSATION AGAINST THE
EX-KING REGARDING THE FORESTS OF THE STATE—CORMENIN—
POWER OF THE PAMPHLET—BAC—JULES FAVRE—FATHER LA-
CORDAIRE—ODILON BARROT—ON THE PARLIAMENTARY STORM—
THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FORMED.

THE Committee that had been appointed to consider what would be the best form of intermediate Executive Government, confided the preparation and presentation of its Report to a working mechanic, M. Peupin, by trade a watchmaker. Thus, the first act of the National Assembly fell into the hands of a working man; and the first Parliamentary debate was led by a member of the *ouvrier* class.

Notwithstanding that the General Election had been by Universal Suffrage, that the Revolution had been pronounced the working man's revolution, that the operatives were bidden to the Parliamentary Feast, for the first time, and that the tempting allowance of twenty-five francs a day, was ordained on the Democratic principle of paying the legislator a fair day's wages for a fair day's work, so that no man should be obliged to decline the favor of his fellow-citizens on the score of want of fortune, it yet happened that very few operatives were returned.

M. Peupin proved himself worthy of the choice of his fellow-citizens, by his gentlemanlike demeanor, his easy address, and intelligence. His report concluded in favor of a choice of Ministers directly by the Assembly; and, at the first blush, the proposition to hold all power, executive and legislative, was wonderfully pleasing to a new body, the more jealous of its rights, because they were undefined, unsettled, uncertain, and almost beyond the power of being ascertained.

Curiously enough, a proposition that seemed so thoroughly Democratic, and which was conceived in so Democratic a spirit

—for it implied that the sovereignty being in the nation itself, should only be exercised by the Assembly, the delegates of the universal people, and not confided to any power that might be tainted with the image of royalty, or exploded constitutionalism, with its division of power, and checks, and balances—this proposition was destined to be combated by the revolutionists, and supported by ex-members of the dynastic opposition of the old Chamber of Deputies: M. L'Herbette, and M. Odilon Barrot, took the affirmative, and M. Jules Favre, and M. de Lamartine, the negative.

Our object is not to dwell more on speeches and debates than will serve our leading purpose, which is to mark the tendencies and dispositions of the new Assembly, to show how the new men acted, and how the old were received, to mark the hopes, sentiments or designs of the former, and how far they were responded to by the latter, to observe the turbulent fermentation of ill-assorted elements, and their reduction to order, as much by dangerous menaces from without, as from internal influences—those influences being the chief object of our classification and care—to paint, in fact, a wildly disposed Assembly, sobered by degrees at the sight of the sword that was brandished in its face by a still wilder *demagogie*.

We have just had occasion to notice the excessive susceptibility regarding its own omnipotent power, manifested by the Assembly in the very report presented by Citizen Peupin; as we proceed, we shall see the jealousy marked by the extravagant and fantastic awkwardness of *parvenus*, when their suddenly-acquired rights were not recognized, or were made the subject of satirical smiles, or ominous suspicions that peradventure they could not hold them long.

We have in the second place to notice that in order to quiet and keep down sensations not easily mastered, all parties made the most desperate professions of fraternal conciliation; the very word "party" was reprov'd, and the assumption asserted that the purest patriotic Republicanism being the sole directing power of the many-voiced machine, its separate discords, like the various sounds of nature, or of a crowd heard from a distance, would

blend into an imposing effect. The intentions were good ; we shall see how they were carried out in practice. We pass by those devoid of any particular characteristic to come to M. L'Herbette.

M. L'Herbette is a gentleman of large fortune, who in the old Chamber of Deputies sat on the opposition side—although not so far left as to be entitled to the honor of being a *Républicain de la veille*—and derived a share of that spurious sort of fame, called notoriety, by having preferred against Louis-Philippe, or in the then more constitutional jargon, the *liste civile*, the dishonoring accusation of purloining from the State forests, more timber than he was by law privileged to take. The accuser cited the various State forests of Villar-Coterets, Compiègne, Fontainebleau, &c., and he declared, that so extensive were the depredations committed, that in some places, the aspect was as if a hostile invasion had ravaged the ground.

Charges so circumstantial and distinct coming from a member of the legislature, a man of mature age, and of the weight that fortune seldom fails to bestow, produced a deep impression. True it is, that the Count de Montalivet, Intendant of the Civil List, answered the charges, and showed that a misapprehension had arisen from changing the old French mode of thinning forests, for that of the German method, which consisted of making clearances ; but it is equally true that at the time of this unfortunate controversy, which was the year preceding the fate of the monarchy, a strong prejudice had been raised against the upper classes of society, by an exposure of a series of crimes—some of the deepest turpitude, from peculation and corruption by ministers of state and men of fortune to the last crowning deed—the murder of the Duchess of Praslin by her husband ; so that it was no longer possible to interpose the barrier of the loftiest rank to the voice of calumny ; and the conviction became general that all classes of people, the highest and the lowest, were confounded in a common and general corruption. The charge against the King was fatally timed. It was but too generally accepted, and with the hastiness of prejudice, it was concluded that the corruption and viciousness, the prevalence of which was proved in Courts of

Justice, had their source in Royalty itself. It was affirmed that corruption had been reduced to a political system, and that those who directed the machinery, did a little business on their own account. M. de Montalivet not only afforded the requisite technical explanations, but he showed, what was perfectly true, that the king so far from having a griping, had a bountiful hand ; that he expended not merely the surplus of the allowances of the Civil List, but drained his private resources in the restoration and adornments of public monuments. That he gave Versailles and Fontainebleau to the people ; and that his memory would be associated with museums, libraries, temples, and cities. This was all true ; nevertheless the accusation worked its poisonous way, and it may be truly said that all the attacks of the newspaper press put together did not produce the fatal effect of M. L'Herbette's parliamentary *Philippe-ics*.

As I have the Vicomte de Cormenin in my eye, the man who gave the first blow of a similar kind to the monarchy of July, I may be allowed to say a word of him, especially as his total absence from the tribune will prevent any opportunity of sketching his oratorical physiognomy. The fall of the Soult ministry in 1840, which paved the way to Thiers, and led to the breach of the English alliance on the Eastern question, was caused by the rejection of the dotation demanded for the Duc de Nemours ; the author of the rejection of that dotation was undoubtedly M. de Cormenin, better known under his pamphleteering name of Timon. The pamphlet has been for ages in France a most effective weapon in the hands of whoever can wield it well. It requires very peculiar talents for its exercise, so much so indeed that the men of genius in that way may be counted on one's fingers, as you do the names of great poets, or of any other true greatness. Timon is the pamphleteer of this day, as Paul Louis Courier was the pamphleteer of the Restoration. Voltaire it was who swept the ground with this fire of railleury, satire, sarcasm, and pungent common-sense reasoning ; that blending of seething fire and hard substance, scalding irony and racy playfulness, with knowledge of mankind and their affairs, and withal solid logic, which make up the pamphlet, as it is managed and understood

by Timon. As Voltaire was the precursor of 1789, Timon was the precursor of 1848; those who came after, battered the building and did the rough work:—he laid the mine. Whether his calculations were true or false, whether his elaborate figures were calumnies or mistakes, whether the fortune of Louis-Philippe was overrated, and ought to be applied to the support of his family, whether all this was true or not, the project of the dotation fell before the pamphlet of Timon, and the cutting away of all dotations for the future was small evil compared with the discredit that attended the failure. The Ministry were themselves paralyzed, and put the question to the vote without a speech—were beaten and fell.

Now look at Timon, he is a man of mild, thoughtful countenance, of a fair brow, and quiet, reflective eye. His attire is plain and unostentatious. He looks as if he would not hurt a fly. His voice is never heard, and yet he does not look unsocial. How could he be, who has written the “*Livre des Orateurs*?” He who can not speak himself, has glorified his more gifted colleagues. How graphically has he portrayed them!—how cordially has he dwelt on the rare powers of his own political opponents!—loving talent for its own sake. Now look at L’Herbette the Omega of this Alpha; his little features are as hard as flint, and his voice cuts like a saw. He called on the Assembly to name directly their own Ministers, because it would be an act of energy, and because they could then call their Ministers to account. This was putting the question on no gracious grounds. Such a man was not made for conciliation, and so he went on—

“I know perfectly that attempts are making to intimidate us (murmurs from the left); for the intimidatory system has not departed with the old Chamber.” (Explosion of murmurs from the left.)

Le Citoyen Jean Reynaud.—“Instead of speaking of conciliation, you speak of intimidation. It is an injustice to the party sitting on these benches.”

Le Citoyen Sarrut.—“There are no parties here—there is no other desire than that of conciliation.” Proceeding a little further, he went on to assume, that in case their decisions should

bring about a conflict, they would, in consequence of their nomination by universal suffrage, have the people under the uniform of the National Guard, and all the workmen, against them. Here again he touched a discordant note.

Le Citoyen Basinier, subsequently distinguished as a Red Republican, shouted out: "No provocation, or we shall reply."

Le Citoyen Vignerte.—"I protest against alarmists. They are enemies of the Republic."

Le Citoyen Jules Favre.—"It is an incitement to civil war. Keep to the question."

Le Citoyen L'Herbette.—"You protest then against what I say?"

Numerous voices from the left.—"Yes, yes."

And, after a few words of explanation, *Citoyen L'Herbette* withdrew.

It was now evident that even the claims of such a man as M. L'Herbette could not absolve him in the eyes of the new men, the *Républicains de la veille*; and that the loud professions that there were no parties, could not prevent explosions of party humor on the slightest provocation.

We pass over some intermediate speakers of no note, to come to Theodore Bac; and we come to Theodore Bac because he is one of the new public men, for whom, on account of his extreme opinions, there was no place under the monarchy. M. Bac, like Barbès, descended from the Mountain to the tribune. His manner is earnest—earnestness which is not put on by the advocate, for he is a member of the bar. He has a fresh, florid countenance, but weak, irresolute eye, betraying that his heat of style is transitory rather than habitual. His language, although forcibly delivered, is not terse, but diffuse. His conclusion was for an adjournment of the question until such time as the members of the Assembly should come to know one another better. M. Bac, although a Red Republican and Socialist of the school of Louis Blanc, does not seem destined to play a notable part in the stormy scenes of a revolution. Some one said of him that he was a Girondist who had strayed into a club of Jacobins.

Citoyen Jules Favre is a different sort of man. He entered

the Assembly with a certain amount of reputation. Known to the bar, he was taken by the hand by the Republican Minister of the Interior, who made him his secretary, guide, councillor, and friend. Favre was identified with the worst acts of M. Ledru-Rollin's government—if he were not indeed their prompter. For a young man, his appearance is peculiarly disagreeable; not that he is not possessed of the advantages of a good figure; but there is in the hard immobility of his pale features a concentrated white heat of malevolent anger, that, provoked, would be implacable. His look through his spectacles is fixed and coldly searching, and his stiff manner of holding his head, with the chin drawn in, so that when he turns the head, the shoulders and body go together, as if all were of a piece without joints, gives him a dogmatic air, by no means captivating. His voice is, nevertheless, flexible and clear, his reasoning strong, his logic piercing and sure, and would be perfect in its way, only for the occasional diffuseness, the besetting sin of *avocats*, and the bad faith of the unquiet, ambitious partisan. Such a man was never made to be a tribune of the people. As the active agent of a well-grounded, unquestioned power, he would be at home. You might expect to meet such a combination of intolerance and affected suppleness in the innermost sanctuary of a General of the Jesuits, or by the side of a De Retz, pulling the wires at once of the populace and the Court; but it is a singular proof of Ledru-Rollin's want of insight, that he should have placed his impetuous and imprudent nature in the hands of so young a Mephistophiles.

M. Favre is of that order of democrats who are so from jealousy of those above, rather than from love of those beneath them. His liberty is but the mask of his intolerance; and it is highly characteristic of the man that, from the first moment, he assumed an air of authoritative domineering that revolted the Assembly, and lost him the place which, with a little modesty, his undoubted talents would have secured him. Nevertheless, it can not be predicted of such a man, as of Theodore Bac—should the Republic last for some years—what position he might be called upon to sustain, for he has talents and force of character to make

him a formidable foe, and he has no scruples to withhold his vindictiveness.

The reasoning of Jules Favre was that of a man who, despite his democratic professions, leaned to the exercise of strong executive powers. He would not admit the introduction of so strange a principle as that of a loose assembly of nine hundred persons, standing in the place of a monarch or president, making and revoking ministers, according to passion or whim. It was a barbarous method, contrary to that of civilized societies, which had all agreed on placing an intermediate power between the legislation and administration—a power ever armed and ever ready to execute the national will with rapidity and security.

It is not necessary to detail the reasons presented by M. Favre for rejecting the conclusion of the commission, because there are few English readers who would not admit at once its absurdity ; but it deserves to be noted as a curious fact, that this conclusion, so agreeable to a new popular body, fancying itself endowed with all virtues, and full of expansive sentiments of fraternity and zeal, should have been encouraged by old practiced legislators. It was, therefore, no easy task encountered by M. Favre, and he accomplished it with signal ability. He did not omit to season his discourse with epigrams, at the expense of men of recent convictions, recalling thus with bad taste his own too notorious distinction of *Républicains de la veille*. He showed, too, that he was not a man to be blinded by illusions ; while his friends were indulging in philanthropic visions for having shown the necessity of a compact execution in case of war, he proceeded to argue, that it would be no less necessary in case of civil commotion, and to civil commotion he looked forward. "What !" asked he, "do you believe that we shall found a Republic without agitations and shocks ? Do you think that there will be no resistances to dread ? Do you believe that we shall not see conspiracies and *émeutes* ? (cries of No, and Yea, and prolonged movement). If you believe that you can found a popular government three months after the fall of a monarchy, without any emotion being caused in the country, then I descend from this tribune, I quit the Assembly, and I leave you alone in your opinion." This

was language calculated to bring people to their senses, and it succeeded.

If truth be stranger than fiction, there are, in public assemblies, contrasts more dramatic than stage writers have fancied. This was exemplified in the figure and character of the individual whom one of the pointed epigrams of the last speaker excited to the tribune. His thin figure, attired in the white robe of a Dominican friar—which he never exchanged for any other—the Abbé Lacordaire descended not slowly, but impetuously, from his seat on the left, halted for a moment in the midst of the *salle*, and, with a hand raised toward the President, from which fell the large drapery, signified his intention to speak. No theatrical *entrée* could have been more striking. The looks of curiosity which followed him from all sides made him the central figure of a highly-ornamented picture. No clumsy or vulgar-looking monk—no sour, or wild, or stupid fanatic was he; but, in appearance, one of the most *distingué* and gentlemanly persons it was ever one's good fortune to see. A handsome oval face, large lustrous eyes, and fine head, rose above the tribune; and when he spoke, it was not with the cold, insinuating tone of the confessor. He declared that he would not have addressed them, but for an insinuation of the *pre-opinant*, that there were persons in that Assembly who were actuated by lurking motives of a hostile character. For his own part, so far was he from being there to join in a vote injurious to the Republic, he would vote for the Executive Commission. He acknowledged that he was not a Republican before the 24th of February; and although he now fully adopted the Republic, yet he felt that the Government properly belonged to those whose opinions were of older date than his own: but while he did this act of justice to elder Republicans, he claimed for the minority respect; for they had seen that majorities might perish, and minorities make their principles prevail. The sentiments were good, but the delivery was little in accordance with received notions of parliamentary manner. It was extremely impassioned and vehement. As he complained of the insinuations that he repelled, his voice was as piercing as if he were wrenching, with both hands, from his breast, a dart that

was there rankling. As a pulpit oration, or an exhortation to subdue animosity, to forget and forgive, and to join fraternally to heal the wounds of the country, it was not unworthy of the Dominican's fame; but, as a parliamentary speech, it was a failure, and that from no fault of the orator.

There are rules of harmony applicable to all situations, any violation of which will not be atoned for by separate excellence. In the frenzied times of 1789, the fantastic was in its place; but in the National Assembly, where the fantastic was only acted badly by a few, and saddened the sober many, there was no encouragement even for sincerity in an antiquated costume. The shrill voice of the speaker, his attenuated figure, and nervous vivacity, gave him more the appearance of an Arab chief in his bournou, exhibiting for his conquerors, than a divine, anxious to infuse the spirit of charity, and good feeling, among an auditory profoundly divided among themselves, and distrustful of one another. It was whispered about at the time (for there are always romantic traditions at the service of any handsome man who enchains to his heel the society he has renounced) that Lacordaire was in early youth smitten with a love for the stage, and took lessons from Talma, from whom he derived his taste for costume and knowledge of effect; that he forsook the tragic muse for the bar, and deserted the bar for the Church—a love tale, of course, accounts for his disgust for the world. When in the Church, he accompanied Lamennais to the brink of heresy, from which he started back affrighted; yet the poetry of his nature led him to the Order over which the fate of Savonarola sheds an immortal interest. Methinks we have found, at length, the key to the citizen friar's conduct—he would be the modern Savonarola; he would reconcile democracy with the Church; he makes brave efforts to do so in his journal, the *Ere Nouvelle*; and has brought on his shoulders the anger of the *Univers*, and of that doughty layman, the Count de Montalembert. The Assembly was only permitted to have a passing glimpse of this brilliant and interesting meteor, for, after the invasion of the Chamber, from which we are separated but by a few days, he formally resigned, horror-struck at what he had witnessed.

Let us pass a couple of intermediate combatants, to come to Odilon Barrot, opposed to Lacordaire on the question of the Executive Commission. He, too, had been stung by the same sneer at recent conversions to the Republic and sinister motives. His first words were in the orator's most manly manner:—"I am not stopped by this scruple; the country is juster than parties; it sees none other among us than men profoundly devoted to the liberty of their country and to the foundation of the Republic." This told well. His argument was, in its way, no less powerful. He showed that an Executive Commission of five members, appointed by the Assembly, and revocable by the Assembly, amounted to the same thing as a ministry appointed and revocable on the same principle; and, for his part, he would rather, if called on to act as minister, be answerable to the Assembly, than if appointed by the Assembly. It was a double machinery, for which there was no use, and which created complexity, without answering any constitutional purpose. Subsequent events proved Odilon Barrot to be right; for when a great danger arose some weeks afterward, the Assembly, without wasting time in discussion, broke the Executive Commission, and substituted a single chief, identified with the ministry which he should form. Thus the force of circumstances led to the point which escaped general deliberation, of a ministry directly answerable to the Assembly; but created through the simple agency of a chief of the executive power, whose own views were in accordance with those of the majority.

To return to Odilon Barrot. What strange reflections must have passed through his mind! It was he who presided over the series of Reform Banquets, which, organized by Duvergier de Hauranne, led to the fall of the Monarchy. It was the course which he himself adopted relative to the last of the series, that decided the fate of the dynasty. It was he who uttered the last words in the Chamber of Deputies on behalf of the Regency of the Duchess of Orleans, when that respected lady, in those widowed robes that recalled the premature death of her popular husband, and with her two children by the hand, offered the mute appeal of her respectable life as the best guarantee of a

prudent and honorable discharge of the trust she was ready to accept. It was he, who, on the morning of the 24th of February, was the King's Minister in the palace—"the father of the people," out of doors; in the evening, was hooted by an armed mob from the tribune of the Chamber he would have saved by timely reform. Never had a public man been so buffeted and overwhelmed in the midst of illusions, and all owing to a want of that perspicuous power which enabled Napoleon to perceive the very moment of action—a moment that will not stay upon the slippery brink; it must be seized by the prompt hand of resolute genius with the rapidity with which lightning cleaves the oak, or it is gone.

M. Odilon Barrot is an orator, and a great one; well versed in constitutional lore, and with a bold, round voice, that goes home to the hearts of men; but he is not a man of ready judgment. After Lafayette, he took his place naturally at the head of that portion of the opposition that sought and labored in vain to accomplish the veteran's sponsorial promise for Louis-Philippe, that he would surround the throne with Republican institutions; for it is a fact, that Lafayette never did believe that France was fitted for an unmixed Republic. There was this difference between the views of Odilon Barrot and M. Thiers, that while the former exerted himself to obtain a parliament purged of place-men, and a widely-extended suffrage, the latter cared not for reform at all, or rather was opposed to it; satisfied, if he could obtain for the Chamber, such as it was, the virtual government of the country. He wanted to deprive the King of his personal influence over ministers, and to erect the minister into an independent agent of the majority in parliament. "The King should reign, but not govern." M. Odilon Barrot thought it quite idle to seek to enforce such a maxim, so long as the Chamber contained fifty-five direct dependents on the Crown; and a great number of functionaries besides, dependent, more or less, on the minister of the day. So long as the King could, through his own influence, undermine an obnoxious minister, it was idle to expect that he would voluntarily accept for rule of conduct, the "*Le Roi règne mais ne gouverne pas*" of M. Thiers. Thus it

was that M. Thiers was ready to take the Chamber as it was, provided that he should have the direction of the instrument, unsound as it might be ; while M. Barrot never would take office, except on the express terms of reform in parliament. True to his principles, and of disinterested probity, M. Odilon Barrot might, with more energy of character, have formed a party to which the country would have looked for guidance, and have carried to power ; but, wanting the reputation of a practical aptitude for affairs, the most that was accorded them was an inactive esteem. There was enough of sentimental sympathy, but not enough of encouraging support.

It happened unfortunately for M. Barrot's administrative reputation, that he filled the high office of Prefect of the Seine, in the year 1832, when the palace of the Archbishop of Paris was sacked ; and when, with worse than Gothic barbarity, not merely the furniture and building were destroyed, but the books, some of them of rare value, were torn, or burnt, or flung into the Seine. The Prefect, armed by his situation with executive powers for the suppression of disturbance in the good city of Paris, did not put forth his authority in the right way or at the right moment ; and, although it may be going too far, even in the way of hyperbole, to say that he looked on an impassive spectator, yet never did Odilon Barrot recover the impression that was made by that event.

His conduct on the 22d of February, is considered to have been deficient—fatally deficient in tact. He ought to have accepted the conditions offered by the Government, namely—to allow the guests to go separately to the Banquet, instead of forming a procession calculated to cause a disturbance of the peace ; and as soon as the guests were seated, a *Commissaire de Police* would protest against the meeting, and his *procès verbal* be made the ground of a proceeding at law, for the sake of testing the legality of Reform Banquets. To a man whose mind was imbued with constitutional lore, himself a lawyer, such a proposition ought to have been peculiarly tempting. Pleading in a Court of Justice, there was afforded to him the opportunity of achieving a moral victory, and, perhaps, of laying the foundation of a plan for working through

the institutions for the correction of institutions, instead of by appeals to brute force. By refusing the offer made to him, M. Barrot did the great harm of allowing the mass of the people to fall into the error that the Banquet had been forbidden, and that the Government had drawn the sword. His last act, wise as it was in conception, and noble as it was in its attempted execution, only served to compromise M. Barrot with the Republic. He disappeared in the tumultuous finale of the Monarchy, a beaten, repudiated, humiliated man, whose name, inscribed for a moment on the list of the Provisional Government, was disdainfully erased; and one of the most unpopular of men on the night of the 24th, was the powerful orator and patriot—the leader of the Reform party for eighteen years.

M. Odilon Barrot, as his name indicates, is of Irish descent. His features are unmistakably Hibernian, and of that order which proves that the native comparison to the once favorite—for now it is, alas! but a treacherous—esculent was well justified by resemblances that could not escape an acute and witty people. But although the countenance be of ordinary Celtic, the forehead and fine bold head are of a highly intellectual order. The voice is in accordance with so noble a temple of legal and constitutional thought—it is of the church-organ, rather than of the trumpet kind. The orator's manner is somewhat ostentatious, and his dress and walk are indicative of a strong tinge of self-satisfaction—so far not belying the Celtic blood, either in its Hibernian or Gallic development. Such is M. Odilon Barrot, an effective orator, yet inoperative leader; an honest man, but vacillating politician; bold and noble in his movement, until the moment of action comes, and then lost. So powerful was his language on the present occasion, that, by a striking coincidence, it brought M. de Lamartine to the tribune.

It was Lamartine who repelled the Regency—it is Lamartine who makes his first Republican speech in reply to the last defender of the Monarchy. He acknowledged the power of M. Odilon Barrot, whose word, he said, had much authority over his mind on such subjects. He had nothing to add to the force of M. Jules Favre's reasoning on the necessity of an Executive Commission—

for he could not comprehend the position of a Minister obliged to come every minute to take the opinion of the Assembly upon an act that might require speed and secrecy ; but there his accordance with that unsentimental man stopped. Referring to social dangers, he could see none. "I proclaim aloud, that I do not fear parties ; the parties were vanquished, from the day when you appeared within these walls, before the whole nation, from which you have been evoked by Universal Suffrage, bringing with you not only all rights, but all forces. I do not fear to affirm to my country, and to history, that there is no party to-day—there are no factions who can prevail for one hour in this country."

The Assembly was too young, too fresh, and too ardent, not to relish such optimist sentiments ; even M. Ledru-Rollin, in a few ardent words, showed himself an eclectic ; but when the debate was closed, and an opportunity was afforded to the mass to show ingenuity by amendments, sub-amendments, suggestions, criticisms, and small speeches, the scene that ensued was of the most confused and stormy description, and such as filled the observing public with despair. The President rang his deep-toned hand-bell, till it sounded like the tocsin over a city in rebellion. Laying it down, he protested that no human strength could suffice for his duties. The guttural notes of Barbès, especially, were heard amidst the din, like the crackling and sputtering of wood in the roar of a conflagration. At length, after extraordinary efforts, the resolution to have an Executive Commission, to be composed of five members, chosen by ballot, was fairly rescued from this scene of confusion and trouble.

CHAPTER VI.

**THE EXECUTIVE COMMISSION—DECLINE OF LAMARTINE—ITS CAUSE
—M. WOŁOWSKI RAISES THE WORKMEN'S QUESTION—PEUPIN, A
WORKMAN, OPPOSES LOUIS BLANC—FEELING IN THE CLUBS.**

ON Wednesday, 10th of May, the National Assembly elected, by ballot, the Executive Commission of Government. The operation was very tedious; but as the names of the five Executive Commissioners had been already settled, by that sort of subterraneous understanding of which parliamentary parties have the secret, the sole subject of curiosity was as to the relative numbers. At a little after four o'clock the result was made known.

Number of voters	794
Absolute (or necessary) majority	398

The Citizen	Arago	725 votes.
" "	Garnier Pagès	715 "
" "	Marie	702 "
" "	Lamartine	643 "
" "	Ledru-Rollin	458 "

These five were consequently declared Members of the Executive Commission of the Government of the Republic.

Lamartine below Arago, Garnier Pagès, and Marie! The result caused extreme surprise, both in and out of doors. Ledru-Rollin, *longo intervallo*, last of all! The character of the Assembly was significantly determined. It had been returned under the auspices of Ledru-Rollin, who, as Minister of the Interior, was charged with the management of the elections. He had set himself to the work with his accustomed energy and characteristic indiscretion. His Commissioners, with no other respon-

sibility than "their own consciences," and with "unlimited powers," traversed the country; and their acts showed, that while they literally interpreted their authority, they had, in conscience, a blind or treacherous monitor. They overdid their business, and instead of subduing, or deluding the people of the provinces, they excited their distrust, and aroused their vengeance.

From fear, or prudence, the representatives—truly expressing the sentiments of their constituents, joined in proclaiming the Republic, did well their parts of factitious enthusiasts; but when their act was shrouded in the mystery of the balloting urn, they revealed, unwittingly, the true sentiments of the majority by marking their disdain for the Coryphon of the revolution. Had it not been for Lamartine, there can be no doubt that Ledru-Rollin would have been extinguished, and the numerical weakness of his party in an Assembly, returned in the very ardor of a fresh revolution, exposed beyond doubt or question. If Lamartine had, on the other hand, listened to the overtures that had been made to him, and had he made a declaration satisfactory to the sense of the country, which was anxious only for peace and security, and trembled at the perspective opened by those who were subsequently called Red Republicans; had he given a palpable pledge, by an act that was conservative of property, family, and religion; had he, in a word, separated himself from Ledru-Rollin, he would have found himself at the head, instead of being but within one of the foot of the Commission; he would have had the darling ambition of his heart gratified, by being made the first President of the Republic; he would have been at the head of the country, and have taken his place in history among those great men who—themselves the best expression of the best feelings of their own times—carry their country on a great step further in its progress to good, and stamp their immortal image on their generation, as if, god-like, they had molded it all themselves. Be it strength, or be it weakness, be it true generosity, be it self-sacrificing magnanimity, or be it self-deception—be it theatrical assumption of an attitude intended to win admiration, be it goodness or amiability, be it what it might—Lamartine in covering Ledru-Rollin with his own blazing shield, and lifting

him to power with himself, received that fatal whisper, "Cassio, I forgive thee, but never more be officer of mine."

Very much might certainly have been said in justification of Lamartine's decision. Ledru-Rollin, thrown out of the Government, would, it must be allowed, have been received in the arms of the Revolutionists, already dissatisfied with the composition of the Assembly. He would have afforded them a leader and a name. He was the unmixed democrat, the very expression of the Republic in February. Expelled from the Government, he would have been the expression of the Revolution conquered by reaction. A struggle must have come. In the Government he could form but a unit. He would be bound by honor and interest to his colleagues, and yet neutralized by their influence. But the answer to all this was quickly furnished by events; for the struggle followed immediately, while the Executive was weakened by the distrust of the Assembly.

Lamartine did not probably estimate the depth of parliamentary dislike for the Ultra-Republicans. His ear had been confounded by the din of *Vive la République*, and his eye dazzled by the breadth and extent of fresh Republican devotion; but palliations of error will not do for men who take upon themselves the initiative of crises involving the fate of nations. His sagacity was at fault. His moral courage did not come up to the mark. He could not part with his distrusted companions. He failed to see the latent power that only awaited the voice of a competent chief to show itself in its immensity. He would have been reproached? true, and he might have been stabbed by a ruffian. But the confusion, and the complexity, and the danger besetting his situation, would have made the strong decision he might have taken his title-deed to the Chieftainship of the French people. From this day forth Lamartine was no more the same man. He who forbade the Regency, and who like an improvised Cromwell, put his foot on the bauble of the Crown, and led the people to the Hôtel-de-Ville, might have acted under the momentary intoxication of a poetic frenzy, or he might have taken a clear, well-calculated view of the future. He was a rash or a bold man, according to the way in which he would sustain thence-

forward the post he had seized. Was he a Rienzi, a Masaniello, or a Cromwell, or Washington, or Bonaparte? The first act of the author of the "History of the Girondists," only raised a presumption that he was a man of decision. His next, when he struck down the red flag and inaugurated the tri-color, in a burst of eloquence that can never die, was a brave act. From that moment the eloquent member of the Provisional Government had won his spurs. The marvelous eloquence with which he enchanted, subdued, and ruled France, will ever remain the most striking illustration of the sober truth of Milton's description:—

.... resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratic.

His replies to the various addresses from people of all countries, and his diplomatic papers were alike models of that prudence and eloquence that flow from exalted wisdom. It would be idle to deny that the career of M. de Lamartine, from the morrow of the Revolution to the day of which we are now speaking, was beneficial to his country. He directed the extravagances of excited passions into the channels of philanthropic sympathy, by opening prospects of chivalrous adventure. He put a check upon the long-brooding enmity felt toward England, when, had he hinted invasion, the hint would have been obeyed, although ruin should have been the consequence. One act more—an understanding and appreciation of the majority of the Assembly, a separation from the Ultra-Republicans, a defiance of the consequences, moral and physical—and Lamartine was at the head of the country. Conciliation was the desire and excuse of Lamartine. He wished to reconcile irreconcilable elements. He fancied that he could talk down all difficulties, for he had talked down many. He who could still the passions of mobs, thought he had only to take a mob leader, or ruthless demagogue, submit him to the mesmerism of his influence, and take him into a paradise of pure visions, where he would leave the dross of his demagogueism. The Assembly estimated the motives, but their more practical estimate of men suggested that Lamartine was mistaken, and that the fate of the country could not be trusted to a self-deluding statesman.

As soon as the Executive Commission was formed, it was at once challenged to the consideration of the two questions to which the Republic stood committed. The great foreign question of the emancipation of nationalities, and the great domestic question of the organization of labor. M. Wolowski opened both questions in the same speech. As a Pole who had become a naturalized Frenchman, he presented a petition from the Poles of Posen, Cracow, and Gallicia ; as a Professor in the Institution *des Arts et Métiers*, he deemed himself competent to treat the workmen's question. The man who stood forward so prominently to stir up danger, the extent of which he did not suspect, was a Professor, and nothing more. His language was sententious, his manner cold, and neither were improved by an elaborate effort at warmth. The Poles, however admired as a people, do not enjoy much esteem as individuals in Paris—the needy and the proscribed seldom do. The needy must have recourse to shifts, that strip even the proscribed of romance. To M. Wolowski these observations do not apply, for he had won for himself, by the exercise of talents and acquirements, an honored position ; but he was not effective in the Assembly, and that was all which was then wanted. As the Italian Question was held to be intimately connected with that of Poland, M. de Lamartine, as Ex-Minister for Foreign Affairs, announced his intention of treating both on the following Monday, destined to become memorable.

The Labor Question was seized on by a more redoubtable champion. Louis Blanc proposed and argued strenuously for the formation of a new administrative department, devoted exclusively to the Labor Question, under the name of *Ministère du Progrès*. The erection of such a department had been his dream from the moment that he formed one of the Provisional Government. Had he pressed it, and made an appeal to his partisans out of doors, he would have provoked a collision. The Provisional Government, in order to give him and Albert employment, invented the magnificently deceptive delegation of tradesmen to take their seats in the Chamber of Ex-Peers, with Louis Blanc in the place of the Chancellor, Duc Pasquier. Had it not been for this brilliant invention, the other members of the

Provisional Government might have been thrown out of the windows of the Hôtel-de-Ville.

Upon the meeting of the National Assembly, M. Louis Blanc dissolved the delegation, and demanded the formation of this administration, as the fulfilment of the pledge made to the working classes, and as the only effective means, moreover, of arriving, through official and scientific approaches, at the final completion of the organization of labor. He was now coldly received by the Assembly, a regularly organized representative body, protected by the armed National Guard; and he was replied to by M. Peupin, the operative, who substituted the more harmless resolution of a Committee of Inquiry. They had, he said, Ministers of Public Works, and of Agriculture; they did not want to go on voyages of discovery; the workmen wanted work, and only work, and that would come with a revival of confidence and credit. Yet the Assembly felt that the question could not be disposed of lightly; they knew that at that moment there were loose assemblages of workmen in their neighborhood, who were watching anxiously and menacingly the mode in which their question would be treated. To set it aside would have been impossible, and while a Commission of Inquiry was substituted, great care was taken to let it be understood that it was a serious and substantial inquiry. M. Freslon, subsequently a Cabinet Minister, hazarded the following declaration: "The National Assembly will, of necessity, pose all the great basis of the organization of labor; and if it did not do so, it would be cursed by posterity, and be despised by France." There can be no doubt that the Assembly was tried for the acts of the day in the Clubs of Paris, and condemned.

CHAPTER VII.

INFLUENCE OF EMINENT MEN—M. VIVIEN—THE NEW MINISTRY—
THEIR DEFICIENCIES—M. FLOCON, THEIR SPOKESMAN.

THE sitting of Thursday, the 11th of May, was not remarkable. The rules for regulating the manner of their debates were discussed and agreed to. They differed little from those which had been followed by the old parliament. There was a great deal of confusion, disorder, and irregularity. A multitude of propositions, more or less trivial, were presented, showing generally how completely unaccustomed to parliamentary usages, or to the usages of public meetings of any kind, were a very great portion of the Assembly. It was evident that there had been no previous training, and the want of popular political education was not compensated for by any apparent aptitude for debate. There was much squabbling—much talking—much badly improvised suggestion, and criticism, and for the President the Herculean task of keeping order.

There was one gratifying sign, however, amid this Babel of tongues and moral chaos. Whether it arose from curiosity on the part of the provincial members, or whether it was owing to the influence always exercised by real superiority, certain it was, that as soon as a man of eminence ascended the tribune, he was sure to obtain a deferential hearing. M. Vivien, who had been a Cabinet Minister under Molé, and again under Thiers, and of course no *Républicain de la veille*, was nevertheless chosen to be Chairman, or as it is called, Reporter, of the Committee for preparing rules for the government of the debates. He is a tall, mild, fresh-complexioned man, wearing his hair in that flowing way which the possessors take to be symptomatic of their Frank and aristocratic descent. For the Franks are to the Celts, what the Normans in England are to the Saxons—that is, the ancestral source of great houses.

M. Vivien's established reputation for probity, his temperate liberalism, the freedom of his name from factious efforts, and his sober *bonhomie*, won their way calmly and persuasively; and this mild triumph effected much, for it set the example of influence on the part of the members of the old parliament, who would have been proscribed by the Ledru-Rollins, had the temper of the country only proved what they had expected to find it. The names of the new Ministry were announced in the course of the day. They were some of them under-secretaries of the members of the Executive Commission, while they had themselves filled the posts of ministers in the Provisional Government. Thus M. Jules Bastide, the secretary of M. de Lamartine, was created Minister for Foreign Affairs; M. Duclerc, the secretary of Garnier Pagès, was made Finance Minister; Colonel Charras, a secretary in the War Department, was made Minister of War; Admiral Casy, Minister of Marine. The Ministry of the Interior was given to M. Recurt, a medical doctor. Not one of these ministers was capable of delivering himself of two consecutive sentences at the tribune.

M. Bastide, although he had been a writer in the *National*, was obliged to commit to paper the shortest ministerial explanation. M. Duclerc, a young man of formal exterior, and wearing a long beard, as little in accordance with his years as was the solemn foppery of this capricious fashion in accordance with the plainness of mind and manner expected in a Chancellor of the Exchequer, the most dangerous of all dealers in folly. He could stammer through a statement indeed, but the matter would be as bad as the manner. Doctor Recurt, like many other doctors, could only shake his head. The Minister of War could not speak daggers; and he of the Marine exhibited indeed a benevolent rubicundity of visage, but as innocent of political expression as the figure-head of a frigate. Now although M. Bastide is a worthy, honest, and even religious man; and M. Duclerc a gentleman of good intentions; and all the rest honorable men; yet, in the eyes of the public, they were still but the under-secretaries of the Executive Commission; and, whatever mistake might have been committed by all or either, could not have been

atoned for by a change of ministers. A power, not in harmony with opinion, can not last long ; and the shape that the Government had taken was odd and unsatisfactory in the eyes both of the advocates for a ministry directly elected by the House, and in the view of those who looked in vain for an Executive relieved of responsibility by the mere removal of an obnoxious Cabinet. The other posts were assigned to members of the Ex-Provisional Government. M. Crémieux resumed the Ministry of Justice ; M. Carnot, that of Public Instruction ; M. Bethmont took the portfolio of Public Worship, which was separated from that of Justice, because of the Jewish faith of the Justice Minister ; and the Ministry of Commerce was given to M. Flocon. Another doctor, M. Trélat, was made Minister of Public Works. M. Marrast was created Mayor of Paris ; M. Pagnerre was appointed Secretary-General of the Executive Commission, with a deliberative voice in Council ; and Caussidière to the Police. All the members of the Provisional Government were provided for, with the exception of Louis Blanc and Albert. Even with the help of these supplementary names, there was perhaps never an instance of a Cabinet obliged to expound, explain, and defend its acts before a popular assembly so deplorably deficient as was this first legitimate Ministry of a Republic, about to propound the most momentous questions that had ever shaken society.

The leadership of the House devolved on M. Flocon, for neither the Foreign Minister nor Home Minister could answer the simplest question ; and who and what was M. Flocon ? His own description of himself is, that " he had been a conspirator all his life." He did not look a Pierre ; he was not " a bold-faced villain." Fancy a small, bent, thick-set figure—a white, swollen visage—a dull, smoked eye ; and yet this *habitué* of the *estaminet* had, by his attendance in the stenographer's gallery of the Chamber of Deputies, and his subsequent contributions to the *Réforme* journal, acquired sufficient use of speech and language to enable him to shine, by comparison with his colleagues, although his shining was not brilliant. Flocon belonged, by sentiment and temperament, to the democrats of the Blanc and

Albert school ; but he could not make up his mind to separate himself from Ledru-Rollin, who had appointed him editor of his journal, the *Réforme*. It was in the office of this then obscure paper that the conspirators met on the night of the 23d of February, and resolved upon striking a blow for the Republic. Flocon shouldered his gun bravely, and next day fought at the Château d'Eau, and helped to burn and destroy that post opposite the Palais Royal, in which, for a long hour and a half, some three-score Municipal Guards resisted till they perished to a man. Heated with this achievement, the mob, comparatively a handful of desperadoes, rushed to the Tuileries, through an army that might have crushed them, but which stood without leaders or orders ; entered the Château ; caused a panic that at this day appears absurd ; frightened away the Royal Family, in presence of a magnificent display of horse, foot, and artillery ; crossed the undefended bridge of the Chamber of Deputies ; smote down the Regency ; were about to shoot M. de Lamartine by mistake ; then followed him to the Hôtel-de-Ville. When a dynasty fell so, Flocon deserved to rise ! Between cigars, billiards, and the leadership of the Assembly, how pleasantly must have passed away the brief period of his ministerial existence !

Dr. Trélat could speak pretty well on the subject with which he was worried to death—the *Ateliers Nationaux*. He is a thin, sallow man, with a melancholy voice, and began his speeches as if he was about to cry ; and doleful, truly, was the burthen of his lachrymose lament—to which recurrence will have to be frequently made, as we approach the days of June. Well and appropriate as he could speak upon his special theme, he could not fill the part of orator for the Cabinet.

M. Bethmont soon resigned, and the portfolio of Public Worship was re-attached to that of Justice, to the satisfaction of Crémieux, who felt the stigma on his creed. M. Carnot was too cold, too reserved, too phlegmatic, for a speaker ; and thus it happened, that the oratorical team of the Cabinet, to drag it through the deep ruts and the mire in which it was so often to sink, and to show off on gala-days, was composed of Crémieux and Flocon, personally the least attractive of the lot.

The members of the Directory could undoubtedly descend from their imperial state to the tribune ; but, by marking more completely the insufficiency and mediocrity of their Ministers, they but served to show, that, in establishing one sort of constitutional fable, they had set up another of a very inferior kind.

CHAPTER VIII.

M. BERRYER—NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, SON OF JEROME.

A DISCUSSION as to the manner of electing a Committee to prepare a draft of the Constitution, filled up the greater part of Friday, the 12th of May. M. Berryer took an active part in the proceeding. M. Berryer, although his presence excited no mark of hostility, yet was he received coldly, indeed indifferently. He seldom interfered afterward, although had he obtained sufficient encouragement, there can be little doubt that he would have been tempted to indulge in the ample floods of his magnificent elocution. The chivalrous leader of the Legitimist party, throughout so many weary years, has been compared with Mirabeau. The comparison is only just to the extent, that neither were reading men; that both loved society, and drew their information from the conversation of well-instructed men, who acted as store-ships for those mightier vessels of war. The tongue of scandal, which was once so busy with the ugly, Medusa-headed aristocrat, Mirabeau, whose fiery passions hurried him into a revolutionary leadership, and whose insatiate wants subdued him into the secret pensioner of a doomed King—that poisonous tongue has spared the handsome and luxurious barrister.

A fortuneless man, who clings to a fallen cause, especially when highly gifted, makes great sacrifices, for which he is no doubt repaid by those half-sad, half-hopeful moments of solitary indulgence, so dear to the finely-toned soul, and for which, perhaps, the tumultuous duties and pleasures of successful public life could not afford compensation.

M. Berryer was made for the Church. Had he appeared in the pulpit, he would have been the legitimate successor of the Bossuets, Massilons, Fléchiers, and Fénelons. He would have had no rival in his day. His voice is beautiful, and of that unctuous fullness which would have carried to the soul the

cheering and comforting messages of the New Testament. Language bubbles on his lips, and flows forth with a copiousness that seems independent of will ; and when language comes out with clear and rapid spontaneousness, so the man, appearing not to invent, looks a vessel of abundance ; then it is that people believe in inspiration. The speaker has not time, or seems not to have time, to arrange his words, pregnant though they be with mind, expanded to genius. With such a one, an argument may fail in logical precision ; but an exhortation would be as a chorus of heavenly harps.

Berryer is in appearance a perfect gentleman. He is remarkably handsome, of the Canning style of graceful, manly beauty. He is too liberal to suit the tastes of every one of his party ; for, like all great natural orators, he must be more or less imbued with popular leanings ; and is not his instrument the congregated people in the persons of their representatives ? The Legitimists preserve the traditions of courtiership, and of a courtiership such as was practiced under Charles X., rather than under Louis XVIII., whose mind was touched with the philosophy of the eighteenth century. To the mind of Berryer, the Monarchy is a magnificent chain, binding, from St. Louis to the Martyr of the Revolution, the chivalrous history of France. To destroy the Monarchy, is to quench the sun of the national records. There is nothing in the Monarchy, no more than in the Church, incompatible with the easy development of popular institutions. Though all men should vote, there is no reason why royalty should fall. Berryer is no political bigot ; he has no personal antipathies. He can enjoy the witty talk of Thiers, and leave it to the public judgment to deal with the admirer of Danton and the worshiper of Napoleon. So expansive a nature ought to have won upon the National Assembly ; but, as the advocate's position and popular disposition stand between him and some of his own party, so does his sensitive repulsion of low-bred coarseness make it impossible for him to place himself on a familiar footing with so undisciplined an audience.

In the course of this day the Assembly was startled by the appearance at the tribune of Citizen Napoleon Bonaparte, son of Jerome, the Ex-King of Westphalia. The resemblance to his

great uncle is truly remarkable. He has the same massive classicality of head and features, the same deep olive complexion—it was the very head that is seen on the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, and cast, as it were, in living bronze. Had Louis-Napoleon such a head, his popularity would have been hero-worship. As you examine the countenance, the impression is weakened, and the more weakened as you watch the man moving about. He is young, but not alight, as his uncle was at the same age; his look indicates quickness and wile, rather than profound talent. He seems clever, but of no high order of cleverness. Were it not for the likeness to *the* Napoleon, he would pass for a fashionable young gentleman, neither better nor worse than most fashionable young gentlemen are. As he walks along the passage on the height of the right, presenting only his profile and shoulders between the back bench and wall, the moving bust might be taken for a spectral appearance of the Emperor. His business at the tribune was not ominous of good. He moved to have all diplomatic papers connected with Poland and Italy produced, to enable members to take part in the discussion of the Polish and Italian Questions, fixed for the following Monday—a day to be forever memorable.

CHAPTER IX.

PETITION IN FAVOR OF POLAND—BAD FEELING TOWARD THE NATIONAL GUARDS—THE FETE DE LA FRATERNITÉ POSTPONED—AGITATION OUT OF DOORS—PROCESSION OF THE CLUBS—INVASION OF THE ASSEMBLY—ITS ATTEMPTED OVERTHROW—RASPAIL, BLANQUI, HUBER, ETC.—A REVOLUTION OF AN HOUR—SOBRIER'S EXPEDITION—PANIC IN PARIS—ARREST OF THE CONSPIRATORS—NIGHT SCENE.

A GREAT muster of the Clubs of Paris was to have taken place on Saturday morning, the 13th of May, for the alleged purpose of carrying a petition to the Assembly in favor of Poland. Whether it was that time had not been afforded for preparation, or that Saturday being a precious day to the workman, while Monday is traditionally the great Saturnalia of the idle, or for the sake of masking their real intentions, only a very small body of persons assembled at the Column of February on the Place de la Bastille. As the procession moved along it was swelled in its course by the ever ready contributions of the *flâneurs*, and by the time it reached the Madeleine, the crowd was pretty considerable. There a halt took place, out of affected respect for the Assembly; a deputation merely took the petition, which, by preconcerted arrangement, was received by M. Vavin, representative, a gentleman conspicuous for his zeal in the Polish cause.

The petition was received as coolly as if the Assembly had been the House of Commons; and there can be little difficulty in believing that the manner of its reception was watched and reported, and employed as a motive for a further more powerful demonstration on Monday. It so happened that the day was exceedingly hot, and the wine-shops were filled in all directions with the members of this experimental expedition. The men drank and discussed, and the more they discussed the more they drank; and what with drinking and talking and the burning

weather, and the incitements of malignant agents among them, they conducted themselves in such a way as to alarm the neighborhood, and the *rappel* was beaten for calling out the National Guards. Such offense did the beating of the *rappel* give, that the drums were seized and smashed on the Boulevards, opposite the Foreign Office itself. This was reported far and wide, and that enmity against the civic force, which already had begun to display itself among the *blouses*, although they might be National Guards if they chose, was very much increased.

A grand *fête* had been announced for the next day, under the title of *Fête de la Fraternité*. The project was marred by a public announcement on the part of Louis Blanc, and of the delegates of workmen who had sat at the Luxembourg, that inasmuch as the promises made to the workmen at the barricades of February had not been fulfilled, they would not take the places assigned to them in the Champ de Mars. This notification added of course to the prevailing excitement; and there was so much reason to apprehend that the fraternal feast would be of a Cain and Abel kind, that it was adjourned.

The proceedings of the Assembly on this day were, with reference to the internal regulations of the Chamber, with respect to its standing Committee, another matter; but the evident ascendancy which the old experienced ex-deputies of the liberal opposition continued to acquire, became remarkable. Only for such men as Odilon Barrot, Vivien, and Dupin, it would have been hardly possible to have extricated any subject out of the confusion and chaos in which all propositions became involved. The Ministers could not lead the Assembly; and when their spokesman, M. Flocon, hazarded a proposition of his own, it was sure to fall beneath the courteous assaults of some *Républicains de la veille*.

Such a spectacle was not calculated to raise the Assembly in the eyes of the Clubs, who had indeed settled the matter in their own minds, that it was not up to the Robespierreian revolutionary mark. In such a frame of mind, as the reader may easily imagine, did the Club leaders pass Sunday, which, like some of the eves of the most dreadful events of the first Revolution, was

marked by a terrific thunder-storm. This had the agreeable effect of tempering the burning atmosphere, and Monday opened with all the fresh geniality of mid-May. The newspapers that morning betrayed the presentiments of the public with regard to this Polish Question. It was well understood that a powerful effort would be made to commit France to the hazardous chances of a war with the governments of Europe—a war for war's sake—a war that would turn the Revolution into a Dictatorship—transform the Assembly into a Convention, and cause the Government to be exercised through Committees of Public Safety, while it placed the *bourgeoisie* at the feet of revolutionary tribunals. The banner of the Red Republic was to be raised, and planted on the ruins of European society.

There were two parties in the Government, and these two parties were called after the newspapers, which, having been the instruments of their elevation, became now the organs of their policy and opinions. The *Réforme* pronounced for war; the *National* for peace. The language of the former, speaking, as was well known, the sentiments of Ledru-Rollin, was well calculated to stir up the passions. "The *people*," it said, "could not understand the policy of the Government; the *people* were indignant at seeing Poland in blood and tears. Were the *people* to see the promises made at the Hôtel-de-Ville evaporate in smoke? They did not desire to sit at ease within their walls, enjoying selfishly the benefit of their institutions. There should be an armed propaganda; for a close alliance with all people was the great law of French democracy. Hence it was that the bulletins from Posen and from Cracow had caused such emotion among the masses; the *people* wept and blushed. Would the Government," it asked in conclusion, "make their Republic selfish and cowardly?"

The *National* labored elaborately to show that the Polish Question affected Germany more than France. Poland was close to Germany, and Germany lay between her and France. French legions on the Rhine would stir up the old German prejudices, and they would have to march through a country converted into hostility by a rash and precipitate act of intervention. The

power of democratic ideas to force their own way was repeated after M. de Lamartine, and counsel given, which was probably derived from the *bureau* of M. Bastide, that an address should go forth from the National Assembly to Germany and Poland, impressing on the one the justice of the cause of a violated nationality, and assuring the other of the sympathies of France. While the organs of the two parties in the Government shadowed in the press the divisions of the Council Board, the walls of the city were covered with proclamations from the Government, calling on the people to refrain from those assemblages, which, by disturbing public tranquillity, were keeping down trade and perpetuating private misery.

- The Clubs, however, had formed their own resolution. They assembled at an early hour at the Place de la Bastille, each Club following its own standard-bearer, and some time after ten o'clock, the procession proceeded on its march. The inhabitants dwelling along the whole line of the Boulevards were astonished at the spectacle that met their eyes. The banners were, some of them, large and tawdry; all of red silk, with the names of the Clubs worked in gold, and adorned with gold fringe. The crowd was immense, and marched in regimental order.

There was the Club of "The Rights of Man," from which had issued, a few days before, a truculent manifesto against the rich. On another banner was inscribed the title "*Père Duchesne*"—the name of Hebert's infamous journal, under the first Revolution—a journal written in the slang talk of the lowest people, and conceived in the worst spirit of the wildest Demagoguism. It would not be easy to call to mind all the names and titles, nor is it, indeed, necessary; for the statistics of brutality have but little attraction. It is enough to know the general spirit, for the sake of guarding against it. Without prejudice, it may be said that worse faces were never beheld than appeared in that crowd, whose dream was of 1793, whose God was Robespierre, whose symbol was the *bonnet-rouge*, and whose weapon *la sainte guillotine*.

There were faces which fascinated by their very ugliness—the ugliness of brooding minds and callous hearts, filled with diaboli-

cal passions. At a moment of halt, I was spoken to by a man in a blouse, whose cold, glittering eye left an impression, as if a snake had nestled in one's bosom. There was that dead smile about the mouth, which is the unmistakable seal of villainy. It is as the coruscation of corruption compared with the glowing and gorgeous fresh sunlight of benevolence and innocence. I was relieved when the order to march took him away to join his hissing demons of war.

The fellow who bore the *bonnet-rouge*, or rather a piece of red-painted wood, cut into that shape, was the picture of a human brute. He had a small, turned-up nose, and a huge under-jaw, with more good humor, however, than others. The standard-bearer of the Republicans, who had been wounded in the *émeute* of the Cloître St. Mery, in 1834, carried his head on one side, and looked in that half-sleepy, watching way, given to the pictures of Talleyrand. Indeed, he appeared to be a common, coarse copy of the cold-blooded original, and was, no doubt, one of the springs of the movement. Of a man who was intent on a newspaper, all that could be seen of his features, hidden by an immense filthy beard, was an occasional glance of a scowling and troubled eye. A young man, evidently a leader, was so thin, that his clothes hung loosely about him; but his small, pinched features were lighted by a pair of large, wild eyes, indicating the utmost audacity and promptitude.

The master of the ceremonies sat in a low cabriolet—a fierce Revolutionist, a stout fellow, with a thick beard, named Huber; but suffering under indisposition, the effect of long imprisonment. It was expected that the procession, on arriving at the Madeleine, would have halted, and with an appearance, at least, of respect for the Assembly, have sent forward a delegation, as had been done by the *avant-garde* on Saturday. No such thing! They marched forward coolly, and with intrepid indifference. The bridge facing the Chamber had been occupied by some companies of the *Garde Mobile*, with General Courtais, Commander-in-chief of the National Guards, at their head. General Courtais is an old man, with a handsome face, whose mingled expression was, as before noticed, that of sauciness and levity. Pleasant and

brave, without sense or judgment, was this man; and with a craving after popularity that unfitted him for his post. The leaders, who knew their man, dashed forward, whispered into his ear some revolutionary freemasonry, all-powerful over the initiated, and the *Garde Mobile* were ordered to draw the bayonets from their guns. The bridge was quietly passed: the foremost of the party scaled the peristyle of the Chamber, others rushed into the doors at all sides, and in a moment the galleries of the Assembly were filled to suffocation with a mob that electrified the Senate. All the avenues were alike quickly filled.

This vast mass, vast by comparison with the gallery dimensions of the building, formed but the head of the advancing column, the main body remaining in ignorance of the capture of the outworks. Those that followed, quietly marched along to the entrance at the rear, where copious room is afforded by a square, in the center of which sits a plaster figure of the Republic, looking like all the cold, unimaginative efforts of artists, who believe not in Heaven, to give to abstraction a heavenly look, and only serving the purposes of moralizing reflection, by standing upon a basement which had been destined under Charles X. to a statue of the martyred Louis XVI. Around this brittle image marshaled the Clubs. The *grille* had been shut against them, as were all the doors, and for some time there was decent patience, until it was ascertained that the invasion of the outworks had been carried into the heart of the Assembly, when there arose a very laudable desire to take part in the triumph, and to wave their banners over the vanquished. During the altercation at the *grille*, a shot was fired which caused a terrible panic for a few moments, but happily did not lead to serious consequences. It had an electric effect, although but for a moment, on the Assembly, and on the mob within. That shot never was explained; no more than the shot that on the night of the 23d of February rang the knell of the Monarchy. There is reason to suspect that it was systematically discharged to provoke retaliation, cause a *mêlée*, and justify an overthrow of the Government, by exciting popular indignation. By a remarkable coincidence, it happened that about the time this shot was fired, a man was seized and made

prisoner in the neighborhood of the Panthéon, who was spreading the cry that at the National Assembly they were cutting the throats of the people. So much for what had passed outside. We must now look within.

The Assembly had met at twelve o'clock, and as soon as the ordinary formalities had been gone through, M. Lacrosse ascended the tribune for the purpose of complaining of the conduct of General Courtais, who had issued a most unwarrantable order of the day, informing the National Guards that it was the National Assembly that had decided on postponing the second grand fête of the Republic. The fact was not so, for all that the Assembly had done was to receive an intimation to that effect from the Minister of the Interior. The circumstance implied, certainly, strange levity on the part of the general, and although the fact might not, under ordinary circumstances, have been entitled to much importance, yet at a moment when efforts were notoriously making to excite the people against the Assembly, it did look suspicious. In the absence of General Courtais, who at that moment was about to commit an indiscretion of a more serious and suspicious kind, the incident was not long dwelt upon.

A number of petitions in favor of Poland were then presented. At length the regular business of the day commenced by an interpellation from M. Arago, on the affairs of Italy, which brought M. Bastide, Minister for Foreign Affairs, to the tribune. France, he said, had inaugurated in Europe the dogma of the Sovereignty of the People; that dogma they desired to see propagated, nor would they in fact esteem their own emancipation complete, so long as there were nations around them whose people were suffering. It would be to the eternal honor of France, he pursued, that her people, instead of thinking of their own financial and commercial embarrassments, pressed forward in favor of their brethren of Italy and of Poland. Yes, they owed aid and assistance to Governments whose origin was like their own. France, by her geographical position and national genius, ought to be at the head of a happy confederation of free people. Nevertheless, they had no right to go unbidden into other countries. If they did so, the prejudices and alarms of nations would be excited by

the recollection of former invasions. They should first endeavor to reassure the minds of their neighbors, so that they might be persuaded that France did not desire any territorial advantages for herself. They, the French, ought to wait upon their arms, ready upon the first invitation to join in the divine work of the emancipation of the people. The treaties of Vienna were, to be sure, a dead letter ; but he had no doubt that the day was at hand when there would be a Congress composed of the representatives of free nations, to regulate, in a sure and permanent manner, the relations of countries with one another. The answer, of which this is the substance, not having satisfied M. Arago, M. de Lamartine announced that he would wait for the interpellation regarding Poland, to answer both together ; on which M. Wolowski ascended the tribune.

He had not proceeded more than a few sentences, when he became agitated and nervous ; shouts of *Vive la Pologne !* were heard outside from the crowd, that had by this time forced the bridge, and from the light structure of the building—being, as the reader is aware, composed of wood, and very spacious, the shouts sounded as from a mob within the square on which the building was situated. Several members quitted their seats, and were rushing out to see what was the matter, when a voice was heard distinctly to exclaim : “ The duty of the National Assembly is to be at its post in so grave a circumstance as this.” The warning was timely, and had the intended effect, for the members of the Assembly, throughout the scene that followed, never quitted their seats, and exhibited admirable composure and dignity.

M. Wolowski endeavored to master his emotion, and proceeded clearly with his statement, but the attention of his audience was otherwise directed, and the shouts of the advancing column, increasing more and more, at length enveloped the whole building as in a whirlpool of passionate exclamation. M. Degoussée, Questor of the Chamber, suddenly entered, and mounting the tribune, stood by the side of the advocate of Poland. A member begged of him to get down, and not make a ridiculous scene. Now M. Degoussée was just the man to make a ridiculous scene. Tall, thin, and somber, with a sepulchral voice, and very cere-

monious, he might have been taken for Don Quixote himself; but, in truth, he had encountered something more serious than a wind-mill. The protection of the Assembly had, he said, been assigned to the President and the Questors; and yet, contrary to the orders of the Questors, the Commander-in-chief of the National Guards had ordered the *Garde Mobile* to sheath their bayonets. A murmur of indignation ran through the benches. A cry was heard that the "Salle was invaded!" "Summon the Commander-in-chief to the bar!" exclaimed a member. Clément Thomas, Colonel of the National Guards, rushed to the tribune, and made his stentorian voice resound. A considerable mass of people, moved by a sentiment of sympathy for Poland, had forced their way into the Assembly, in order to present a petition.

This apparent palliation of violence was met by expressions of anger, and before the speaker had time to explain his meaning, the galleries were filled with a wild mob, bearing banners, shouting for Poland, and elbowing and thrusting the affrighted occupants out of their way. "President, clear the tribune, it is your duty!" exclaimed some; "There is no liberty here!" cried others. "Let Clément Thomas take the supreme command of the National Guards," boldly proposed M. Dupin.

Barbès rushed to the tribune, and endeavored to take the place of Clément Thomas. Several members hurried to the foot of the tribune, calling on Thomas not to give way, and Thomas held his ground. He is a fine, tall, handsome fellow, with a fair beard, of not very polished manners, and a good match for Barbès. The National Assembly ought, he said, to protest against the violation of which it was the object. At this moment, the galleries were filled to suffocation. Amidst the shouts of the Clubs, were heard shrieks from women, although the greater number, it deserves to be recorded, displayed admirable courage and presence of mind. By-and-by the men in blouses, and in shabby attire, were seen to drop from the tribunes into the seats of the members, and before there was time for expostulation, the doors were forced open, and the *salle* was filled as by a flood that had burst its dykes.

It appears that just previous to this invasion, the last fillip had been given to the hesitation of the masses, by the appearance of Barbès, Albert, and Louis Blanc, bound together by a large flag, in a fraternal embrace. This theatrical action, with some appropriate words by Louis Blanc, fired the fancies of the audience, who, at this burlesque spectacle, took Louis Blanc on their shoulders, and rushed into the *salle*.

At the head of the mob appeared Sobrier, Blanqui, Raspail, and several other leaders of the Clubs. Louis Blanc addressed the Clubs, telling them that, if they wished to have the sacred right of petition ratified, they would act with moderation. It was Raspail who presented the petition; but on his mounting the tribune, there was a burst of indignant exclamation from the Assembly, notwithstanding the menaces employed against members in all directions by the mob, armed with knives and pistols, which they openly displayed. One of the invaders stood upon the tribune.

M. Corbon, the editor of the organ of the workmen, called the "Atelier," himself formerly a working man, left his seat, and forcing his way to the chair of the President, took his stand by his side, hoping perhaps to save him by his influence, or to share his dangers; and there he stood, showing his dark, mild, thoughtful face, in brave serenity. After considerable delay and great tumult, Raspail succeeded in reading the petition. Raspail is a man of European celebrity as a chemist, although of a somewhat spurious kind. He can boast no diplomas or University degrees, and is what would be glorious, if regarded as an unfriended conquest over difficulties of patient force of will—a *self-taught man*; but which, if it signify a presumptuous self-confidence, unwarranted by extraordinary natural abilities, is only another name for what some call him—a *quack*.

For a genius who broke a lance with Orfila, on a point in which Orfila is an authority, that of arsenic—which Raspail said could be found of itself in the human body, or in old chairs and tables, and so protested against Orfila's evidence in the case of Madame Lafarge, on whose testimony she was condemned for having poisoned her husband—(into what pleasant by-paths of

parenthesis are we not occasionally diverted !)—for so bold a genius, it has to be recorded, that his name is not associated with any higher discovery than that of camphor for *migraines*, and camphor substitutes for cigars. He is a bold man, however, this Raspail, and headed a mob, determined to overthrow the Provisional Government when there was a whisper of backing into a regency. Like Marat, he lived among the Faubourgians of the left bank of the Seine, and set up a journal, which he called, after that of the victim of Charlotte Corday, *L'Ami du Peuple*. Such was the man who audaciously usurped the tribune of the National Assembly, from which he fulminated a decree for war, conveyed in the affected guise of a petition. As soon as it was read, the President was about to signify that it should be referred to the proper *bureau*, but he could not make himself heard in the deafening confusion.

Barbès joined his efforts to those who sought to have the *salle* cleared, now that the right of petition had been recognized, and that the people had defiled before the Assembly ; but while the tribune was crowded, and the galleries were cracking (it is surprising how they held together), and the Clubs were marching, and the representatives were receiving insults, menaces, and even blows, while weapons were brandished about, and while wanton strokes, as if of hammers, suggested the fear that there were some diabolical enough to endeavor to knock away the supports from the great wooden shed itself, the famous Club-leader, Blanqui, was fairly lifted over the heads of the crowd into the tribune, not to talk of Poland, but of a more intensely exciting subject, that of the miseries of the people.

Blanqui, like Barbès, was an old conspirator, and bore, like him, that unmistakable clay-cold color, which is communicated by the constant presence of the prison wall. His features, when examined, were spirited and regular ; a long, thin face, high nose, and high, but narrow forehead, such as marks men of enterprise rather than thought. But there invested the whole countenance a sardonic expression—an intense enjoyment of mischief—that would have formed a model for a Mephistophiles. This man had founded, in June, 1835, the secret society called

Des Familles, which merged subsequently into that of *Des Saisons*. He had known Pépin, who was executed for the part he had taken in the Fieschi massacre, and had been apprized in the morning of that fearful attempt, by Pépin himself, of the intention to fire an infernal machine. Blanqui was the leader of the *émeute* of the 12th of May, in which Barbès covered himself with infamy by that cold-blooded assassination of an officer, to which reference has been already made. Over this Blanqui there hung a cloud of suspicion. In the archives of the police had been found by the Provisional Government, a paper, giving the history and composition, the designs, attempts, and causes of failures of the conspirators' agents and followers; and it was concluded that Blanqui had furnished this confession to the Government of Louis-Philippe, for the purpose of having his own life spared, and the rigors of his confinement mitigated. The Provisional Government knew so well the dangerous power of Blanqui, that, in order to destroy his influence, they gave it to the "*Revue Retrospective*." The paper produced an immense sensation; but Blanqui protested with such energy that the whole had been concocted to ruin so great a patriot, that he contrived to maintain a certain leadership. The consciousness that he was not wholly trusted made him more desperate, and it would not be going too far to assert that this man, in whose heart, according to the energetic expression of Ledru-Rollin, was not blood but gall, was capable of equaling the most bloody prototype that could be found in the revolutionary list, from Marat to Couthon. Such was the man who had been lifted into the tribune. He began, in his dry, caustic voice, by an allusion to the massacres of Rouen; but, as if the thread of his discourse had been broken by the wild shout of execration the allusion had raised, he turned to the subject of the miseries of the people; and his words being lost again in the shouts and tumult, he took up the cause of Poland, and demanded an immediate decree that France should not return her sword to the sheath until Poland had been re-established.

This speech was followed by frightful tumult. Ledru-Rollin at length obtained, if not silence, a mitigation of the fury. He

declared, that he did not appear as a member of the Government, but as a simple representative. He assured them that their feelings for Poland found an echo in his heart; he also responded to their wishes regarding the claims of labor. He flattered the people on account of their good sense, prudence, etc., and got himself insulted for his pains; for he was told that he betrayed the people on the 17th of March. He would propose, he said, that the Assembly should declare itself *en permanence*, on condition that the people should retire. Some cried "Yes," and some cried "No." Many demanded the formation of a Ministry of Labor. Some said, "Let us retire;" and some menacingly demanded an immediate answer to their demands. Raspail and Blanqui endeavored to make the people withdraw. Huber shouted that they would withdraw, but that they would defile two by two, so that the Assembly should see that 300,000 citizens were watching them. An artillery officer, with drawn sword, leading half-a-dozen fellows, took his station behind the President, whom he treated as a prisoner. The President refused peremptorily to adjourn the Assembly; for he clearly saw that, if he did so, the mob would remain, and declare the Government dissolved.

Barbès, who until this moment had tried to soothe the people, now lost his self-possession, and fulminated the wildest propositions: an immediate army for Poland, and a forced contribution of a *milliard* on the rich. A shout of exultation hailed the latter proposition. The mob began to dance and cut capers—some bellowing for two hours' leave of pillage of Paris. At this moment drums were heard beating outside, which raised the excitement to frenzy. "Whoever beats the *rappel*," shouted Barbès, amid roars of applause, "is a traitor!" The President, encouraged by the approach of succor, made his voice heard:—"I order you," said he, "to leave, and allow the Assembly to deliberate." Fists were shaken at him, and he was threateningly told to hold his tongue; still he repeated the order. One shouted for the organization of labor. Huber shouted for the *défilé*; while Raspail labored to induce the mob to retire. "I will have no more to do with you," shouted he, "if you do not vacate

the *salle*." Still the shouts for a Ministry of Labor—for Louis Blanc, who had been seized and carried in triumph—for vengeance on the murderers of the people of Rouen—for Poland—arose, while the drums were heard to beat nearer and nearer.

The President was threatened with summary vengeance if he did not order the *rappel* to cease. It was then half-past three o'clock, at which time a whisper was given to the President that he would have relief within a quarter of an hour. The President, in order to borrow time, affected to give the order to stop the *rappel*; and, had he not done so, he might have been murdered. Louis Blanc, having undergone a triumphant ovation, was now placed standing upon a table within the *salle*. A sudden cry that the galleries were giving way sobered the mob for a moment, but only for a moment; for the fury was revived by the red flag of the Jacobins being brought in, surmounted by a piece of crape. At this moment, Huber, who from exhaustion had fainted, and lain in the front for half an hour, rushed forward, seized the *drapeau rouge*, and, waving it, declared the National Assembly dissolved. Some, stricken with an act of audacity that went beyond their intentions, shouted "No, no!" But there was only a glimmer of sense now. The excitement grew beyond all bounds. A piece of paper was conveyed on a pike to Huber, who was shaking his fist at the President. He took the paper; it was a decree, drawn up in form, for the dissolution of the Provisional Government. At this moment the President was turned out of his seat, which was taken by the artillery officer before-noticed; before whom was raised a standard, with the *bonnet rouge*, by a man who held a drawn sword; and President, Vice-President, and Secretaries retired, followed by several members. On seeing this, one proposed that the representatives who left should be declared traitors to their country. Several read lists of names which they proposed as members of the Provisional Government. A general shout was raised, "To the Hôtel-de-Ville!" and "*Aux armes!*" At this moment, while they were squabbling about the names of the Provisional Government, the drums were heard. A cloud seemed to have filled the place, caused by the steam that arose from the dense and

heated mass, and gave the finishing hue to so sinister a scene. The *Garde Mobile* suddenly entered, with fixed bayonets; and, as if by magic, the *salle* was cleared of the panic-stricken mob. To the Hôtel-de-Ville they went, proclaiming that the National Assembly was dissolved, and that a new Revolution had been effected. So like was the manner of its accomplishment to that of the Revolution of February, by a sudden invasion of the Chamber, that the report was believed; and so paralyzed were the National Guards at the Hôtel-de-Ville, that the insurgents encountered very little resistance as they entered the building, which has ever been regarded as the head-quarters of new governments. The conspirators were now seated in a room of the Hôtel-de-Ville, which they deemed in their possession. From the windows they were throwing slips of paper with the names of the Provisional Government, which, strange to say, differed from one another—showing hasty and divided councils—but all agreeing with respect to some names, enough to make the blood of the citizens freeze with horror—when there set forth as strange an expedition from a house in the Rue de Rivoli as ever occurred in a civilized city. At No. 16 in that street there is a house, which, as it commands some windows of the Tuileries, had been purchased by the Intendant of the Civil List, that it might not become a den of conspirators. As the property of the Crown, it became spoil for the Republicans, and was taken possession of by M. Sobrier, who, not having the Prefecture of Police all to himself, set up on his own account an independent authority. This house Sobrier turned into a fortress, which he garrisoned with a hundred *Montagnards*, who followed the fortunes of so hardy an adventurer. He filled the cellars with arms and ammunition; and, so far from making any secret of his proceedings, he called on his old chum, Caussidière, for supplies, and got them.

Sobrier, a man of talent—and, if M. de Lamartine be not yielding to his amiable credulity, a man of religious enthusiasm, full of the poetry and passion of revolutionary idealism—issued a newspaper from his fortress, called the *Commune de Paris*, and it would be hard to say whether this paper, or the aspect of the wild and savage sentinels, in their red sashes, holding guard over

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their mysterious magazine, inspired more anxiety. There were strange whispers about the doings inside. It was said, that, indulging in some drunken freak one night, a body of myrmidons seized on passers by, bandaged their eyes, and led them before a revolutionary tribunal, at which the future Coffinhals of a coming Reign of Terror were rehearsing their parts. After a severe warning against *bourgeois* selfishness, the prisoners were released, with a hint to hold their tongues.

So soon as it was announced that the National Assembly was dissolved, Sobrier, who had been disappointed at not being made Minister of Police in February, determined to secure for himself, by the laws of conquest, the Ministry of the Interior, and he marched, at the head of his expedition, against the magnificent seat of the Home Department, in the Faubourg St. Germain. Had he succeeded, the telegraph would have been in the hands of the insurgents, and the provinces kept in the dark ; for, at the same moment, another expedition was organizing by an ambitious Postmaster-General. Sobrier failed, and was made prisoner ; the energetic Etienne Arago protected the Post-Office, and the provinces were saved from alarm.

While lists of a Provisional Government were emanating from the Hôtel-de-Ville, and while the National Guards were assembling in the most resolute manner, as yet ignorant of the true state of things, the people of Paris were in the wildest alarm : the Boulevards were filled with people, the evening was beautiful, the whole population were out of doors, and in groups, asking what was the news ? For half an hour it was believed that the Government was overthrown, and that men were standing on the brink of a massacre ; all were heart-sick ; but said that it could not last, for the provinces would march on Paris. What ! Barbès, the assassin ; and Blanqui, the desperate conspirator ; and Louis Blanc, the Communist ; and Raspail, the quack ; Causidière, and Ledru-Rollin, masters of France ! It could not be ! But what misery might not be pressed into even a little week by such men ! The masses of National Guards marching from all sides toward the National Assembly, and looking so thoughtful and resolute, inspired confidence ; and before an hour

had elapsed from the period of the announcement that a revolution had been accomplished, the gladdening intelligence was circulated that the traitors were arrested.

Let us return to the Assembly. As soon as the *salle* was cleared of the mob, M. Duclerc at once took the chair of the President, and announced, amidst loud cheers, that the Assembly was not dissolved, and would resume its proceedings. At this moment, General Courtais, in his uniform of Commander-in-Chief of the National Guards, entered, and was received with every mark of indignity; his epaulets were torn off, he was called a traitor, and but for the interference of some members, who took him away, might have suffered severely from the enraged National Guards. M. Corbon, who had behaved so well during the trying scene that had preceded, now took the chair as Vice-President; and Clément Thomas, in his uniform of Colonel of National Guards, entered, and as his hand was bleeding from a wound received in defending the Assembly, he was received with enthusiasm. He announced that the Assembly was under the protection of the National Guards, with the command of which he had just been invested.

M. de Lamartine now entered. During the invasion by the mob he had been observed to sit for a while on his seat, composed and tranquil as usual, but profoundly saddened. How his illusions must have been shattered! He did not allow himself to remain long under such impressions, but disengaged himself from the mob, and set about active duty. On his return he was hailed with cordial cheers, and, having proposed resolutions of thanks to the National Guards, he proceeded to state that the conspirators were, at that moment, at the Hôtel-de-Ville, endeavoring to form a Government. "At such a moment," he added, "the Government is no longer in Council—the Government, Citizen National Guards, is at your head—it is at your head in the street, or, if necessary, in the field of battle."

This speech was received with acclamation by the National Guards, now occupying the *salle* and the galleries, and every vacant spot. "Comrades, to the Hôtel-de-Ville!" became the cry. The drums beat. Lamartine and Ledru-Rollin left the

Assembly, and having mounted horses, proceeded to what they expected to find a scene of battle ; but at that moment the traitors were in the hands of justice, and Lamartine enjoyed his last ovation. The Assembly was declared in permanence. A confused and irregular discussion ensued on the profanation to which the Assembly had been subjected. Every half hour some angry or indignant speaker would be interrupted with fragments of intelligence : “ Barbès, Blanqui, Raspail, and General Courtais had been arrested ! ” “ Intelligence had been sent through the telegraph to all parts of the country that the Assembly had been invaded ; but that order had been restored.” “ The regular departure of the mails had been secured.” “ Sobrier had been taken.” Then the Procureur-Général applied for the sanction of the Assembly to the arrest of its members, Barbès, Albert, and Courtais ; and this was followed by long debates on the powers of the Assembly. Lamartine reappeared, announcing that the conspiracy had been destroyed. At length Louis Blanc entered, and was received with no less indignity than Courtais. He asserted his innocence, yet announced that he sympathized with the object of the demonstration ; apologized for the conduct of his friends, Barbès and Blanqui ; but was obliged to cut short explanations that every moment were interrupted by expressions of anger. In this excited way the Assembly sat until nine o'clock, when it adjourned to the following morning.

At this time the scene out of doors was singularly animated. The National Guards were all under arms ; and wherever a detachment was met, it was cheered by the people, which cheers would be returned by shouts of “ *Vive la République !* ” The National Guards, conscious that they had done the state some service, were happy, and, like truly happy persons, not revengefully disposed. The shocked and frightened people were not in quite so kindly a mood ; and had the National Guards taken them prisoners, tried them by Court-Martial, and dealt with them summarily, they would have only responded to the impulses of the moment. That they contented themselves with handing over the insurgent leaders to justice speaks well for a body against which had so long been directed the malice of the Clubs. There

was no possibility of approaching the Hôtel-de-Ville, where the prisoners were, all the avenues being blocked up with the armed civic legions. Many inhabitants of houses in the neighborhood illuminated their windows, in testimony of their joy at the great deliverance of the Republic from so imminent and fearful a danger.

It remains now to be asked—whether the occurrence of the day was the result of a premeditated design? Had it been so, would not preparations have been made to follow it up? It is certain, that many who had joined the procession were not at all aware that it was to have been more than a demonstration in favor of Poland. The National Guards, who had come up from the provinces to assist at the ceremonial appointed for the day preceding, helped to swell the procession, and *they* assuredly harbored no design against the Assembly. On the other hand, how explain the written decree put into Huber's hand for the dissolution of the Assembly? How explain the march of Sobrier on the Ministry of the Interior? How explain the documents found at his house, consisting of decrees prepared for promulgation on the Government being overthrown; and among which was a very remarkable one, stating, among other considerations why the Assembly was dissolved, "that the people, going peaceably with a petition in favor of Poland had been fired upon."

The attack of the 15th of May was the third of the kind. There was one on the 17th of March, which failed, because the great mass of the persons composing the procession to the Hôtel-de-Ville, were in ignorance of the intention of their leaders. The attempt of the 16th of April failed, because the plot having got wind, General Changarnier, with wonderful promptitude, called out the National Guards. Ignorance on the part of the mass, of the intention of the leaders, affords no presumption of absence of design. It is to be presumed, rather, that the leaders were not agreed among themselves, and that because they were jealous and suspicious of each other. Sobrier, it can hardly be doubted, was prepared to push for an overthrow of the Assembly, and for the re-establishment of 1794 in its integrity, Dictatorship, Revolutionary Tribunals, Committee of Public Safety, War, and all: so was Huber. Raspail was evidently not prepared to go so far. Barbès

was hurried by the impetuosity of the torrent into a premature line of conduct. Louis Blanc would have been satisfied had the right of petition been established, as it was understood at the time of the Convention ; namely, the right of the people to march to the Assembly, and dictate its wishes. This being established, the real power would have lain with the Clubs, while the Assembly would have afforded the decency of legislative form. At the same moment, his desired "Ministry of Labor and Progress" would have been extorted, and he and Albert made Cabinet Ministers, and the real governing power of a Socialist-Communist administration.

The matter having gone beyond his intention, his subsequent conduct was marked with hesitation. He buzzed about the Hôtel-de-Ville, as a moth round a taper ; but whether he dropped down to the Council Board with Barbès and Blanqui, is a disputed point. He denies that he did ; but there is positive contradiction of his word by a Colonel of National Guards, who says he saw him ; yet he might have been mistaken. There is reason to believe that the levity or treason at the head of the National Guards, the treason at the Assembly, perhaps the ready treason at the Council Board, was also lying in waiting at the Prefecture of Police.

On the approach of the insurgents to the Hôtel-de-Ville, the Montagnards of the Prefecture, as if by common accord, drew out each man a red sash, which he flourished about his head, and then girded round his body. M. Caussidière, the Prefect, of course, knew nothing of the traitorous disposition of his body-guard, and of their intentions to support the coming Dictatorship of Barbès, Blanqui and Sobrier, with the aid of Raspail, Cabet, Thoreé and Proudhon. He, poor man, lay ill in bed ; but not so ill as to prevent our having the pleasure of describing his appearance the next day at the tribune of the National Assembly.

CHAPTER X.

IRRITATION OF THE ASSEMBLY—MARC CAUSSIDIÈRE—SURRENDER
OF THE PREFECTURE OF POLICE—M. DUCOUX—LUCIEN MURAT.

THE appearance of the Assembly on Tuesday, the 16th, was somber, agitated, and irritable. A corporate body feels precisely like an individual. This body had been outraged in its own house ; and although it had courageously looked the armed ruffian in the face, and maintained a decent air of composure, while a trusty servant was fetching the police, it felt, nevertheless, a sense of humiliation. Poor Louis XVI. felt not more overwhelmed with grief and shame when, on a similar invasion of his palace of the Tuileries, sixty years before, the *bonnet-rouge* had been mockingly placed on his head. It was not on the head of buffeted and doomed monarchy that the sign of martyrdom was now thrown. It was not even on law and legislation that sentence of death was passed by a mob, when an armed artilleryman took the chair of the ejected President, under the shadow of the mock Phrygian cap. No, worse again : it was society, as constituted among civilized man, that was destined to perish in a whirlwind of anarchy. Religion, rule, legislation, and law, with family and property, were to have gone together. Civilization would have disappeared, and cities given place to a desolate wilderness, for the tiger, the monkey, and the serpent—for blood, lust, and groveling debasement.

The irritation of the Assembly broke out at once, and was manifested in a series of sharp interrogations, addressed to the President, relative to his having issued an order not to have the *rappel* beaten. His explanation was, that he did so to gain time, as he knew that in a quarter of an hour more relief would arrive. The explanation was met with expressions of anger and affected contempt, which were hardly deserved. M. Garnier Pagès gave a better direction to the excitement, by announcing the arrest of the leading conspirators, and detailing the measures

that had been taken for the preservation of order. Anger was again excited, when it was told that the rioters arrested by the National Guards were liberated by the police, while the *Garde Républicaine*, a new police force, were manifesting what their feelings were by shouting "*Vive Barbès!*" "Why was not Caussidière, the Prefect of Police, in his place to explain such conduct?" If he was not there, Lamartine was, to vindicate his conduct, and answer for the loyalty of his intentions. Lamartine the apologist of Caussidière! A deep whisper ran from bench to bench. Lamartine had given a stab to his own reputation. Already had he suffered by his obstinate adherence to Ledru-Rollin; he now suffered infinitely more by his marked protection of Caussidière. M. Baroche, an advocate of eminence, declared openly that the Assembly saw with dissatisfaction such a man at the head of the police. But an indescribable sensation was produced when M. de Mornay rose and affirmed that Huber, the man who had pronounced the dissolution of the Assembly had been released from arrest; and not only Huber, but Blanqui, had been arrested, and afterward set free. At length, Caussidière appeared, and as he limped, or affected to limp, to the tribune, the Assembly assumed an aspect, which it was impossible to mistake; it was that of profound distrust, mingled with aversion.

Marc Caussidière is a study. Even in so thickly clustering a gallery of revolutionary portraits, he stands out alone. He is the melo-dramatic hero of the Revolution; a sort of Grindoff, such as we recollect to have taken in our boyish days as the type of pleasant picturesque ferocity, in that perfect mockery of the unities called the "*Miller and his Men.*" Perhaps it is the hat that suggests Grindoff; for Caussidière, has inaugurated a broad-brimmed, slouched beaver, with a high-peaked crown, around which there ought, for sake of perfection, to curl a red feather. This hat was not chosen out of indulgence of a capricious taste; it was the rallying sign of the chief of a new-hatted party, to which it was to be in the day of battle as the white *panache* of Henry IV. at Ivry. As Caussidière is a tall man, the hat added to his height, and he looked, as he desired, remarkable.

This tribune of the people—whose soul lay with the very poorest of the poor ; who had himself in that weary chase after a calling, so often the lot of men, who brought up to no honest business, are afforded the opportunity of displaying a versatile aptitude for all—from coaxing orders for goods or advertisements, to any thing within the range of the world of politics, from the premiership to the police—this now emancipated man from the galling chain of want, bedecked his ample person in the gewgaws of the newest fashions. The best dressed, most varnish-booted, white-waistcoated and fancy-cravated man on town, was the great champion of the *République Démocratique et Sociale*. Like George in the opening chapter of Kenilworth, he might enact the gentleman as he pleased, but under all the *ci-devant commis-voyageur* was present. The head of the man is set on a short thick neck, which, with the low brow, looked animal-like and sensual. He, of all the fierce democrats, wore no beard, because his satiny, soft, florid cheek, could not put forth so Oriental an appendage in sufficiently becoming luxuriousness. Besides, this hero was not a man of half-measures ; he would be bearded like the Grand Turk, or not bearded at all. The artful, yet daring soul, looked through a sly, watchful eye—the eye of the crouching leopard. So much for the external man, which pictured harmoniously the inner. The mind was well supplied with samples of all kinds of knowledge, and exhibited with the incoherent profusion of an agent pressed for time in pursuit of customers. He seemed to have picked up some loose scraps of the heathen mythology, some disjointed axioms of moral and political philosophy, with a copious capital of slang, which he did his best to hide under the choicest Arabesque imagery, but which would ever keep oozing out, like damp from mortar, in which had mingled sea-sand. Like another chief to whom he bore a sort of resemblance, for he might be called the Rob Roy of the Faubourgs, he would, when excited, drop into the real emphasis of his native dialect ; and even the imposing aspect of the National Assembly could not restrain Caussidière from a rolling fire of *sacrés* that would rival a Gallic driver exercising his brutality on a horse ; for of all men, the French drivers are

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the most cruel to their animals. As a specimen of style to which no description could do justice, we need only repeat one conciliatory adjuration from Caussidière, when collapsing into softness: "Let us put our differences into a sack, and throw them into the River Lethe." Perhaps we should add a profound political reflection in favor of brilliantly illustrated emigration: "That society was like a bladder, and when too full will burst."

A man so active and so accomplished, whose pen and sword made him a Faubourgian Cæsar, ran through all the casualties of a life devoted to the working classes, through the effective principles of conspiracy. He had been tried and imprisoned, and when let out, returned to wallowing in the mire. He was one of the Council that sat at the *Réforme*, on the night of the 23d of February, and voted for battle. The victory was such as surpassed the wildest expectations or the deepest calculations, and Caussidière won with his good sword the Prefecture of Police. Installed there, he set about the erection of a Prætorian Guard of his own, who took the name of *Garde Républicaine*, acknowledged no allegiance to any but their Chief, and amused their leisure hours doing police duties in the way we have seen, by letting loose such "falsely" accused prisoners as Huber and Blanqui, until Marc should sound the signal for the *République Démocratique et Sociale*.

Such was the man, who, like an overgrown hexameter or wounded snake, or sea-sick serpent, dragged his slow length along to the tribune. His exordium dropped so languidly, like thawing honey, that cries of *plus haut!* rose from all sides. He apologized for a throat that had been hoarse for two months, which as he naïvely added, was not his fault; and then he ran through a detail of the services he had rendered the State, which was not wanting in terseness and vigor. He reminded the Assembly of the rapidity, and indeed it was marvelous, with which order had been restored in February. Within three days the barricades had been taken down, and the streets repaired; the markets were supplied through his means; the price of bread and of all necessities kept down; robbery, assassination and incendiarism prevented; gaming-houses closed; and that through the agency

of dangerous men. He had, to use an expression, which although it has been severely criticised, was no bad antithesis, "made order with disorder;" he had no other than a disorderly instrument in his hands, and with it he did do good in the first instance, at the same time that it was felt how little such an instrument could be depended upon for any time. It might have proved an Aaron's rod, that having swallowed up all other rods, would become no longer a rod of Justice, but a scourge for society. Having, however, cleared the ground of defense, he turned accuser, and proclaimed aloud that he had demanded authority to arrest Blanqui, the leader of the conspirators, and was refused. So far so good; but when he stated his own plan for preventing what had taken place, namely, that he would have moved for a deputation of members of the Assembly to go outside and address the people, while a deputation from the people should come in and address their petition to the Assembly, the dissatisfaction of the majority broke out in loud murmurs against so accommodating a Minister of Police.

Finding he had touched on dangerous ground, he artfully returned to his accusation against the Executive, who had reduced him to the part of a mere *gens-d'arme*. The *Procureur-Général*, as if stung by the accusation, retorted by repeating the charge, that at the Prefecture of Police, the rioters had been liberated, while the policemen wore the *bonnet-rouge*. It was in vain that Caussidière could struggle against such an exposure, by pleading that his policy was one of conciliation, and that he was keeping order with disorder. M. Baroux exposed the existence of a fortress in the Rue de Rivoli, by the connivance of the police, and Caussidière openly defended Sobrier. A letter was produced, describing the seizure of ammunition and arms at this house, which caused much agitation of feeling, until Caussidière, pressed on all sides, roared forth a *sacré bleu*, that set the seal to the impression made by his explanations.

Much of the romantic interest of this day's proceedings would be lost if we did not mention, that while Caussidière, like a stag at bay, was butting at the angry pack of interlocutors and cross-examiners, by whom the flowing elegance of his discourse was

broken into the fragmentary, but more lively dashes of dramatic dialogue, there hung over the whole the mystery of a siege and battle at the Prefecture. Many an ear thought it had heard cannon, and some looked for an explosion in the same direction. The Minister of Finance was about taking up the gauntlet in defense of the Government, when M. Favre announced that the Prefecture was in the hands of the National Guards and the troops. "You are completely in error," firmly interrupted a bold voice. "The Prefecture of Police," retorted M. Favre, considerably modifying his information, "is occupied by the National Guard and by *La Garde Républicaine*." That altered the matter; there was a compromise; the Montagnards had made their own conditions. The Minister of the Interior now arrived, and announced that the Prefecture of Police was in the hands of the National Guards and the troops. Caussidière then rose, and angrily declaring that having just heard that cannon had been pointed against the Prefecture, he gave in his resignation. The fact was not so: nevertheless, the manner of the resignation was too good a *coup-de-théâtre* to spoil; the Prefect was out, and the Assembly too well pleased to call him back.

The ordinary business of the day was then resumed; it related to the national regulation of the Assembly in the matter of its debates; and, after some progress had been made, the sententiousness of parliamentary debate was turned into drama by the abrupt appearance of M. Ducoux, a fat, fussy, round-built man, with a fat round face, a fat round nose; and a big round voice. As an ex-veterinary surgeon, he was a better horseman than most Frenchmen are, and so he had been, *en amateur*, on a tour of inspection. He found at the Prefecture only one hundred and thirty men of the *Garde Républicaine*; the rest, composing a force of fifteen hundred men, were disseminated in barracks. The Montagnards were in the Caserne St. Victor. The son of Murat appeared now at the tribune for the first time, and his appearance naturally excited much interest. He is an exceedingly large man, very tall, and very corpulent, and in no other respect remarkable. He came to recount an adventure that had almost proved fatal. He had been to the

Prefecture, which he had found guarded by only fifty-three National Guards. He had parleyed with the commander of the Republican Guard, with whom he had remonstrated on the folly of a resistance that would cause French blood to flow. He invoked him to a surrender which could imply no dishonor. The answer was, "Without Caussidière's order, we never will surrender: we number fifteen hundred." Murat answered, "I will return to the Assembly, and procure an order from Caussidière." "Never!" returned the officer, "unless he gives the order in person." Murat, however, resolved on going back to the Chamber, where he expected to find Caussidière under arrest; and as he approached a legion of National Guards, he happened to be mistaken, of all men in the world, for Caussidière himself; and such was the rage which the presence of the supposed Prefect inspired, that a sword was at his breast, and would have been passed through his body, had not a voice exclaimed at the moment, "*C'est Murat!*"

Here, then, was a distinct statement, that fifteen hundred desperadoes held the Prefecture of Police. Seeing that an unpleasant altercation was likely to arise, some members interfered, and the order of the day was resumed. Before the close of the regular business of the day, the state of the Prefecture was again brought in by a more reassuring report, and the Assembly adjourned.

CHAPTER XI.

A STORMY SITTING.

THE sitting of Wednesday, the 17th, need not detain us long. It was confused, boisterous, and self-damaging; and, viewed in that respect, suffered in general estimation; a sad circumstance, at a moment when the Assembly was the sole governing power. Let us make a rapid *résumé* of the day's proceedings. The resignation of Causidière was received, put from the chair, and accepted, and his successor named—M. Trouvé Chautvel. The *Garde Républicaine* was declared to be disbanded, and an appointment announced, of which the Assembly were far from divining the importance—that of General Cavaignac to be Minister of War. Exceptional laws were presented affecting the Clubs—exceptional laws presented by the Ministry of the Republic, within a dozen days from the meeting of the Assembly! A law for the exclusion of the Ex-Royal Family of France from the territories of the Republic was presented. The Minister of Finance presented a bill for the resumption of railways by the State. The Minister of Public Works asked for a grant for the national *ateliers*, where the number of hands employed on unprofitable labor had swelled from eighty thousand to one hundred and fifteen thousand. All these were presented as of urgency, and were suggestive enough of a hapless state of society.

The confusion that prevailed throughout the day was raised to a perfect storm, when M. Favre undertook to admonish the Assembly, saying, "This sitting must finish in a dignified and proper manner. The systematic disorder in which the Assembly seems to take pleasure must have an end: you must and you shall hear me." The admonition might be well-founded; but in the mouth of a young man, of singularly arrogant and pre-

sumptuous bearing, it excited universal anger. The members rose, as by common accord, from their seats—plunged into the center of the *salle*—rushed toward the tribune, about which the angry stream foamed as about a rock. The President put on his hat, and the sitting was suspended, until calm was restored, when the astounded Favre offered an apology.

CHAPTER XII.

LUGUBRIOUS MISCELLANIES—M. DUPIN.

OPENING with lugubrious communications, and then falling into noise and confusion, so passed the sitting of Thursday, the 18th. A body of National Guards had entered an armed Club, situated in a *passage* in the Rue Faubourg St. Martin; the lights were suddenly extinguished, with the exception of one of gas, which flamed forgotten or unobserved, or was allowed to remain as a lure; the members had disappeared; the National Guard began a search, were fired upon, and some were killed. The funeral of the victims was to take place at three o'clock, and a letter to the Assembly asked for a deputation to do honor to these martyrs in the cause of society.

Another communication related to the town of Limoges, where a collision had taken place, caused by the Communist manœuvres. This town was described to be a focus of Communism. A proclamation, expressive of the thanks of the Assembly to the National Guards and the people, for their conduct on Monday, gave rise to such a Babel of sounds, that the President at one moment declared his strength was exhausted. M. Dupin extricated the unfortunate proclamation, by a timely suggestion to allow it to be returned to the Committee for correction; and, in due time, it was corrected accordingly.

M. Dupin comes so frequently to the rescue, and with such success, that a word is due to so prominent an actor on the agitated scene. It has been remarked more than once, how promptly the public men of well-established political reputation obtained an ascendancy over the Assembly, despite their newly-adopted Republicanism. Immediately after the invasion of the 15th, this ascendancy became more marked, and kept steadily on the increase, while the influence of the more fresh and fiery parliamentary novelties declined in a corresponding proportion. The

parts which men take in public proceedings are induced as much by their own characters as by the necessities which beckon them to their aid. M. Dupin assumed at once the part which ought properly to have devolved on the President—that of eliciting order out of disorder, of disentangling the many threads of discourse, of taking up the poor belabored question, and, with patience and skill, restoring it to shape. M. Dupin did all this in the most natural and inoffensive way; and this was the more remarkable from the contrast which it presented to the manner employed by the same gentleman in the more punctilious Chamber of Deputies, where his word was ever barbed with sarcasm, and his look as sharp as his word.

In the chair of the old Chamber, when M. Dupin filled that chair, a call to order would have been a chastisement for the offender. A question rescued from confusion, would come out avenged on the blunderers, as it emerged into light through a galling discharge of brilliant, but stinging words. The Jupiter of the Deputies stood in the Assembly stripped of his forked thunderbolts. His bearing before that rude and riotous body was that of a novice. He looked as if he felt admitted upon sufferance. I can not forget M. Dupin's first appearance at the tribune: he walked up so diffidently, with his hat in his hand, which he laid on the floor; stood sideways, as if prepared to descend immediately; stooped as the noise continued, took up his hat, and, with a short, graceless bow, was making his exit, when the homage of a sudden silence, broken only by invitations to proceed, induced him to go on with his favorite work—that of placing the lost question in its proper light.

M. Dupin was always well received, although he was no longer the same Dupin, with whose caustic, wayward, unsocial nature, no party could combine; and whose eccentricity, or infirmity of temper, showed that a mind of a high order was deprived of its beneficial influences on mankind by the admixture of some strange element. Whence proceeded that coloring matter which jaundiced an incomparable range of view? What was it that repelled with such subtlety, while there were so many gifts of eloquence and wit to attract? How could the

judgment be so sure, and so false?—the feelings so warm, and so perverse? What nerve is astray in that vigorous, intellectual form? How is it that the strength that can deal with particulars in an all-searching analysis, yet can not combine the whole? These are moral phenomena which cause our wonder, but baffle our explanation.

Dupin was, in the old Chamber, the one whose hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him. It took the Revolution of February to sober him—the strange aspect of the National Assembly to reduce to the harmony of a plain-reasoning, reconciling man. No man was, however, viewed with more disfavor than was Dupin;—he was not so hated, because he was not so dreaded, as Thiers. Like Lamartine, he had long ceased to be of any party—he stood alone; while, unlike Lamartine, his proper connections never ceased to regard his isolation with regret, and would have won his support if they could. A man who, from no matter what motive, repels the attractions of office, and place, and power, possesses a certain claim on the respect of politicians. He may be cross-grained, or disagreeable, but he is pure;—or if not pure, he is self-punished. The fact of Dupin being the friend and adviser of the King, rather raised him, for it was plain to all how easily he might have taken advantage of such a position for self-elevation; and this position showed, moreover, that he was worthy of trust. But there was one damning fault in the character of Dupin, his supposed identification with the *bourgeoisie*. He was regarded as the incarnation of the middle class, on which rested the throne of July. He had that vulgar sense of the *bourgeois* which he, unfortunately for himself, resumed in an often-quoted, and never-to-be-forgotten expression, “*Chacun pour soi, chacun chez soi*,” which is, in point of fact, the counterpart of Alderman Brooke's famous moral axiom, “Lord! every man is for himself in this world.”

It was, perhaps, that instinctive sense of what was most prudent for sake of self-interest, that guided M. Dupin into an accommodation with a new Assembly. He laid before them that plain reasoning, and in that plain way, which, if it be not com-

mon sense, looks very like it ; for common sense is, after all, most frequently the basis of grand views, and grand views shape for themselves grand language—bold, simple, and yet ornate. The well-read man, if he be at the same time a deep thinker, is led to that discovery for himself, which has ever been the charm of highly cultivated intellects, namely, the analogies which run through Nature, harmonizing and combining all things through the pervading activity of some few elements or principles, and connecting, as by a fine chain, the world of matter with the world of spirits, until he arrive at the comprehension—that what we see only in parts may be seen by immortals as a whole—as one temple of finest proportions, filled with divinest harmony. The most dry subject may, in the hands of such a man as a Bacon, a Shakspeare, or a Burke, become most metaphorical, most adorned with happy similitudes, most plain, at the same time, by means of well-chosen analogies from the great storehouse of knowledge and reflection, into which shines the sun of imagination. But as the audience must be able to follow, or at all events appreciate, this manner of stating questions, and as all audiences do not—why then it follows, that the speaker whose confined acquirements are most in accordance with ill-taught listeners will be the most relished. Burke was “the dinner-bell,” even of a British House of Commons. For reasons indicated by these views, even lawyers can hardly be first-rate orators. Their range of reading is too special and narrow, their only analogies are those of analogous cases and decisions, not frankly sought after, but too often pressed and strained into the service of sophistry.

A mere lawyer was M. Dupin—a lawyer built upon the basis of *bourgeoisie*—as such he was a most apt adviser for the Ex-King Louis-Philippe, a monarch who would have made a model of a plain, wise country gentleman. The King, with the same sort of shrewdness that belonged to his legal adviser, knew what his instrument was fitted for ; and although he never would choose him for Minister, yet never would he part from such a lawyer. I confess that the appearance of Dupin disappointed me. I expected to see an eccentric figure, slovenly and careless

in attire, but flinging from the pockets of his greasy suit handfuls of the coin of a quaint, biting humor. He is no such thing. He dresses plainly, it is true, but not remarkably so ; very much like a man of mercantile pursuits ; and when he puts on a little *bonnet grec* to cover his strong bald head from the cold of the vast wooden hall—with his deep, sensible eye searching through his spectacles, and his harsh-looking mouth, ready for plain truth or bitter reply—he looks like the man of that maxim, *chacun pour soi—chacun chez soi*. It was in the sitting of this day that the Committee of Fifteen, for drawing up the Constitution, was balloted for. It was composed of members taken from nearly all parties ; in which, however, the well-known old names predominated.

CHAPTER XIII.

ANGER OF THE ASSEMBLY NOT YET APPEASED—SINGULAR DEBATE ABOUT THE MANNER OF WEARING SCARFS—THE “FETE DE LA CONCORDE”—THE PARISIANS A THEATRICAL PEOPLE—ADAPTATION OF PARIS FOR SPECTACLES—WHAT TOOK PLACE IN THE DAY, AND WHAT AT NIGHT.

THERE was nothing of a marked character in the sitting of Friday, the 19th of May. The Assembly manifested, at the opening, the same irritability relating to the events of Monday that had prevailed since that day. The subject of the conduct of the President was revived, and a good deal of angry altercation ensued about the order which he had given not to beat the *rappel*. The address of thanks to the National Guards was discussed, paragraph by paragraph, and, after an incoherent conversation, adopted. The rest of the day was chiefly passed in the presentation of projects by private members, most of which were strangled on the spot, or entombed in a reference to Committees.

The proceedings of Saturday were of a miscellaneous character; an incident occurred, which excited some ridicule. The Questor of the Assembly, Degoussée, the most somber of triflers, occupied a portion of the day with a decree relative to a ribbon which he had designed for the button-holes of members, and without which they could not appear in the Assembly. He had also a plan of a scarf to be worn on occasions of ceremony like that of the fête, fixed for the following day. A grand difficulty, however, arose as to whether the scarf should be worn *en sautoir*, *en écharpe*, or *en ceinture*. The Assembly voted for the *en écharpe*, but, like the famous decree of the Provisional Government relative to the white waistcoat and rolling collar, the law was quietly abrogated by the passive resistance of members. The day closed with the important announcement from M. de Lamar-

tine, that he would, on the following Tuesday, treat of the questions of Poland and Italy, interrupted by the invasion of the last Monday.

We must now follow the National Assembly to the Champ de Mars, where it marched on Sunday, the 21st, to take part in the *Fête de la Concorde*. There, mounted upon an estrade raised against the Ecole Militaire, the members of the Executive Commission in front, the National Guards of Paris and the Provinces were passed in review.

The French are a theatrical people ; that is to say, a people fond of representations that strike the senses agreeably. Their fancy takes its light through the eye. As Sheridan could only write his witty artificialities in the midst of a blaze of wax tapers, so French enthusiasm requires military display as an artistical setting by day, and fireworks by night. When Napoleon wanted to turn off attention from the disasters of Moscow, he ordered the dome of the Invalides to be gilded. For two months, M. de Lamartine ruled or amused, which was the same thing, the French by imagery. The panoramic picture of "the tri-colored flag making the tour of the world," amused the people, and did the purposes of Government until the great Magician was prepared with another dissolving view. The more *matériel* associates in the Government, got up processions to the Bastille, monster reviews, and monster fêtes ; but novelty is the law of the theatrical art, invention must flag betimes, and then the people are apt to turn actors on their own account, and their dramas have a fearful reality, very unlike the pageantry of charlatan rulers at their wit's end.

If the French be a theatrical people, assuredly Paris is the theater of cities. Never did a city shape itself better to refined sensual necessities. For a procession to the Column of February, what more picturesque line could be found than the Boulevards, which, with unvarying width, presents alternations of elevation and descent, and follows the zig-zag deviations of the bulwark from which the name is derived. The houses and buildings of white stone, softened and harmonized by green trees—that wedding of Art and Nature, that sweet blending of town and country,

of freshness with heat and hardness ; these houses and buildings so varied as to feast the eye with archæological studies—with contrasts between old and new, and new imitating old.

The Boulevards de la Madeleine, des Capucines, and des Italiens, have all the luxuriousness and pretension of the *parvenus* of finance. The Boulevards Montmartre and Poissonnière retain the air of substantial *bourgeoisie*. The great arches of the Porte St. Denis and St. Martin mark the admixture of the *petite bourgeoisie* and turbulent working-classes. We then get into the quarter of the people's theaters, where, side by side, or very nearly so, stand those modern substitutes of the mediæval temples, in whose performances may be read the taste, ay, and sources of the perversion of the taste of a people intensely devoted to amusement. As usual, where the audiences are composed of the less refined, the performances are either extravagant tragedy, or broad humor, or pantomime. The Parisians are not stained with the vice of drunkenness ; but what scalding drink of gin or whisky can be more maddening and demoralizing than the somber licentiousness of the Porte St. Martin, Gaîté, Ambigu, or Historique ? But our business is not with externals. These theaters diversify the promenade. Then there is a magnificent fountain and odorous flower-market ; and wherever an old house has been pulled down, as, for instance, that tainted den opposite the Turkish Garden, from which Fieschi discharged on a royal procession his infernal machine, a new house springs up, carved all over with the fanciful tracery of the *renaissance*.

As there is always a reigning historical model, it is pleasant to see the classic stiffness affected at the Revolution give way to the models of Italian taste, introduced by François Premier at the revival, although it proved but a temporary revival, of arts and letters. Now it happened, unfortunately for the *Fête de la Concorde*, that the charming pictorial line of the Boulevards was abandoned on the pretext of the unusual heat prevailing, and a short cut was made by the Assembly to the Champ de Mars. There was reason to suspect that some graver motive suggested the alteration ; a plot was said to have been discovered, the object of which was to seize some forty members of the Assem-

bly, and hold them as hostages for the delivery of the prisoners at Vincennes. In aid of this plot, fire was to have been set to several theaters. Our task is pleasanter than to have to record a scene of wickedness ; its close neighborhood, however, to the gigantic trifling of the day, gives that trifling the sort of interest we would be disposed to take in a rope-dancer, who narrowly escaped a broken neck. Paris little thought she was dancing that day upon a cord which an effort had been made to cut half through.

The Assembly got safe to the Champs Elysées. The members of the Institute having, with the simplicity of literary men, put on their cocked hats, and oakleaf-embroidered coats, got well hooted for aristocrats. The few old soldiers of the Empire, that appeared here and there in costumes only known through pictures, fared better ; and so long as the National Guards of town and country filled the Place de la Concorde and the Quays, the scene was animated enough. At the Champ de Mars the appearance was different. Viewed merely as a frame in which to place an exhibition, it is totally unfit. It is a naked, sandy square, so large as to merit the name of a plain. It looks as if it could not be filled. People seem like atoms spilled about ; and in this shadeless, unpictorial place, a heathenish sort of procession was arranged, that if seen in the Boulevards, or Champs Elysées, might have produced a certain sort of effect ; but in the Champ de Mars, it was mean and paltry.

There was a great theatrical wagon, with corn-trees and plants, bedecked with gold-leaf and paint, drawn by sixteen plough-horses, and attended by four hundred choice damsels, singing to Nature, or Ceres, or some philosophical abstraction or heathen deity. The ladies were to have worn that sort of Olympian costume which the grand opera assigns, on we know not what authority, to creatures of the other world, too innocent to discover improprieties of dress. An *émeute* of mothers stopped the scandal, and the young ladies appeared in *salle de bal* costume. Specimens of native manufacture were borne as offerings to the gods : the best got up shrine was that of the tobacconists, the sale of cigars being a monopoly of the fair sex, which accounts

for the tasteful accompaniments attending an incense more prized in modern times than frankincense or myrrh. Colossal statues in plaster, colossal tripods of pasteboard, with a thirty-feet-high, and made-in-proportion, figure of the Republic, bedecked this unroofed temple, of Heaven knows what sort of worship. And while this monster tomfoolery was going on, the National Guards were anxiously on the alert, lest some *coup-de-main* should turn a dull farce into a deep tragedy.

The illuminations at night made up for the failure of the day. The Place de la Concorde was inclosed in a festoonry of variegated lamps, which, carried up each side of the Champs Elysées to Rond Point, with lusters suspended over head, converted that magnificent *allée* into a fairy hall, that realized the dream of an Arabian fancy; while the Arch of Triumph, looking like the Queen of the City, with its brilliant *bandeau* of lights, was beheld through a varying atmosphere of blue and red flame, or golden rain. The Champ de Mars was itself converted, as by a magic wand, into a fairy scene. In the morning the properties were removed, the stage was cleared for another representation; but whether for a terrible reality, on which it should be the turn of all Europe to gaze thrilled with horror and wonder, or for another raree-show to keep the mischievous children out of harm's way, afforded an anxious problem to many an aching head.

This being an English account, it would not be perfect without a statement of the cost, which, as presented to the National Assembly in the year's budget of blunders and expenditure, amounted to the round sum of 950,000 francs, or £38,000. "*Vive la Bagatelle!*"

The next day's sitting of the Assembly was occupied throughout with the discussion of various financial schemes for meeting the state of public distress, caused by the decline of credit and confidence, but which, as they were in no case adopted, having been civilly referred to Committees engaged in study, need not detain us from the important sitting of Tuesday, the 23d of May, devoted to the consideration of Poland and Italy.

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CHAPTER XIV.

GENERAL BARAGUAY D'HILLIERS—APPEARANCE OF CAVAIGNAC—
THE MARQUIS DE LA ROCHEJACQUELIN—M. DE LAMARTINE'S
SPEECH ON ITALY AND POLAND—ABSURD RESOLUTION.

THE sitting of Tuesday, the 23d of May, opened with a skirmish which brought out a couple of those secondary, but respectable personages, who serve to the enlivenment as well as to the advance of the political drama, and afford an agreeable share of life and harmony to our moving canvas.

M. Bastide having acknowledged in suitable terms the handsome manner in which the great Trans-Atlantic Republic had recognized the new Government of France, General Baraguay d'Hilliers ascended the tribune for the purpose of laying down the command with which he had been invested. The General had been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the troops charged with the protection of the Assembly; and he now found, that, by an order of the President, he was placed in a subordinate position to the Minister of War. Such position he would not accept. "What!" exclaimed M. de la Rochejacquelin, "an authority that had emanated from the Assembly itself, over-ruled!" He should like to know who it was that considered he had a right to nullify an act of the Assembly! General Cavaignac, the new Minister of War, explained that there had been no intention to nullify the command given by the Chamber; the object was to place all forces in the hands of the Minister of War, reserving to those who held special command their full rights. The explanation was not deemed satisfactory by the General whose interests were affected. The Assembly desired not to receive his resignation, and, on his persisting in his resolution, passed him a vote of thanks.

This was the first appearance of General Cavaignac; and it was little suspected that so mild-looking a man—one giving evi-

dence of the shyness of an officer who had passed his life in Algeria, and who appeared for the first time in a public assembly, charged with the high functions to which he was so suddenly elevated—it was little suspected how much strength of character, invincibility of will, and integrity of purpose, lay under a demeanor so modest. Nevertheless, this first act showed how well he understood the necessity of unity of command, and how resolved he was to act as he understood. General Baraguay d'Hilliers might have been some fifteen years the senior of the new Minister of War. His figure is that of a grenadier, and the loss of his left arm, on the disastrous field of Leipsic, gave an unfailing interest to his appearance.

The French have great respect for a military *manchot*, to whom many a hat is touched in his promenades. The General never forgot this slight, as he conceived it to be, and he became one of the most tenacious opponents of the Government. He was not eloquent, and so it was not at the tribune that he manifested the bitterness of his hostility; his work lay in another field. The combined sections of the old parliamentary parties, Conservatives, *Centre Gauche*, *Gauche*, and Legitimists, having formed a club, which, meeting in the Rue de Poitiers, soon rendered itself formidable, made the dissatisfied General their chairman. Within doors he showed considerable activity in carrying on communications with the allied army under his command, and toward supporters of the Government evinced rather crankiness than *hauteur*. In fact, the good General's talents were not of that high order which gives power to disdain. M. de la Rochejacquelin, who rushed in as at once the champion of the Assembly and of the General, figures on all occasions of *etiquette*. He is the Marquis de la Rochejacquelin of the Ex-Chamber of Deputies, and composed one of the five Legitimist members who made what was called the pilgrimage to Belgrave-square, on the occasion of the visit of the Duc de Bordeaux to London. An allusion to this visit having been made in the King's Speech, and the unhappy term *flétri* applied to the pilgrims, the Marquis, with his usual parliamentary heroism, in connection with his quadruple allies, gave in his resignation, only to re-appear

with a brow washed in the electoral urn from the Ministerial stigma put into the mouth of Royalty. The Noble Marquis entered the National Assembly without being able to throw off the fastidious grace of a courtier. He, the Legitimist, was one of the very few who obeyed the order to appear in a white waistcoat and white cravat; and he raised his hand for the Republic as he would have sworn fealty to the descendant of St. Louis.

There is no name, among all the glorious names of France, around which cluster so many charming associations as about that of the Bayard of La Vendée, fated to fall at the age of a Gaston de Foix. The most profoundly moving, the most inspiring of all that unique literary series, the *Chronicles and Memoirs of the French*, are the "*Memoirs of Madame la Marquise de la Rochejacquelin*." It was in the west of France that loyalty glowed and blazed, after the Monarchy had set in blood; and if that region was comparatively spared the horrors which were visited on a Lyons or a Nantes, upon its border, it was because the Republic had committed its subjugation to a young chief, alive to heroic impressions—the gallant Hoche. The present Marquis, with all the courage of his kind, has yet the aspect of a "carpet knight." Fifty years, although they have carried locks from his crown, have yet spared the *ailes de pigeon*. His face is full and good-natured; his eye clear, but not intellectual. He is corpulent, but never did soldier mount the breach with more ardor than does that large, light-footed Marquis, when the cause to be defended is that of good manners, or the enemy to be cut down is the violator of parliamentary propriety. As the *arbitrer elegantiarum* of the Assembly, the Marquis (we can not throw him in among the ex's) has a very busy time. His indignation, from over-use, is becoming ineffective, and he has no other weapon. His is not the light, stinging, *railleux* vein; he is always King Cambyzes. It is not the column of water the leviathan throws up through his dilated nostril—it is the close, gentle rain, that calms the sea. Many a great, but ineffective splash does our indignant Marquis make upon that storm-tossed Assembly; yet the Assembly could not do without its Marquis,

no more than the House of Commons without its Sibthorp, or the Court of Denmark without Polonius. He is a relic of the past, and serves the purpose of admonition, lest Republican tumult should descend into a Saturnalia.

We need not remind our readers of what the Egyptians hung up at their feasts, to sober them into propriety; nothing can be more unlike the Egyptian recipe for counteracting the wine of Cyprus than the portly presence of the Marquis de la Roche-jacquelin. He stands a living proof that there may be cordiality, warmth, and earnestness combined with elegance of manner, and propriety of speech.

The incident on which we have been tempted to dwell having been disposed of, M. d'Aragon renewed his interpellation regarding Italy, and M. Wolowski his interpellation regarding Poland, and was supported by M. Vavin, M. Sarrins, M. Guichard, and M. Napoleon Bonaparte, in speeches of a more or less warlike complexion; the last was particularly so.

M. de Lamartine at length took the tribune. His speech was based upon the celebrated diplomatic circular which, shortly after the revolution, he had addressed to the representatives of France at foreign Courts, and of which his reply to the interpellations of the day, was in fact an amplified paraphrase. In that circular it was laid down that while France would not shrink from war, if declared by other powers, yet she would not declare war against any; that while she negotiated in favor of nationalities, she kept her hand on her sword; and that, although she declared the Treaties of 1815 abrogated, she would yet trust to reason and the power of patient negotiation for a restitution of rights; her military power being at the same time kept to such a height as to show that it would not be safe to oblige a recurrence to the *ultima ratio*. The motives assigned by M. de Lamartine, for preferring negotiation to war, were founded chiefly on the suspicion that might be excited on the part of those very "oppressed nationalities," whom it was their disinterested object to relieve. The nations of Europe had not forgotten the inflictions caused by the invasion of the Empire, and the selfish way in which so many fine promises were perverted to the aggrandize-

ment of one power. Republican France was now paying the penalty of the Empire, in the exhibition of a distrust which she no longer merited. Nor was this a theoretical surmise, for since that circular had been addressed, several expeditions had been got up by foreigners, in which Frenchmen had mingled; one had been directed against Belgium, another against Savoy, and many parts of the frontier of Germany had been violated; the consequence of all which was an exhibition of irritation among the people of these different countries, sufficient to warn France of the misapprehension to which imprudent or premature intervention might give rise.

With regard to Italy, he argued that in consequence of the change of policy that had taken place upon the fall of the Monarchy, that country was, by an internal movement—in which the Pope, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the Dukes of Parma, Plaisance and Modena shared, and of which the King of Piedmont had become the arm—almost delivered from the yoke of Austria. How far the orator was from foreseeing the defeat of Charles Albert, and the flight of the Pope! The then actual position of things in Italy, the declaration of Charles Albert that Italy was able to free herself, the refusal of the Italian powers to invite French aid, all this happily enabled M. de Lamartine to turn from the difficulties of the Italian Peninsula, to the question of Poland. This Polish question, he acknowledged, to present one of the main difficulties of French policy. Turning to the Instructions addressed to French agents at the Northern Courts, he quoted the spirited injunctions that had been given to them—to state frankly to the Russian, the Prussian, and the Austrian Governments: “We desire peace with you, we will even seek your alliance on conditions equitable for all, and beneficial for intermediate nations; but the first condition for the solidity of this peace, and for rendering intimate our alliance, is that usurped and oppressed Poland, without proper nationality, without civil or religious independence, should not rise between ourselves and you.” At that price, he said, was the peace of the world. He then proceeded to show that the views of France, regarding the restitution of Poland, had been responded to, particularly by the King of Prussia, who

had consented to the administrative independence of Posen ; and if those beneficent intentions had not been already carried out, it was owing to an outbreak of local hatreds between families, of hostile races, different languages, and different nationalities, such as had ever formed the plague of Poland, and had ever proved fatal to the heroism of that generous people.

Next with regard to Cracow and Austrian Poland, he had only to point to the then threatened state of decomposition into which the Austrian Empire was falling, and which would, as a matter of course, lead to the emancipation of her Polish provinces ; and he dwelt particularly on the fraternal feelings of the Bohemians, who were ready to rise in vindication of their own nationality, and to aid the Poles in a similar attempt.

Here again, how far was the orator from foreseeing Windischgrätz, and the removal of the Austrian Diet to a Bohemian town ! Reviewing the general state of things, as they appeared to the Provisional Government, he asked, if they ought to have raised by a premature declaration of war, the susceptibilities of all Continental nations, which would have had for effect, the re-constitution of a coalition against France. Suppose, he said, that they had launched an army of 120,000 men across Germany, what would they not have had to encounter ? They would have found 500,000 Germans on each flank, before they could have reached Poland ; and when there, they would have found 250,000 Russians ready to meet them, they having previously annihilated Poland herself.

Let us stop ! have we not in this crowning argument of M. de Lamartine, the celebrated twenty-first final reason of the Governor of Tilbury Fort, for not having fired a salute in honor of Queen Elizabeth, who having enumerated his twenty difficulties, came to the last, that he had no powder. M. de Lamartine might have spared a vast deal of eloquent circumlocution, by coming at once to the point, and stating, that they did not march to Poland, because they could not. Had he done so, of what an absurd inconsequence might he not have spared himself the exhibition ! It would not be easy to do justice to so eloquent a speaker, through a meager outline ; but there are two parts of

the speech which we give faithfully, the one in which he puts a quasi-declaration of war into the mouths of French Republicans against the Northern Courts, on account of Poland ; and the other, in which he makes that declaration so much mere mouthing and imbecile impertinence, by a statistical demonstration of the impossibility in which France found herself to undertake a crusade for Poland's liberation.

M. de Lamartine fancied that the same principle of Government, which he had found so successful at home, could be applied to foreign diplomacy ; and that he could cajole, convince, or frighten with eloquent " pellets of the brain," as he had soothed and ruled from the Revolution to the meeting of the Assembly by words. His was to have been the moral agitation of O'Connell, with a mystic reference to physical force. Foreign powers would have blown aside the painted cloud, and numbered the battalions. Young France would have cheered the music, but sharpened her sword. The only one deceived would be the Magician himself. He who, like the man in the Eastern tale, had let escape the imprisoned smoke, would have found himself in the presence of a giant.

M. de Lamartine exerted himself in an extraordinary degree on this day, as if he had before him an unwilling audience, whom it required all his powers to convince. It was no such thing. The invasion of the previous Monday week, in the name of Poland, had settled the Polish question. It had done more, it turned attention away from foreign politics. The danger lay at home—the enemy was within the gates. The Republic could not undertake a crusade, except on the condition of a surrender of society to the *bonnet-rouge*. The speech was valuable as affording a covering for retreat under a brilliant fire. The discussion ended in the adoption of a resolution, inviting the Government to take as its rule of conduct : " Fraternal compact with Germany ; re-constitution of Poland, free and independent ; the enfranchisement of Italy."

This was a confused resolution. France had pledged herself, or allowed herself to be pledged in general terms, to answer the invitation of any struggling nationality to come to its assistance.

In making this pledge, Poland and Italy were particularly understood. As regards Poland, we find the fulfillment of the pledge was impossible, because Germany lay in the way, and with Germany, France was seeking a fraternal compact. Italy, however, had no interposing barrier; she was approachable by sea and by land, and so there was nothing to prevent an Italian invitation being accepted. Not so fast! From what yoke was Italy to be enfranchised? Why from that of Austria; but Austria is a great German power; her integrity, necessary to German strength, is bound up with German sentiment, and with Germany France seeks fraternal compact. The resolution was therefore a mystification and a juggle.

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CHAPTER XV.

DECREE BANISHING THE FAMILY OF LOUIS-PHILIPPE—JEALOUSY SHOWN TOWARD THE BÒNAPARTES—AGITATION IN THE NATIONAL ATELIERS—ATTEMPTS TO CURE GROWING ABUSES—HOW RECEIVED—DISAPPEARANCE OF EMILE THOMAS, CHIEF DIRECTOR OF THE ATELIERS—APPLICATION TO PROSECUTE LOUIS BLANC.

THE sitting of Wednesday, the 24th of May, was rendered remarkable by the communication of a letter from the Duc d'Aumale and the Prince de Joinville, protesting against the intended project of excluding the family of Louis-Philippe forever from the soil of France. The Duc d'Aumale had been Governor-General of Algeria, at the time when the Revolution was accomplished. The Prince de Joinville was on a visit with his brother, having, as it appeared afterward, left the Tuileries in sorrow and disgust, on account of the policy he was obliged to witness, without being able to restrain, while he clearly foresaw its fatal termination.

The Duc d'Aumale, upon the first summons from the Republican Minister of War, laid down his authority without a murmur; his more fiery brother manifested equal prudence; and they pleaded as of right, their conduct on this occasion, against the hard banishment about to be decreed against them. The protest proved of no avail.

On the day next but one following, the law banishing forever the family of Louis-Philippe was brought forward and discussed. The feebleness of the opposition to it may be judged from the division, which gave 631 for the decree, and 63 against it. The law was so conceived, that it pleaded its own cause with terrible laconic retaliation. It ran thus: "The territory of France and her Colonies, interdicted forever to the elder branch of the Bourbons, by the law of the 10th of April, 1832, is equally interdicted to Louis-Philippe and his family." It was perhaps felt by those

whose sympathies were with the Ex-King and his family, that it was not worth their while to have their profession of Republicanism called in question by an opposition that would have done no good. They well knew, moreover, that if the time should come for a restoration of either branch, the decree of the Assembly would prove but a barrier of straw. Still there was something startling in the almost unanimity with which a sentence was passed, that sounds the most awful next to that of death.

An incident occurred in this sitting, which by the light of subsequent events, possesses a reflective interest. An allusion was made to the Bonaparte family, by one of the ultra-democratic party, of a threatening kind—inasmuch as by insinuating that they were in that Assembly provisionally or by sufferance, a hint was to be inferred, that their continuance would depend on good behavior. Pierre and Napoleon Bonaparte, who stood among a group collected on the floor, at the right of the chair, manifested great excitement, particularly the former; but as he has not the free elocution of his cousin, the latter rushed to the tribune, and asserted his rights of citizenship, he being there returned by universal suffrage. This was the first manifestation of the disagreeable effect produced on the Republicans by the presence of the Bonapartes, of whose name they had an instinctive apprehension, which subsequent events proved to have been somewhat well-founded.

Saturday, the 27th of May, was a day of considerable agitation in Paris. The Assembly was surrounded by troops, similar precautions were taken for the protection of the Hôtel-de-Ville, the Prefecture of Police, and other public establishments. The cause of this agitation was some disturbances that had broken out in the national *ateliers*, the prodigious development of which had begun to excite serious uneasiness. The Frankenstein of the Revolution had begun to move. The situation was just this. The leaders of the Revolution of February, as much unprepared for the Republic as any other party, were obliged by the Socialists, and indeed by the want of a good cry, to base the Republic upon the working classes. A vision of wealth, ease, and social and political importance, had suddenly opened upon the eyes of

the operatives. Their reason became disturbed, and their energies directed from their daily avocations, turned into the vortex of revolutionary agitation. The workmen were the masters of the city, awaiting to become the trustees of the State. All who had any thing to lose and could fly—fled. Employment shrank away, and even if employment had been abundant, steady application became impossible. How could men whose passions had been thrown into fever, and whose imaginations had been kindled—how could they work? The State, which had undertaken to make these men “Kings who should ride in coaches,”* was obliged to find them bread. The transition from toil to sovereignty, was to be beggary. The beggary was to be disguised under unprofitable toil, and dignified by military organization. The men rallied, each company under its banner, and followed their officers. They worked as much as they pleased; when they did not work, read cheap publications of the most subversive character, finished the day with rifle practice, and clubbed their money to go home in coaches.

The workmen took the State at its word, and lived royally. The Civil List, however, became rather burthensome; the State was becoming every day less able to pay; the army was increasing, swelled by habitual beggars, by the country laborers, who deserted their work and their fields for the spoil, which was to fall some fine day to the share of the *proletaires*, and by all those whom a perishing commerce threw on alms. The terrible outbreak that occurred in June, took no one by surprise, for the question of insurrection was one of time. When would that army which hung like thunder clouds over the beleaguered city, burst in upon it? When would those irritated, excited, and demoralized workmen rush upon their prey, and having gloated on all the available wealth of the capital, endeavor to accomplish for themselves the Social and Democratic Republic that had been promised? Such questions occupied the anxious attention of all who knew what was passing. The panic which appeared to-day was caused by a proclamation of the Minister of Public Works, that there should be a rigid review of the national

* The words of Louis Blanc.

ateliers, for the purpose of diminishing the numbers, by weeding away those who had no claim to support from the State, by checking the frauds that were committed by persons practicing personation, and by forcing those who remained to execute task-work. This proclamation was just and necessary; and it dissipated the illusion under which the workmen had so long been allowed to labor. They were no longer lords and masters—they were receivers of charity. They were a burthen to the State, a source of confusion and ruin.

The agitation continued throughout Sunday and Monday, and many thought that the struggle had come at last. While this fermentation was going on, the Assembly was occupied with discussing propositions and reports relating to these national *ateliers*. The vices of the institution were unsparingly exposed, particularly by M. Léon Faucher and M. de Falloux; still no measure could be taken that would not look harsh and offensive to the poor deluded objects of suspicion. The Clubs, that were speculating on the demoralization and discontent of the national *ateliers*, stirred up the flame—gathered every strong speech made in the Assembly, every hard word, and barbed and poisoned them. While the decree regarding the purification of the *ateliers*, by the removal of cheats and idlers, was producing its effect, a thrill of astonishment was caused by the disappearance of the Chief of the *Ateliers*. M. Emile Thomas, a young engineer of talent, had first suggested the plan of the *Ateliers Nationaux* to the Minister of Public Works; and when the plan was approved, the direction was bestowed upon him. A charming villa, which had been the private property of Louis-Philippe, situated in a beautiful park, called Monceau, in the faubourg of that name, was assigned to the young Director, and became the head-quarters of the institution. If report speaks truth, the villa was restored to the festivities practiced under the Regency that preceded and prepared the first great Revolution. The example set to the rank and file of the national *ateliers* was by no means one of self-denial, while waiting the coming *millennium* of the *République Démocratique et Sociale*. Luxury ran riot at Monceau, while beggary trundled its wheelbarrow on the Champ

de Mars. M. Thomas was taken without ceremony by the Republican Government, put into a coach, and carried off to Bordeaux, after the fashion in which a Duc d'Enghien would have been seized by a Napoleon. The romance was heightened by a letter written with a pencil to Madame Thomas, the mother of the captive, who committed it to the winds and the high road, as the sinking mariner commits the secret of his fate to a bottle cast into the sea ; and, strange to say, the letter arrived. Such being the state of things, it became impossible for the National Assembly to avoid feeling its share of the agitation which prevailed so generally without.

On Monday, the 29th of May, M. Taschereau brought the subject before the Assembly. The Minister of Public Works gave an explanation, which showed that there was something behind the curtain, of which it might be as well to avoid the exposure. He declared that he never could obtain proper returns of the whole of the *ateliers* ; that his remonstrance against the exorbitant increase of numbers produced no effect. He assured the Assembly that Thomas was in constant apprehension of assassination, or affected to be so ; that he gave in his resignation voluntarily ; and that it was altogether in the interest of his personal safety that he was so suddenly, but altogether with his own consent, sent off to Bordeaux. Whatever mystery was enveloped in the strange circumstance, one point was clear, that the national *ateliers* formed a serious danger for the commonwealth.

The remaining portion of this day was passed in regulating the relation that ought to subsist between the Assembly and the Executive power. We have already had to notice the feebleness of the Ministry that had been chosen by the Executive. The Ex-Ministers, now become Supreme Directors, had, as before described, put their secretaries in their places—these secretaries, plain, plodding men, without oratorical powers. It was hoped, however, that their want of elocution would be supplied, on all necessary occasions, by Lamartine or Ledru-Rollin, Garnier Pagés or Marie. But no !—the Directory was now in the place of the Monarchy. It had ambassadors to receive, and all

the dignity of supreme surveillance weighed upon its god-like responsibility. The Directory prayed accordingly to be excused from taking part in debates, and its prayer was granted. The Ministers, then, were real independent Ministers, although of the poorest possible kind.

The following day, the 30th, was occupied with the same topics. A law for regulating the national *ateliers*, the chief feature of which was the imposition of task-work, was discussed; and, after exposures of the demoralization caused by these establishments, passed. It was shown, that, owing to some design not then quite apparent, however it might have been suspected, the men of the national *ateliers* exercised a complete system of tyranny over the well-disposed workmen, who were turned out of factories in which they were willingly doing their duty, and obliged to swell the mass of idleness by which the State was encumbered. Orders in several branches of trade had to be renounced, owing to want of hands, and there was an utter disorganization of the working classes.

The salient point of the sitting of the 31st was a written application, by the law officers of the Republic, for leave to prosecute Louis Blanc for the part attributed to him in the affair of the 15th of May. The charge against him was, that he had on that day, by his speeches particularly, been implicated in the invasion and oppression of the Assembly. It had been proved that he said, "I congratulate you on having recognized the right of bearing your own petition to the Chamber—a right that henceforward remains incontestable." Other circumstances, confirmatory of the accusation, were stated to have taken place, but not specified in the Act of Accusation. M. Louis Blanc defended himself by offering a flat contradiction to the expression attributed to him. The witnesses, members of the Assembly, re-asserted the expressions; and a scene of tumult was provoked by the scandal of mutually-attributed falsehood, which was put an end to by the application being referred to a Committee, to inquire into and report thereupon.

CHAPTER XVI.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON LOUIS BLANC—ILL-WILL TOWARD
THE BONAPARTES—THE CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR—
PROSECUTION OF LOUIS BLANC REFUSED—SPLIT BETWEEN CRE-
MIEUX AND FAVRE.

THE Assembly did not meet, out of respect for Ascension Thursday, one of the few holidays which the French strictly observe by a cessation from all business and an attention to religious duties; both which marks of respect are but indifferently paid to the Sabbath.

On Friday, the 2d of June, the report on M. Louis Blanc's case was brought up by M. Favre. After an elaborate preliminary, in which it was laid down that scrupulous care had been taken that the application for leave to prosecute was not conceived in a spirit of reaction or personal malice, but was founded on a pure love of justice; and after a dose of cruel compliments to the accused, delivered in the most insidious tone, the conclusion was come to, that the Assembly ought not to interpose a barrier of privilege against the claims of justice. All eyes were turned to Louis Blanc, and invitations to speak arose from all sides; which he answered by a sign that he would say a few words from his place; but the calls to ascend the tribune became so vehement, that he complied. He looked haggard with agitation, and only uttered a few phrases, declaring that he would not say a word in his own vindication; then, warning the Assembly that they had entered on a disastrous course, left the tribune, to the disappointment of those who had reckoned upon that great parliamentary luxury, an impassioned personal debate.

This incident was not to end with injury confined to Louis Blanc; but we must interrupt the unity of narration, for the purpose of noting the proceedings that occupied the rest of the day.

They were composed of three distinct categories—a discussion relating to the Bonaparte family, a financial bill between M. Billault and M. Dudlarc, and a scene about the cross of the legion of honor.

The Bonaparte family were excluded from France by a distinct law which had not been abrogated. Now there can be no doubt, seeing the suspicious excitement and jealousy that broke out whenever the name of this family was introduced, that, had the Revolutionists not been swept unexpectedly into their tumultuous career before they had time to take note of the future, they would have guarded the Republic against the pretensions of the successors of Napoleon. As it was, the attention of the Republican party was concentrated upon Louis Napoleon alone, on account of the two attempts that, as heir to the Emperor, he had made on the Crown of France.

Under cover of this pre-occupation, two cousins of the Prince had been allowed to take their seats unquestioned in the National Assembly, as well as the son of Murat. Possession has been truly said to be nine points of the law. They were there, and although men may be induced to maintain a barrier already existing, yet expulsion from a place entered and secured, is an ungracious act from which people revolt. If this be true with regard to persons of ordinary interest, how much more powerful must the feeling have been with reference to the illustrious name of Bonaparte, rendered tender by defeat, dethronement, and exile. There were few, indeed, who could have brought themselves to put their hands on the shoulder of Jerome's son, the living image of the Emperor, and turn him out of a society of Frenchmen.

The Minister of Justice thought to put a good face on the matter, and to bring the House to the adoption of a proposition, tagged to a piece of false sentiment, that the law excluding the Bonaparte family, being a Monarchical Act, had fallen with the Monarchy. It would not do. He tried a second "dodge," proposing that the law had been virtually abrogated by the admission of three members of the Bonaparte family. That would not do either. The Assembly, with the true instincts toward plain truth which animate aggregate masses of men, even sena-

tors, preferred the more straightforward abrogation of the law by a direct declaration to that effect.

We should like to say a few words touching M. Billault, but we have him in view for another day, and so skip from the Bonaparte family to the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Citizen Rey proposed that the effigy of Napoleon should be restored to the Cross—a reasonable proposition, if the institution of the Legion of Honor was to be continued at all; for of all the anachronisms invented by the Restoration, that of attaching the Legion of Honor to the memory of Henry IV. was the most absurd—more absurd even than the quiet assumption of the non-existence of the Empire, and of victories gained by General Bonaparte, Commander-in-Chief of the King's armies—the King being Louis XVIII., restored by the victories of foreign bayonets over this General Bonaparte himself. The stanch Republicans desired to see this Cross dispensed with altogether, because it had, under the Monarchy, formed the small-change of corruption, and been deprived of its value by the ridiculous profusion with which it was bestowed on Treasury clerks, and other wretchedly remunerated servants of the Crown.

The revival of the image of Napoleon in a way so striking to the imagination was also apprehended. The old soldiers in the Assembly defended the Cross, and when Clément Thomas, in his rough, stentorian voice, described it as a *hochet de la vanité*, he not only excited a storm, which our readers have discovered by this time was never very difficult, but exposed himself to positive danger; for had he not explained away his words, there was more than one whiskered *décoré*, ready to avenge the stigma. This matter may be disposed of here, by stating that, some months afterward, General Cavaignac, while at the head of the Government, ordered the effigy of Napoleon to be reinstated on the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

The next day, Saturday, the 14th of June, the report on M. Louis Blanc's case was again brought forward, and the conclusion of the report of the Committee, recommending an authorization by the Assembly of the demand made by the law officers for leave to prosecute, warmly contested by the friends of the incul-

pated gentleman. Upon the question being put to the vote, to the surprise of every one, M. Crémieux, the Minister of Justice, who had sanctioned the application, and without whose sanction the proceeding could not have been taken, rose and voted with the opposition, and leave was refused by a small majority. As a consequence of this vote, the law officers sent in their resignation.

On the next meeting of the Assembly, M. Jules Favre showed that his anger had been raised to a white heat. What! he the associate of Ledru-Rollin, the most compromised in all the dictatorial and illegal proceedings of the Provisional Government—he, the friend of Louis Blanc, had been gently urged into the ungracious position of his accuser, in the belief that his colleagues (for he was Under-secretary of State for Foreign Affairs) were identified with himself, and that he was interpreting the will of the Government; yet there he stood reproved in the presence of the whole Assembly, by the Minister of Justice voting against him! It was too much, and he resigned; but before he did so, he gave M. Crémieux a mortal stab. He accused the Minister of Justice and Religion of a violation of his solemn engagement with respect to himself and the law officers of the Republic, who in turn equally charged the Minister with a breach of his word; and as the Assembly could not resist such testimony, M. Crémieux felt obliged, in shame and confusion, to resign office. A less dignified functionary never filled a post preeminently demanding the possession of those high moral qualities that give dignity to the least favored.

The sitting of Tuesday, the 6th of June, was occupied with a scrambling discussion relating to the different financial projects of the Government, affecting the Savings' Banks, Treasury Bonds, Railways, etc., regarding which much anxiety and irritation were felt in and out of doors; for the doctrines held by the Government were considered to be of the subversively revolutionary kind. The proper time to refer to one of these measures more particularly, will be when they came in a definite shape before the House.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CLUBS OUT OF DOORS—A RAZZIA—LAW AGAINST ATTROUPEMENTS—ELECTIONS FOR VACANT SEATS—CURIOUS CONTRASTS SHOWN BY THE RETURNS—DEFEAT OF THE REPUBLICANS—RETURNS OF CONSERVATIVES, BONAPARTISTS, AND COMMUNISTS—THE ATTROUPEMENTS CONTINUED—ALARM CAUSED BY THE POPULARITY OF LOUIS NAPOLEON—ANIMATED DEBATE—M. DUPRAT—M. BABAUD-LARIBIERE—NEW REPUBLICAN LITERATURE—GENERAL BEDEAU—A BONAPARTIST PLOT—A DECREE AGAINST LOUIS NAPOLEON STOPPED BY GENERAL LAVALET.

THE agitation and alarm caused by the insubordination of national *ateliers*, by the total suspension of all commerce, by the demoralization of the whole working population and the activity of the Clubs, began about this time to assume a most menacing form. Ever since the Revolution of February, the city had been converted into a vast Club, or *causeries* of Clubs. The Boulevards, Palais Royal, Gardens of the Tuileries, and corners of streets and thoroughfares, presented groups of talkers and listeners. A placard, or any object that caused one or two persons to stop, would serve as the nucleus for a group. In consequence of the laxity of the police, all sorts of wares might be seen spread out in what used to be the haunts of fashion, and tended, with other causes, to impede the general circulation.

Such congregated masses of filth and idleness contrasted miserably with the external brilliancy of the once rich and gay city. It was as if by a convulsion of Nature a fair navigable stream had been suddenly filled and choked up with ruins, through which the waters roared more vehemently than before; but there was an end to the pleasant and useful interchange that gave to life the no less sweet than profitable commerce which lived upon it.

For a while this peripatetic indulgence in the delights of street

democracy had to be tolerated ; but about the period at which we have now arrived, the nuisance assumed a most dangerous and perplexing form. The masses of people who thus congregated in the sweet summer evenings on the Boulevards, unable to remain quiet at their homes, too many of which only served to remind the inmates of their destitution, were calculated to inspire some serious reflections. The chief haunt of the politicians in blouses used to be the Porte St. Denis and the Boulevards, and the adjacent streets became at night impassable. Several attempts had been made to clear the thoroughfares by charges of National Guards, Mobile Guards, and police, but with only temporary effect. In order to frighten well-disposed people away, a razzia was made one night, and every person on whom hands could be laid was arrested.

At length the Government resolved upon having recourse to measures of coercion, and on Wednesday, the 7th of June, a law was presented of a very stringent character, affecting *attroupe-ments*. As the Minister of Justice, and the law officers of the Republic had resigned, owing to causes already explained, it devolved on M. Marie, one of the Executive Commission, to conduct the bill through the Assembly. He did his duty in the most manly and unflinching manner, and notwithstanding the strenuous opposition of the Ultra-Republicans, the law for the suppression of *attroupe-ments* was passed by an immense majority. M. Lamartine and M. Ledru-Rollin refrained from giving the sanction of their presence to this vigorous act of their colleague, and the one and the other suffered alike in the estimation of the friends of order. Public feeling happened to be put to the test at this time, by several elections having taken place, chiefly owing to double returns on the occasion of the general election.

For Paris there had been no fewer than eleven vacancies, and the manner in which they were filled up curiously exemplified the disorganization and confusion of parties. M. Caussidière, who had resigned his seat along with the Prefecture, came in at the head of the list, by a coalition of parties supporting him, because of their dislike to the Government. The others were

Moreau, Goudchaux, Pierre Leroux, the Communist; General Changarnier, Thiers, Proudhon, Communist; Lagrange, Communist; Victor Hugo, Boissel, and Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. For Rouen, Thiers was returned with Charles Dupin, Ex-Peer of France. He was also returned for his own department, Bouches-du-Rhône. Louis Bonaparte was nominated for five different places. These nominations for Paris were clear in one respect: they showed that the Moderate Republican party had lost ground. The *National* acknowledged its defeat. The constituency was separated into three parts—the Monarchists, the Bonapartists, a hitherto unsuspected party, and the Communists; nor could there be a doubt, that the return of three such men as Pierre Leroux, Proudhon, and Lagrange, greatly encouraged and stimulated the partisans of the Social and Democratic Republic, now on the eve of bringing their forces to the test of a trial at arms. The agitation that prevailed in the city was not in the least discouraged by the passing of this measure. The *attroupements* continued. The printed proclamation of the law was torn down, and trampled on with contumely. The house of M. Thiers was assailed by the mob.

The Assembly continued to sit and discuss a variety of topics, connected generally with financial projects and economical schemes, enough to show where lay the evils, but without sufficient force to apply the necessary remedies.

While the Assembly seemed to be involved in an entangled maze of minor propositions, in presence of a society that required some great overmastering example of courage and self-reliance, in order to rally all who yet felt well, and who would, under proper leaders, take their stand on the side of order—the Executive Commission of Government, which ought to have afforded a proper impetus to the parliament, was itself distracted, and that not so much by the disorganization of the working classes, as by the ominous rising of the star of Napoleon through the menacing chaos.

The return of Louis Napoleon for the city, and at the same time for several departments, showed that a moment of hesitation, at least, had arrived, which, if not corrected, would speedily

take a decided color in a reactionary sense against the Republic. The Executive Commission resolved, therefore, to bring in a decree for the expulsion of this member of the Bonaparte family, from the throne of France, or rather that he should be excepted from the benefit of the repeal of that law, by which the excluded family was allowed to return. The ground of the exclusion was to be the attempts that he had made at Strasbourg and Boulogne, in the name of the *Senatus Consulte* of the year XIII. to have himself made Emperor with Republican Institutions. He was held, therefore, by the Executive Commission of Government, to come within the category of Pretenders.

The time chosen for the presentation of this law, was coincident with a demand for a vote of confidence, raised upon an application for a grant of 100,000 francs a month, partly for necessary expenditure, and partly for secret service. The Government had felt that it was losing ground in the opinion of the Assembly, as well as out of doors. The presence of Ledru-Rollin at the supreme direction, and of such men as Flocon and Recurt in the ministry, with the Clubs openly at work, a licentious press, the unlimited mob agitation of the streets, and the occasional expressions from ministers themselves, at once groveling before the new power of demagogueism, and alarming to men of property, whose rights were treated with that kind of *sans façon*, that implied sympathy with the prejudices against capitalists, raised by the Socialists and Communists. M. de Lamartine took upon himself the task of entering into a sort of family explanation with the Assembly; but the history of the debate and of the day—of the incidents within, and the events without—having formed one of those dramatic combinations, so curiously characteristic of the march of the Revolution, that we must endeavor to bring the scene before our readers.

Napoleon Bonaparte, at the opening of the proceedings, claimed attention, for the purpose of disclaiming the agitation that had been excited in the name of his cousin, and of answering for the loyalty, not only of his intentions, but of those of all the Bonaparte family, with respect to the Republic: he was supported by Pierre Bonaparte, who echoed the sentiments ex-

pressed by Napoleon. After a few ominous hints from M. Flocon about measures taken for the security of the Republic, M. Pascal Duprat opened the serious business of the day by presenting the report of the Committee, to whom, according to usage, had been referred the consideration of the demand for 100,000 francs a month, in which was involved the vote of confidence.

This M. Duprat was a gentleman who came forward in the early meetings of the Assembly, and seemed destined to be one of the young promising school of statesmen, who were to supersede the worn out veterans of the parliament; but like the stars of Béranger, he appeared only that he might *file, file, et disparaît*. He was one of those half-socialist, half-mystic writers, who would have been of the school of Lamartine, had Lamartine been able to found a school. He was of a tall, gentlemanly appearance, well suited to follow in the train of so *distingué* a philosopher. On M. Duprat devolved the occasional task of provoking explanations arranged beforehand behind the curtain; and no man could perform the part better of an impartial friend, who had suspended his judgment, but ready, though his heart-strings should be torn, to join in a vote of condemnation, should such be deserved. A young man who can throw back his clustering locks, with well-affected resolution, and keep his countenance, is an invaluable ministerial ally, a most graceful master of ceremonies to lead in the blushing delinquent, ready to plead innocence, and finish with a pirouette before an enraptured auditory.

M. Duprat led in M. de Lamartine, and so well, that he was soon afterward raised from a socialist, or half-socialist reviewer—for all the Lamartineites delighted in demi-tints—to be ambassador extraordinary to Vienna, whither he never went. It was into more obscure quarters that this star did *file, file, et disparaît*. The report of course was favorable to ministers. It was, nevertheless, disputed by M. Paul Sevaistre, whose physiognomy is lost to memory. He accused the Clubs of being the true source of present evils, and attacked the Government for its weak indulgence of these *foci* of agitation. The street mobs were but symptoms of the evil, but the evil itself lay in these Clubs.

If we forget the countenance of M. Sevaistre, we can well call to mind that of Babaud-Laribièrè, one of the most zealous defenders of the Republican Executive. He is a small, neat, pretty man, with an enormous beard, to which he bears a lover's devotion. No pet cat was ever treated with more affectionate tenderness; all the perfumes of Arabia nestled like spirits of the air about it. Such a beard *promenaded*, as the French idiom has it, through a field of nightingales, might tempt them from the bosoms of roses. His strength lay in his hair; for he had the city-shuffling, rather than the round, rolling, oriental gait; and except the beard and head, but little more could be seen above the tribune. As a writer of *feuilletons*, Babaud was sentimental, and introduced a new line, for the purpose of doing away prejudices about *mésalliance*. In his soft semi-columns at the foot of the newspaper, Counts abandoned the prejudices that had clouded the misunderstood perfection of the *blanchisseuse*; and if the coronet was forever dashed from the brow of high-born beauty, the superior *grisette*—steeped to her pretty little bonnet in philosophy—would not stoop to pick it up. At the tribune, Babaud was a Boanerges—a son of thunder. He blamed the Government for its longanimity. It had left the enemies of the Republic in the enjoyment of situations bestowed by the Monarchy, and had neglected those who had sacrificed all in its service—"even their honor." There was an escapade!—A sacrifice of honor! What a letting out of the cat! But we must not be vulgar in the presence of Babaud-Laribièrè.

We pass by another speaker to come to General Bedeau. The Citizen-General who now appeared at the tribune, is one of the most distinguished of that young school of Generals, brought into light by the long military occupation of Algeria. His characteristic is said to be administrative power. His head is large and massive, his eye deep-sunk and shrewd, and his voice of that clear, sharp character, that gives the impression of keenness. Yet this able, active General, who was to fall severely, although not mortally wounded, in defending the cause of order, within a few days, had shared the fatal fatuity with which all seemed to have been seized in February. He allowed, because his orders

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bewildered him from their contradictory character, the mob to rush across the bridge leading to the Chamber, and to turn out the Deputies. His present speech could hardly be more unfortunate for his interests, for he not only rose to make a declaration of Republican faith, but to throw ridicule on the pretenders who would parody the Emperor, and to answer for the fidelity of the army, should its services be required. His adhesion to the Report was not, however, unqualified. He called for a practical performance of the promises which had been made for the repulsion of the fomenters of anarchy, and reserved the grant of his support until such promises were carried out.

So direct a challenge as this, gave the signal to M. de Lamartine that the moment had arrived for him to make his promised speech. He began by stating, that what was wanting at the present moment, was light upon the questions that were engaging public attention. Was it true, he asked, that the Government was divided, and leading different ways? No! It was true, he acknowledged, that when the Provisional Government was suddenly formed, and in a manner and under circumstances so extraordinary, persons of different views were necessarily thrown together; but as soon as an intermediate government was installed, there was no longer dissentiment. If there was, they would feel it to be their duty, as honorable men, to bring their differences before the Assembly. While he admitted that dissensions prevailed among the Provisional Government, he yet pronounced the warmest eulogies on all its members, whom he held up as inevitably exposed to calumnies from the nature of their position, for which they could only hope to be recompensed by the impartial judgment of posterity. He then drew a large and brilliant picture of the acts that had been accomplished, showing how, out of disorder, had been recomposed the political, administrative, material, financial, diplomatic, and military forces of the country.

Exhausted by the effort he had made, the orator claimed permission to repose. While he was seated, with Republican simplicity, on the steps of the tribune, and chatting unceremoniously with his friends, an incident occurred without, which was

calculated, as had now become usual, to operate upon proceedings within.

From the time of the invasion of the Chamber, on the 15th of May, the military defense of the Chamber had become a matter of serious preoccupation. At all times, there was a strong force in the immediate neighborhood, but in addition to this, precautions would be had recourse to according as the reports of the police indicated more or less danger. At times, the bridge leading to the Chamber would be barred to passengers. At other times, not merely the bridge, but the Place de la Concorde itself, would be closed. Occasionally, some pieces of artillery would be pointed in the faces of imaginary mobs. In fact, the exterior of the Chamber had been converted into a barometer, from which might be calculated the mercurial state of Club-feeling.

The election of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte for Paris, and several departments, had opened a fresh source of agitation, which came mingling with the currents of Socialism, Communism, and all those other turbid springs that descended from the Faubourgs. The doubt as to what the Assembly might do, attracted masses of people toward that quarter. Large groups would form near the bridge, on the bridge, and particularly on the Place de la Concorde, whenever the sun was endurable; and when the heat proved too oppressive, the *marroniers* of the Tuileries Gardens would throw their softly magnificent and delicious shade over the politicians in *blouses*, with their stunted black pipes, poisoning the odors of flowers, that used to breathe for playful children, and their nurses and mothers. Among those groups might be seen a new race of agitating Propagandists. Hard-cheeked men, wearing stiff military stocks, and with the old unmistakable whisker, cut to the boot-like shape that Italy presents on a map of Europe. These men told how fields were won. They had served under the Empire.

On this day, there were crowds on the Place de la Concorde, among whom it was evident a rising Bonapartist sympathy was beginning to manifest itself. It was deemed necessary to push back these groups from time to time; and as Clément Thomas,

the Commander-in-Chief of the National Guards—a decided Anti-Bonapartist—was performing his duty, with an ill-relished zeal, a pistol shot was fired at him, accompanied by a cry of *Vive l'Empereur!* The person was arrested, and there was an end of it. Rumor, that seldom takes a story as she finds it, or who—not to be unjust to the lady of the hundred tongues—never waits to know the truth, but takes the head or the tail thereof, whichever first comes to mouth, and then fits on the fragment to the best body she can fabricate—while running at full speed, this rumor trebled the shots, and trebled the cries, and persuaded herself into the belief that a Bonapartist conspiracy had broken out.

We left M. de Lamartine seated on the steps of the tribune, as simply as a boy tired at play: suddenly he was seen to spring to his feet, in the full recovery of his native dignity. There was a hurrying to and fro, a whisper thrilling along the benches; the President rang his bell, and the members were exhorted to take their places; the galleries were subdued into awe, the fair ones in front leaning over, with wonder-stricken faces. M. de Lamartine began:—

“Citizen representatives—a fatal circumstance has just interrupted the speech that I had the honor to address to the Assembly. While I was speaking of the conditions necessary for the reconstitution of order, and of the securities that we felt every day disposed to make for the preservation of authority and public morality, in all the faculties given by the Revolution to the nation—a shot, several gun-shots, it is said, were fired close to the Commander of the National Guard of Paris; another was fired on one of the brave officers of the army; and a third, I am assured, struck the breast of an officer of the National Guard. These gun-shots were accompanied by cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* This,” he continued to say, strangely forgetful of the *émeutes* at Rouen and Limoges, “was the first drop of blood that had stained the Revolution of the 24th of February.” He then proceeded, while the Assembly was in a state of consternation, to announce that the Government had, even before this occurrence, prepared a project of law, closing France against the

Pretender, who believed himself the heir of the Emperor. He would present it at once; and he added, "When the audacity of faction is thus concocted in *flagrant délit*, and taken with its hand in French blood, the law ought to be applied by acclamation."

This proposition was itself as much a *coup-de-théâtre* as a *coup-d'état*; rather, it was a *coup-d'état*, carried under favor of a *coup-de-théâtre*. The Assembly rang with applause, mingled with shouts of "*Vive la République!*" In a moment that law would have been carried, and Louis Napoleon Bonaparte deprived of his right to sit in the Assembly, and of all his rights. Republican fury and fierce thoughtlessness would, in a moment of surprise, of passing emotion, and quick credulity, have sealed the more slowly-deliberated and coldly-weighed decree of the Monarchy. Yes; all this would have been perpetrated in an instant, only for the voice of General Larabit, which was heard in its shrill, hissing tone, protesting against such a monstrosity as a law voted by acclamation. He is a man of somewhat eccentric bearing, this brave General Larabit, and must have been handsome, with his regular features and fine black hair; but his teeth are gone, and he looks faded rather than old. This living fragment of the Empire stopped the triumphant oratorical judgment that was about to crush the son of the good King of Holland and the beloved Hortense. Lamartine read the decree, but shrunk from demanding its immediate adoption. He missed his blow by the postponement. He committed a worse fault than that, if we may call it a fault: he resumed his speech. The man of wit will sacrifice a friend to his jest. The orator sacrifices the reputation of the man of action, and the statesman, to a speech. M. de Lamartine spoke what had been prepared, because it was prepared; but that which would have been pure spirit without the intervening incident was now but a weak dilution.* He had armed himself with a grand image, and he could not refrain from flashing it on the eyes of the Assembly. From

* Lord Erskine knew better, when he stopped short in an oration after a quarter of an hour, seeing that the point he had made told on the Jury. He disappointed his audience, but won his cause.

the proud position of the vindicator of the Republic from a threatened Emperor, he fell back into the common-place clap-trap of defense against an imaginary charge. He had been accused of conspiracy ; yes, he had "conspired with Sobrier and with Blanqui ; but did they know he had conspired ? He had conspired as the conductor conspires with the lightning, in order to attract the electricity and give it an innocent direction." He had, in plain language, converted these men, as he fondly imagined, from their resolution to set up a dictatorship ; and, after all, the whole of the day's exciting proceedings did no more than win for M. de Lamartine the *soubriquet* of the *Paratonnerre*.

The two Bonapartes again renewed the expression of their democratic sentiments, and protested against their cousin being held answerable for acts done in his name.

The vote of confidence was eventually accorded by 569 to 112.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AGITATION ON THE SUBJECT OF LOUIS NAPOLEON—DEBATE IN THE ASSEMBLY REGARDING HIS ADMISSION—PORTRAIT OF LEDRU-ROLLIN.

THE next day, Tuesday, the 10th of June, was all agitation within and without the Assembly. The question of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte's admission was on the order of the day. There was an immense display of military force about the Assembly. At one moment the shops in the neighborhood of the Tuileries and Madeleine were closed, owing to a panic caused by a charge of the *Garde Mobile* upon an offensive mob, but which happily led to no bloodshed. There could be no doubt whatever that the rejection of Louis Napoleon would have produced an *émeute*.

There were three reports from Committees appointed to examine as many returns. Two were for the admission—one for exclusion. The reporter for admission was Jules Favre, representing the Committee appointed to test the validity of the nomination for La Charente Inférieure. M. Buchez, representing the tenth bureau, opposed his admission for the Department of the Seine. M. Desmares, representing the sixth bureau, recommended his admission for the Department of l'Yonne.

M. Jules Favre, the Ex-Secretary of Ledru-Rollin, and Ex-Under-Secretary of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, in supporting the admission of Louis Napoleon, found himself in his proper element. He had his vengeance to take for the mortification to which he had been exposed by the cruel isolation in which he had been left, on the application for leave to prosecute Louis Blanc. In the well-assumed attitude of an impartial judge and independent vindicator of the rights of the people to choose their representatives, he was dealing the severest condemnation upon his own tyrannical interference with the rights of electors, exhib-

ited in his Ministerial Circulars and dictatorial delegation to irresponsible Commissioners. What matter? The Government he wanted to punish stood committed to the introduction of a decree for the exclusion of Louis Napoleon, while a vote of the Assembly for the admission of the Prince would nullify such decree, and shake the Executive Commission to pieces. A well-devised scheme of vengeance was dressed in the dignified trappings of law and popular rights. "Louis Napoleon was a representative of the people. Let him come and repeat the generous expressions that had been pronounced in that tribune by members of his family."

To such a masterly dialectician it was idle to oppose the loose, though warm and earnest declamation of poor M. Buchez, the Ex-President of the Assembly, already made scape-goat for those whose personal dignity had suffered in the invasion of the 15th of May. M. Viellard, the aged tutor of Louis Napoleon, read a letter from his pupil, protesting against his name being used as an excuse for intrigue, and expressing how ardently he desired to see the Republic established on a sure basis. M. Fresneau, a young member, who gave promise of ability, protested at once in favor of the Republic, and in favor of the heir of so much glory. Louis Blanc, whose ambition it was to stand well with Corsica, for which he had made great and successful efforts to be returned, and who was connected remotely, it was said, with the Bonapartes and the Pozzo di Borgos, carried the Montagnards with him to the side of Louis Napoleon. In doing so, he broached a doctrine touching the Presidency of the Republic, which was afterward adopted by his party, that there ought to be no President at all; that the sovereignty should lie with the people, through their representatives, and that Presidency, except simple Presidency of the Assembly, would be Monarchy in another shape.

Ledru-Rollin came forward now in the name of the Government to support the report, which went for the exclusion of Louis Napoleon. How could they call the votes of a few départements the voice of the whole people? Were they, he continued to ask, better Revolutionists than the authors of the Declaration of Rights of 1793, and *they* laid it down that the sovereignty of

the people lay in the whole people, and that when that sovereignty, existing in the whole, was violated, insurrection became justifiable. If one department might elect Louis Napoleon, another department might elect the Prince de Joinville, or the Duc de Bordeaux; and if all the other departments protested against such an act, the sovereignty of the people in its *ensemble* should be respected. He approved of the act by which the Bonaparte family had been reinstated in their rights—it was a magnanimous act, and worthy of the Republic; but when they found, with respect to one member, a flagrant conspiracy against the Republic, they were called on to maintain the law, as it existed, against him. He then went on to state, that an examination was going forward which had led to arrests. At Paris there was a system of organized seduction, by which persons were entrapped, in order to form a new Imperial Guard; money was distributed; wine given in profusion to drink the toast of the Emperor Napoleon. An attempt had been committed the day before in their own neighborhood. They might have all heard, as he had, between the Porte St. Denis and the Porte St. Martin, the cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* Three Napoleonist journals had appeared within the last few days. In presence of such facts their duty was clear. They should maintain the law of 1832.

Ledru-Rollin and the Government were beaten. And now a word about Ledru-Rollin. Notwithstanding that I was under the influence of prejudice against this gentleman, entirely on account of his public conduct—a prejudice too generally shared, to make the avowal a shame—I must confess that his oratorical power took me by surprise. Sincerity of conviction is admittedly a main element of oratorical success, and there could be no doubt of the sincerity of Ledru-Rollin's love for the Republic, and of his apprehension of a second Bonaparte. The Revolution had thrown up many men, but of those who had hitherto lain in obscurity, very few proved of any value, even in the way of talent. The names that still shone out most conspicuously were old familiar names. The Republic had not yet found its incarnation. The nearest representation of its spirit seemed to

be Ledru-Rollin. In his novel position, this revolutionist exhibited qualities, such as almost caused him to be regarded as a new man. The Chamber of Deputies was not his sphere. He entered it under the repugnant fame of a prosecuted, and if not pardoned, neglected speech. Violence so great, as to provoke the arm of the law, and so pointless, as on mature reflection to inspire but contempt, proved but an unpropitious herald. Nor did the new hero, who aspired to the leadership of the Republican party, inspire much reverential dread. He looked a man that would elbow others out of his way, take the first place by storm, lose his breath, slip and tumble, amidst jibes and laughter.

His person is large and bulky, his face full, round, and ruddy, his eye small and restless; and, taken altogether, one would say that he was a jovial, reckless fellow, full of animal spirits, who, while aspiring to lead, was likely to become an instrument in the hands of acute schemers, whose bidding he would do, be that bidding what it might, rather than not be chief. His nature is rather thoughtless than bad; but capable of badness, through a readiness to accept, as inevitable necessities, the most perverse rules of political conduct. He might be used as the powerful, blind battering-ram of factions, to level the walls of the State, but never could he rise to the rank of an intelligent leader, or evince firmness sufficient to act as moderator. M. Ledru-Rollin possesses one quality, which of itself explains much of his showy, but ephemeral success. He has concentrated his attention upon one subject—that of the history of the Revolution. He knows it in all its details. He has it at his fingers' ends. Few Frenchmen ever so concentrate their faculties upon one point; more generally do they imitate the versatility of their Voltaire, aspiring to be thought acquainted with all possible subjects.

In this respect they differ widely from the Englishman, whose characteristic boast is that he knows his business, and feels no sense of humiliation, but often the contrary, that he knows nothing else. This generality of range makes the Frenchman the more agreeable talker, but the worse doer. He skims the field,

but can not sink the mine-shaft. A debate on foreign politics will set a multitude of French deputies on making a tour of the globe. In the English House of Commons, it is listened to with languid inattention. For the same reason, a question of law that would excite all the interest of the English Parliament, because of its local personal bearing on individual rights, would pass unheeded in the Chamber of Deputies. The English like law debates; the French rail against *avocasserie*. Ledru-Rollin would be shocked to learn that he possessed any quality in common with Englishmen, yet he owes his influence to the limited but accurate range of his information regarding the great Revolution. The best, perhaps the only good speech he ever made in the Chamber of Deputies, was his last. It turned upon a law of the Convention. M. Hébert, the Minister of Justice, sought to justify the prohibition of the right of public meeting by a law of the Convention, of doubtful application, and which had fallen into disuse. The Minister had, moreover, broached some flagrant heresies, and had, by the arbitrary character of his doctrines, tended not only to precipitate the Revolution, but to give it the sanctity of violated principles, warranting any sacrifice for their assertion on the part of a spirited and free people.

M. Paillet, an eminent member of the Paris bar, and a very elegant speaker, was walking to the tribune, when Ledru-Rollin, with characteristic audacity, sprang before him. It must be confessed, that if the evidence of perfect aptitude for the task he had undertaken, could justify his assumption, he stands acquitted of the charge of gentle violence, which his eminent legal rival might have brought against him. Instead of declamation or sarcasm, M. Ledru-Rollin confined himself to a clear, terse exposition of the law, and with perfect tact and judgment, estimated the effect to be produced on the public mind, by an easy confutation of the Minister of Justice. It was from this opening, made from the firm footing of law, that we next see Ledru-Rollin leading the armed democracy into the temple of his own triumph. As the Revolution formed all his knowledge, so was it his passion; he worshiped its excesses, with the blind partial-

ity of a lover; and as it was natural for such an admirer to imitate, and choose for himself a model from his own mythology, in which the Dantons, Couthons, St. Justs, and Robespierres, were the Jupiters, Neptunes, and Apollos—he chose Danton, and so acted, as if according to some metempsychosis, the spirit of the great tribune had passed into his own not less Herculean frame. Ledru-Rollin desires to pass for the Danton of February, and he has so far succeeded, that he is to Danton what 1848 is to 1793. The former is to the latter, what a tragedy on the stage is to a tragedy in real life; only that there did happen in this instance, what sometimes has occurred before the curtain—the buttons slipped from the foils, and real blood was shed.

A people too long steeped in voluptuousness, and who pant for enjoyments after the over-excited sensibility has been relaxed, get a taste for crime, colored by romance. Besotted voluptuousness in power has marked the coming fall of scepters and thrones, by cruelties. A besotted people acts in the same way, unless restrained by the authority and example of some sound part. When Louis XIV. passed the plow over the monastery of the enlightened, but ascetic Jansenists, he gave full rein to license and bigotry: when he revoked the Edict of Nantes, he deprived his people, in the same way, of the wholesome rivalry of Protestant example. Priesthood and people alike ran rapidly into corruption, and the consequence was, the catastrophes of 1793 and 1794. There was a gloomy grandeur in the crimes of the Convention, calculated to stimulate the jaded fancies of a well-read, but ill-taught generation. The theaters of the Boulevards, the Roman-*feuilleton* of Dumas and Sue, the hybrid German-Gallican-Spanish horrors of Hugo, had left their coppery taste on parched and thirsty tongues. A real drama was wanted, of which Paris should be the theater, with a general license of imitation to the provinces. The only difficulty was, as to the cast of parts. So many had been deifying Robespierre—the last chant of Lamartine, which, from making him high-priest of his fame, converted him into the high-priest of February—that intoxicating melody confounding the groans of the guillotine;

this, with more prosaic efforts, had raised up a host of candidates for the part.

Louis Blanc appeared to have distanced all competitors ; but although only one grown viper might look triumphant, there was yet a full nest, with ready poison and ready fangs. There were fewer candidates, although still too many, for the Heberts and Couthons. There was but one for Vergniaud, the orator of the Girondists ; and no one disputed the claim of Ledru-Rollin to Danton. One reason was, that Danton was but the rude pioneer, the unintelligent precursor of his more subtle pseudo-philosophical rival. His death was but the removal of the machine, that, having battered the wall, lay an obstacle in the breach, across the tide of the advancing victors. Another reason was, that there were few who could dress the part.

Even French Revolutionists can not turn out a large stock of very big men. Ledru-Rollin was big enough to fill the part to which he aspired. He wanted the lion-like roar of his awful prototype, and, affecting it, made himself hoarse ; so that, after a short while speaking, if the eyes were shut, the ears would fancy that they listened to the croaking of a gigantic frog. Let him roar like any nightingale, our Bully Bottom never could inspire terror, or create any impression more unfavorable than that of an *enfant brutal*. When the rude, blustering *bon enfant* had possessed himself of the sword of State and the key of the treasury together, people naturally feared that the joke might be carried too far. The quantity of unaccounted-for money that had been spent was something real, although the brandishing of the sword might give no more than fright ; and at length sober people began to conclude that Monsieur Ledru-Rollin was a very dangerous man. Like Danton, he was a politician—not a Socialist. He had nothing in common with the Blancs, Leroux, and Proudhons—the Cabets, Raspails, and Blanquis. His idea of revolution was not spuriously philosophical. He wanted to create armies of the north, and armies of the south. He panted to see the Republican flag, red or tri-color, borne at the same time over the Alps and across the Rhine. He panted to deluge Germany with troops, and give the hand to the Poles, on the understanding

of destroying Monarchy in Europe. He adored even the assignats. He would re-enact the Revolution, with all its consequences. He would continue the Convention, and make it perpetual. In all this he was thoroughly in earnest, and so far had the advantage of earnestness; but, as he was obliged to tamper with Socialist and Communist sects, whose doctrines he could not comprehend, and must have hated and despised for the obstacles they threw in his way, so did his earnestness give way to temporizing, for which he was unfitted, and by degrees he became weak, and more weak.

Upon the day which first brought Ledru-Rollin before us, he appeared to most advantage. He was not at that period compromised by damaging negotiations with Socialists. He had the feeling of the thoroughly Republican part of the Assembly with him against the threatened Empire. And was that Republic, for which he had so long, and at length so victoriously struggled, about to merge into a new sort of Monarchy? Was it to be sacrificed to the shadow of a name—to a popular delusion? Had they been engaged in making for themselves a trap into which they were to fall, amidst the laughter of the world? So thought, so felt, so feared, the disciple of Danton; and in the reality of his fear he became eloquent, touching, powerful, and rose to the dignity of first champion of the French Republic. The Assembly responded to every sentence—the audience and the orator were at home; as he felt, they felt; as he spoke, they responded; he was master of the Assembly. As he descended, he was complimented by a throng of admirers; he was congratulated, and embraced, and—beaten. The mysterious murmur of the rising *émeute* shook each hand as it dropped the ball into the urn. Nevertheless, the orator had fairly won a triumph, and it was his greatest, and indeed last; for he was nearer the edge of dismissal than he could have dreamed.

We have seen that upon occasion M. Ledru-Rollin could assume the cold manner of a law pleader, and adapt himself to the proprieties of parliamentary discussion. As a demagogue, he ought to be effective; but, curiously enough, the Revolution that opened wide the Clubs, and gave the thoroughfares to spouters of

all kinds, has not proved favorable to that style which would appear so popular in its character. M. Ledru-Rollin has warmth, fluency, look, action, such as ought to strike a mixed assembly; but he has not drunk at the well of the new philosophy; his brain does not reel with the mystic materialism of the school of anti-property and anti-family profligates, who fancy that they are filled with a holy fanaticism. He sees too clearly what he wants, although that which he wants is extravagant and unattainable. The gentleman, the man of the world, the sharer in the pleasures of society, the sympathizer with the conventionalisms and rules of the civilized world, all cry out against him. Not being a moderate Republican, and not being a Socialist, he is nothing. The huge painted reputation that was to have borne the flag of the Red Republic aloft, has already burst,—M. Ledru-Rollin has ceased to be any thing in the revolutionary world.

CHAPTER XIX.

LOUIS NAPOLEON RESIGNS—HIS LETTER EXCITES ANGER—BILL AFFECTING OLD OFFICERS CAUSES DISSATISFACTION—FATAL COLLISION AT GUERET—PIERRE LEROUX, THE COMMUNIST.

It was fully expected that, on the following day, Wednesday, the 14th, some communication would have taken place relative to the vote admitting Louis Napoleon. It was known, in fact, that the Executive Commission of Government had held a consultation with Ministers, on the propriety of resigning. The design was abandoned, and, by a tacit agreement not to embarrass the Government at such a moment, no notice was taken in the Assembly of the rumors afloat.

The next day was not, however, to pass over without a scene. The debate turned on Algeria, which it was proposed to assimilate to France, a proposition resisted, and not carried into effect when the Chairman announced that he had received a letter from the Citizen Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. This letter, from the extraordinary emotion it caused, we beg to introduce.

“London, 14th June, 1848.

“Monsieur le Président,

“I was about to leave for my post, when I learn that my election serves as a pretext for deplorable troubles and fatal errors. I have not sought the honor of becoming a representative of the people, because I was aware of the unjust suspicions of which I have been the object; and I should feel even less disposed to seek for power. If the *people impose duties upon me, I shall know how to fulfill them*; but I disavow all those who lend me ambitious intentions, such as I have not. My name is a symbol of order, of nationality, and of glory; and it is with the greatest pain I should see it serve to augment the troubles and divisions of the country. To avoid so great a misfortune, I should prefer

remaining in exile: I am ready to make any sacrifice for the sake of the happiness of France. Have the goodness, M. le Président, to communicate this letter to my colleagues. I send you a copy of my letter of thanks to the Electors. Receive the assurance of my distinguished sentiments.

“CHARLES LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.”

This letter excited indescribable indignation. General Cavaignac, then Minister of War, said that his emotion was so great that he could not give it adequate expression. What he remarked, he said, in a piece destined to become historical was, that the word Republic was not once mentioned. This remark was hailed with shouts of *Vive la République!* M. Baune exclaimed, that he would protest against the declaration of war made by a Pretender. They did not fear an 18th Brumaire. This was met by loud cries of “No—no!” and “Let him come and try it.” M. Anthony Thouret signalized particularly the phrase, “If the people impose duties upon me, I shall know how to fulfill them;” that phrase he considered a call to revolt against the French Republic, and demanded, on the instant, that Louis Napoleon be declared traitor to his country. M. Flocon disdainfully reminded the Assembly that they did not manifest emotion on the 15th of May, and ought not now to exhibit such before an individual. The Minister of War moved, that no resolution should be taken on the spot, but that they should adjourn till next day. M. Jules Favre, who had been mainly instrumental in having the election of Louis Napoleon ratified, moved that the letter be placed in the hands of the Minister of Justice. The Minister of Finance supported the motion for adjournment, contemptuously telling the Assembly that they were, by their anger, doing the Pretender too much honor. M. Duprat denounced the address to the Electors as factious.

The Commander of the National Guards next ascended the tribune, and stated that to-morrow, if his information did not mislead him, it was probably a battle in the streets they might have to fight. He would advise them to be prepared for a battle as well as a discussion to-morrow. This announcement pro-

duced much additional agitation, which, when it had a little subsided, General Thomas proposed that they should declare that whoever took up arms in the cause of a Pretender to despotism, and for foreign gold, should be pronounced a traitor to his country. This was hailed with acclamation. The Finance Minister rose, amid violent tumult, to state that measures amply sufficient for the preservation of the public peace had been taken, and that the Assembly might adjourn till next day, when he was quite sure there would be no battle; upon which this agitated Assembly separated at seven o'clock, amid cries of *Vive la République!*

When the Assembly met the following day, the renewal of the debate relative to Louis Napoleon was stopped by the following letter of resignation:

"London, June 15, 1848.

"Monsieur le Président,

"I felt pride in having been elected representative of the people of Paris, and in three other departments. It was in my opinion an ample reparation for thirty years' exile, and six years' captivity. But the injurious suspicions to which my election has given rise, the disturbance of which it was the pretext, and the hostility of the Executive Power, impose upon me the duty of refusing an honor which I am supposed to have obtained by intrigue. I desire order and the maintenance of a wise, great, and liberal Republic; and since I involuntarily cause disorder, I deposit, not without regret, my resignation in your hands. Calmness, I trust, will now be restored, and enable me to return to France as the humblest of citizens, but also as one the most devoted to the repose and prosperity of his country.

"CHARLES LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE."

This letter caused no particular mark of interest, although it relieved the Assembly from the renewal of an unpleasant discussion. The Assembly took up an election petition, and concluded with Algeria. The city too, presented no deviation from its habitual scenes, and all apprehension about Louis Napoleon,

appeared to have subsided. How well it is we can not read the future, and are allowed to enjoy things as they come ! So flat a termination of a formidable incident warrants a flat remark.

With the resignation of Louis Napoleon, the city returned to an apparent state of tranquillity, and his name seems to have passed out of recollection, as if the whole incident was but a lively episode, the interest of which had served only to form a momentary diversion from the main plot of the revolution.

The proceedings in the Assembly, on Saturday the 17th of June, were sufficiently animated. There was, in the first place, a sharp discussion with regard to a petition addressed by a number of officers of rank, who had been forced into retirement forever from active service, by a decree of the Provisional Government—a measure which gave great offense to the superior officers of the army, and tended to turn them against the Republic. The measure was, however, maintained ; for it was the members of the Provisional Government that were still in power.

A more serious subject, because it bore upon the passions of the lower order—already in such a dangerous state of fermentation—was that introduced by the new Communist member, M. Pierre Leroux, relative to a collision that had taken place in the department of La Creuse, owing to the resistance of the people to the collection of the 45 centimes additional tax, imposed by the Provisional Government in its financial necessities. At a place called Gueret, the people converted a tree of liberty into a gallows, by suspending to it a rope, replaced the tri-color by a black flag, and announced that any person committing the crime of paying the odious impost should be hung. The National Guards were called out, and after an irritating parley of some hours, a couple of shots came from the crowd, on which the National Guards fired, when ten were killed, and five wounded. Such was the circumstance that the lately-elected Communist member for Paris brought under the notice of Government, and the Government could only deplore so fatal an occurrence, while it was declared to be impossible to renounce the tax.

M. Pierre Leroux had already made a speech on the subject

of colonizing Algeria—a fruitful subject for a practical statesman. The French are not gifted with colonizing powers; they have not the patient industry and laborious self-denial suited for colonists. Paris is the paradise of Frenchmen, and to leave it, is exile and misery. In Paris the well-instructed and refined find salons; and the workmen, clubs. All find promenades and theaters; all are easily indulged, and all must have indulgence. The animal spirits of Frenchmen are of the light, effervescing kind, that run off in chat, gossip, and criticism, and play off their emotions on kindred spectacles and bespangled puerilities. It is all expansion, and no concentration—no settled and deep purposes, long looked at, and calmly resolved. The consequence is, that the northern coast of Africa, opposite the shores of France, and forming another arm of that basin to which the wealth of the old world converges, to whose banks on all sides civilization has repaired—that tempting, gifted country, the site of old Carthage, the residence of Saint Augustine, the early seat of Christianity, is, after eighteen years in the hands of the French, what barbarism has made it! In their hands it is a vast military hunting-ground, like that torn from the Ameeers of Scinde, in which the wild sons of the desert are the prey. It is a mere military possession—a burthen and a drain on France; a fiery furnace, in which her young conscripts are annually devoured; a school of demoralization for her army, perhaps by way of compensation; a safety-valve for Europe. It is an outlet for French enterprise, but a shame to French ability.

M. Pierre Leroux, when treating this vast subject, treated it exactly as he did the *émeute* at Gueret, and, in fact, as he did every other question on which he subsequently spoke. M. Leroux would think of nothing, or speak of nothing, but his own model scheme of society. He saw in Algeria a fine theater, where to establish a colony of Communists. He saw in the fatal collision at Gueret, evidence afforded of the hollow foundation on which a perverted civilization, as he took it to be, stood. The workmen of Paris had taken a dreamer from his closet, and made him their representative. Among a set of Germans, who had passed their lives in the seclusion of a university, smoking and

building cloudy realms for the imagination to wander in, Pierre Leroux might have found disciples. Among a set of tradesmen he proved a bore—*ni plus ni moins*. A less dangerous Diogenes never rolled his tub into the haunts of civilized men. His appearance was that of a man innocent of the ways of the world, and absent even to the point of forgetting the wash-hand basin and brush. Beneath a prodigious mass, or mop of black hair, as wild and entangled as the brushwood of a virgin forest, slumber a pair of misty, dreamy eyes, while the spectator's ears are regaled with the sounds of a sing-song voice, going through an interminable history of human society, from the earliest days to the present times, for the purpose of showing that the world has hitherto been on a wrong social track, and struggling in the toils of a great mistake. So little have Leroux's treatises been read, that a couple of speeches were listened to with comparative attention. By degrees they began to be as tedious as twice-told tales. The auditory would begin to doubt if they had not heard the same sentences before. Memory, that people call treacherous, by a modest self-application, proved doubly treacherous with regard to her devoted worshiper, Leroux, all whose efforts proved to be but one well-learned theme. No; he did not learn his lesson by heart, but used to read it. If he did not tax his memory, as we were by a strange lapse of our own forgetting, he was not sparing of his industry, for he used to commit to paper his endless dissertations. One day, however, a wicked wight, determined to extinguish our light, produced one of the philosopher's printed books, and proved that the essay or speech to which they had been listening was a mere transcript by the philosopher himself from his printed publications.

Pierre Leroux never well recovered this blow. When he attempted to read afterward, a resolution was gravely proposed that no books should be read at the tribune. Well do I recollect the scowl with which the philosopher slowly ascended the Mountain.

The return of Leroux was an indication of a dangerous state of feeling among the lower orders; but a better antidote to his pernicious doctrines could not have been afforded than his invest-

ment with power, which enabled him to make himself and his books equally ridiculous by a public performance in the National Assembly.

Let us conclude with an example which paints of itself the mind of this fantastic monomaniac. In a project of a Constitution which he published, there appeared the following odd article :

“ *Article 100.*—Poplars shall be planted, and kept up with care, in all the communes of the Republic. The State shall have for its seal a cylindrical altar, surmounted by a cone, on which shall be a spherical ray. This seal shall be placed in the hands of the National Management, to be stamped, *en relief* of wax, on all treaties with foreign nations, and on all laws. Each of the three corps of the representation shall have for seal one of the *solides* of Revolution, whose unity composes the seal of the State. The Executive body shall have for seal the cylinder, or its cubical profile ; the Legislative Corps, the cone, or its profile, the equilateral triangle ; the Scientific Corps, the sphere, with rays, or its profile, the circle surrounded with rays. The seal of each of these three bodies of the national representatives shall be placed in the hands of the president of the corps, to be applied to all its acts.”

CHAPTER XX.

M. MARRAST.

ON Monday, the 19th of June, M. Marrast ascended the tribune, with a draft of the Constitution in his hand. We shall speak more of M. Marrast, for the present, than of his work. This gentleman owes his fame and his position to the *National* newspaper, which in his hands suffered nothing from the reputation it had acquired by its having served as the political pathway of Thiers, and the powerful organ of Armand Carrel. If the coarser, although not bolder hands, of the disciples of Godefroy Cavaignac, in the *Réforme*, thrust the mob upon the devoted *Gardes Municipaux*, who were butchered in the Château d'Eau—beckoned on the infuriated victors to the Tuileries, and then led them, intoxicated with triumph, to the Chamber of Deputies, and from thence to the Hôtel-de-Ville—it was the successor of Armand Carrel who had prepared the way for such surprisingly facile triumphs.

Godefroy Cavaignac and Armand Carrel loom through the past like the demigods of Republicanism. The former leant to Socialism; the latter was a pure Republican, who regarded the social institutions of society as the results of feelings and habits venerable and sacred; and to be modified by society as it advanced, instead of being savagely dealt with by the State. Cavaignac and Carrel were on the point of separating, because the latter would not accept the doctrines with which the former was affected, rather than imbued, for he eventually yielded to the clear reasoning of his commanding friend.

The successors of Cavaignac in the *Réforme* took up the discarded errors of their master, which fitted their coarse natures perfectly. Marrast and his friends remained true to the teachings and example that had been set them. For years before the Revolution of February, the *National* newspaper was, beyond

all comparison, the most attractively, if not the best written in France. It was singularly terse and graphic. The year 1847 gave ample scope to the chief writer of this formidable journal; it was a year of corruption in all classes—the year of persecutions of Ministers, and their associates and agents—of disgusting exposures, of rapid speculations for sake of boundless luxury. The *National*, while treating these matters with perfect power, yet did so with perfect propriety. There was intense disgust, but the feeling was never allowed the freedom of coarse or overstrained language. Neat was the operation, and skillful the exposure. It was the hand of science that laid bare the plague-spots. Calm and earnest, but, oh! how cutting was the language of this journal, all through this melancholy year! It could be playful too, and never so dangerous as when in play. How slyly would a corner of the château drapery be raised, and the public allowed to peep at the performance of some family intrigue—political, of course. It would not be fair now to revert to scenes that might be summoned to deserted halls, under the shadow of misfortune.

If the *Réforme* did the rough work of knocking down the pillars of the Monarchy, and did it easily, it was because the *National* had corroded them. If there was no fervor of friendship, no sympathy, no zeal to answer the royal summons in the hour of need, it was because a subtle dissolvent had been operating too long, and had made the heart dry, and unnerved the hand.

Marrast is the Voltaire who preceded the Revolution of February. Well for him would it have been that the analogy had become perfect, by his not being called to make himself an actor in the work he did so much to prepare. Marrast, from having been so popular, is now one of the most unpopular of public men, and yet I could never learn why. Before the Assembly met, Marrast was well spoken of. It was said, that at the Board of the Provisional Government he had manifested remarkable ability; that he had prevented many sad mistakes. The best proof that there must have been good foundation for the favorable opinion entertained of Marrast among the better classes is, the fierce

hatred that the Socialists began to evince toward him, because he had, in fact, defeated their designs. It is on record, that when Barbès, Blanqui, and their adherents, forced their way into the Hôtel-de-Ville, on the 15th of May, after the invasion of the Chamber, the cry was, "We must finish with Marrast!" The object of their search was at the time surrounded by a strong body of friends in a room, which was not discovered, where they were determined to sell their lives dearly, for they were well armed.

As the moderate Republican became unpopular, not only with the Socialists, but with all other parties, so Marrast suffered proportionally in repute, for he was believed to be the virtual adviser of the different moderate administrations that succeeded each other from June to December. In order to complete our picture, we must anticipate a little the order of time. M. Marrast was elected President of the Assembly, and immediately installed in the princely residence, allotted under the Monarchy, to the President of the Chamber of Deputies. He at once fixed his weekly reception night, on which his salons were thrown open for company, amid a blaze of light and luxury, such as would not probably be witnessed at Washington in the official residence of a Polk, or a Taylor. The palaces of the ex-royal family were obliged to pay tribute to the Presidency, and sconces, vases, and bronzes spoke eloquently to the taste and love of luxury of the ex-editor of the *National*. It was said that it was not only in the salons destined to the reception of the public, that were found these regal spoils. This might be scandal. The silver cradle of an heir to the Crown, rocked to Republican dreams, it was said, the offspring of the monthly President of the Assembly. The brevity of the official tenure of office, added to the ridicule. It was so like making the most of an unaccustomed feast. It was the amusing dream of the cobbler's wife in the play and pantomime, who, in her brief assumption of the fine lady, does make the most of her opportunity. Ridicule is killing in France—our Voltaire the second handled the weapon with too much effect, to need being told that; and yet blinded by his own evil star, he was weak enough to give his enemies a ludi-

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crous handle. Envy had much to do with all this, for the friends of Marrast urged with truth, that at a moment, when there was a suspension of *soirées*, to the ruin of the *petit commerce*, the man who set the *marchands* selling gloves, and shoes, and dresses, and revived the motion of hackney-coaches, was doing the State some service.

To add to the confusion of Marrast, he asked for an increase of pay, that he might spend more for the pleasure of honorable members, and for the benefit of the good citizens of Paris, and was refused. His good intentions were not even acknowledged. Although M. Marrast was a Republican, and had suffered imprisonment and exile for his opinions, and although not a whisper had ever been breathed against his probity, yet he had a merdional love of music, fine arts, and luxury, and was consequently a poor man. There is something of theatrical pomp in his air and manner. His entry into the National Assembly, so slow and measured, while he rolled his remarkably fine black eyes about, reminded the English spectator of Kean the lesser: his manner of taking the chair in the Assembly was so awfully dignified, as to make one smile. Yet his mode of conducting business was a great improvement on that of his predecessors. He abandoned the odious hand-bell, which, whether in the old Chamber, or in the new Assembly, used to be the sole noisy, stupid resource of parliamentary chairmen. It was about as happy an expedient, as if a big dog was set to bark to silence a pack in chorus. Marrast ruled the house by his eye, which he directed toward the most noisy; and by nominative appeals, accompanied by some slyly satirical allusion, but by no means offensive, generally succeeded in a task, under which a stronger man of less tact and art, would have succumbed. Marrast would have probably been more happy in this sort of by-play, had he been encouraged; but urbanity formed no characteristic of the Assembly. The rising play of his features was but too often checked by some individual burst of savage rudeness, which he could bear well, or spiritedly repel, if necessary. The repeated re-elections of this gentleman to the Presidential chair, showed how much the Assembly valued his real merits. The greatest

compliment of all, was afforded by the Committee of the Constitution, which confided to his practiced pen, the preparation of so important a document. When he appeared in the tribune, our readers must now be aware—the Assembly had not to encounter the awful brow of a Solon or Lycurgus. The French had, with characteristic appreciation of the fitness of things, chosen an *homme d'esprit*, to lay the foundation deep in time of their Republican Constitution.

The author did his work neatly, as might have been expected, and gave out all the articles in a delicate, flute-like voice, that, had the subject been a chapter of Racine, would without doubt have been effective. This Constitution, he it remarked, was produced on the first day of a week, which was to be marked by one of the most fearful insurrections of which history makes mention. It would not be easy to determine how far this project of a Constitution might have been an element in the causes that led to this insurrection. Perhaps it was regarded with profound indifference; perhaps no greater weight was attached to it than that of being the enunciated proof of what the workmen had already long known, that the *droit au travail*, which alone gave the Republic or the Constitution any value in their eyes, formed no part of the design of the Committee, over which the ex-editor of the *National* presided. Had the *bonnet-rouge* triumphed, the first victim of Socialist rage and disappointment would, in all probability, have been this man, whose whole life had been devoted to the cause of Republicanism.

More practical and positive motives than appear in a mere string of maxims, artistically attached into a code of political duties, are now gathering upon us, and give to our notes of the next few days a considerable degree of interest.

CHAPTER XXI.

VICTOR HUGO—LEON FAUCHER—DEBATE ON THE NATIONAL ATELIERS—AGITATION WITHOUT—MANŒUVRES OF THE CLUBS TO PRECIPITATE THE INSURRECTION—APATHY OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES, AND ITS CAUSES.

THE state of the national *ateliers*, which had been frequently referred to of late, in discussions arising incidentally, and generally expressive of dissatisfaction, was formally brought before the Assembly on Tuesday, the 20th of June, upon a demand for a grant of three millions of francs. It was Victor Hugo who opened the debate. This celebrated writer was returned for Paris only a little while before, among that strangely contrasted batch of members to which we have had occasion to point attention.

Victor Hugo had been created a Peer of France by Louis-Philippe, a short time only before the fall of the Monarch, and it was fondly hoped by his admirers, that the Upper House had been gifted with a Lamartine; which would have been a right royal gift. Victor Hugo was to have been a Lamartine only in the sense of an oratorical and literary rival. As a politician, his presence was to have made, what Hugo rejoices in so much, an antithesis. His steady Monarchical brilliancies were to have outshone the eccentric Semi-Socialist flashes of the wandering star, that, having visited all systems, and dallied a while within the sphere of their influence, resumed its lonely way through sublime solitudes, until it found a more powerful attraction in Robespierrian Republicanism—Robespierre with the idea *bien entendu*, and without the guillotine. Victor Hugo, it must be said in plain terms, failed in the Chamber of Peers. His eccentric bearing was not suited to an Assembly, where *convenance* presided with extreme rigor. Elderly gentlemen, who had passed into the Chamber through the magistracy, or the ministry, or the

stern discipline of the camp, did not view with much favor the entry of a writer, whose freedom with history and, what is more sacred still in the eyes of even French courtiers, with language even, was not atoned for by his genius. That dangerous shaft, a *mot*, was shot over the head of the poet, more *spirituel* than any thing he had ever himself said ; for Victor Hugo, with all his acknowledged power, is not *spirituel*. By an allusion to the name of a tragedy which is one of the most absurd and grotesque perversions of history on record, and in reply to the question, Why did the King make Victor Hugo a Peer ? it was said, *Le Roi s'amuse*. The qualities which had unfitted the chief of the romantic school of literature for the exclusive *bon ton* of the tribune of the Peers, might perhaps have served him with the National Assembly, only that he had been a Peer, and one so fresh from the hands of Louis-Philippe.

An ode on the birth-day of the Duc de Bordeaux stood registered likewise against him ; for it is one of the responsibilities, as it is one of the penalties of genius, that no act it ever does can ever be covered with oblivion for sake of personal convenience. Genius is doomed, by the rigorous fame awarded by the *vox populi*, to a glorious consistency of conduct. The great man can not be exhibited in fragments—he must be seen all of a piece. The brighter the light, the darker the spot, and the more fascinating to the eye. The poet laureate of the legitimate Heir to the Crown might, after a certain lapse of time, pay court to the Monarch of July ; but it would be a temptation to public faith, to proclaim too abruptly his new-born Republicanism ; a greater still to see him turn, with the levity of disappointed self-love, to a rising Imperialism. There can be no harmony in such a life, although it should be passed in the melody of the sweetest versification ; nor could the richest painting of the imagination give tone to such patchwork.

M. Victor Hugo is a born actor. His writings have the florid varnish of an acted style. The high gifts with which he has been endowed by Providence, have been perverted into a sleight of hand dealing with language. Where he might have soared, he has stooped to pick up odd discoveries, and make the

queerest contrasts. His mind has become a kaleidoscope, and his tongue can only utter puerile conceits. He believes that he has discovered the antithesis; or that at least he has revealed its power, and he thinks, speaks, and acts, by a sort of double key—a new-found harmony created from a forced consonance of things, the highest with things the most mean. He swoops from an Alpine altitude, to pick up a bauble; and although he may display agility, he is no longer the eagle looking unblenchingly at the sun. In the Chamber of Peers, the Vicomte Victor Hugo acted with an overstrained, deferential courtesy. In the Assembly he tried to put on the air of a great champion, at one moment of the Republic, at another of endangered society. His large, prominent, fair, and remarkable brow, would seem charged with frowns; his voice would issue like avenging thunder, and his gestures perform their fitting accompaniments of extravagance. Yet he failed. With a good appearance, good voice, commanding action, and high fame, Victor Hugo utterly failed. More than once has he been driven from the tribune by clamorous impatience. Why? Because he is an actor; because he is artificial, vain, and inconstant; because he thinks more of himself than of his cause; because he is not animated by a lofty, self-sacrificing sincerity.

It is remarkable how few of the popular novel writers of France found their way into the National Assembly. Alexandre Dumas tried constituency after constituency, and failed. Eugène Sue, whose romances were written with a view of advancing Socialist doctrines, and which were imprudently admitted into such journals as the *Débats*, *Presse*, and *Constitutionnel*, was mentioned on some lists, but hardly attracted attention. Victor Hugo, who did find his way into the Assembly, received little respect. Dumas and Sue certainly did much to corrupt, the one the morals, the other to pervert the ideas of the reading and play-going public—and what part of the Parisian public is not *feuilleton*-reading and play-going?—and by this double corruption to prepare the *Révolution Démocratique et Sociale*; and yet these precursors of ruin were thrown aside into obscurity and neglect the moment that their disciples began to put their doctrines into

practice. Their own tales present no moral so good. The fanatic may find favor, but never the mere corrupter. With this introduction of Victor Hugo, we come to his speech regarding the national *ateliers*.

He acknowledged that those *ateliers* were the result of a necessity. Nevertheless, he could not conceal from himself that the money expended on them was so much lost. The result of four months had been nothing, or rather worse. The Monarchy had made *oisifs*—the Republic, *fainéants*. Such *fainéantisme* was fatal to civilization in Constantinople or Naples, but never would the reading and thinking workmen of Paris act like Lazzaroni in time of peace, to become Janissaries for a day of combat. Having paid many handsome compliments to the Parisian workmen, he proceeded to show that the civilization of Europe would be affected by the deterioration of the character of the Parisian populace. What Rome was formerly, he considered Paris to be now. What the *thinkers* of Paris prepared, the workmen of Paris executed. The workman was the soldier of the idea, and not of the *émeute*. It became, therefore, necessary that the national *ateliers* should be transformed promptly from a hurtful into a useful institution.

While the orator was thus indulging in general reflections, he was interrupted by voices reminding him that they were all agreed as to what he was saying, but wanted a practical plan for accomplishing what all equally wished; but the orator could only throw out those general recommendations which were on every tongue, although by few expressed so eloquently. What added, he continued, to his inexpressible grief was, that while Paris was struggling in her paroxysm, London was rejoicing—her commerce had trebled; luxury, industry, and wealth had there found refuge. Yes, England was seated laughing at the edge of the abyss into which France had fallen.

This speech resumed with completeness the vain prejudices of the *café*. Paris, the modern Rome—although Rome was the powerful organizer of ancient times—although Rome gave municipal government, and multiplied life throughout her members, while Paris can not colonize abroad, and the French have yet to

learn how to manage their local affairs without a full reliance on the capital! Paris, the great initiator in literature and philosophy!—although she has borrowed not only from the classics, but from England, from Spain, from Germany—and notwithstanding the attempt to revive the diatribes of the *café* against England, and re-excite popular hatred, which had subsided in presence of the calm impartiality and perfect good faith of England, while France was in the throes of her revolution! It is enough to say that the character of the statesman was in this speech.

One of the most prosaic and practical of men, M. Léon Faucher, rose after Victor Hugo. This gentleman had long been distinguished for the unwearied industry with which he applied himself to those economical questions, to the perfect understanding of which he attributes the commercial prosperity of England. He had visited the seats of our manufacturing industry. He had plunged boldly into our blue-books, through whose voluminous details he threaded his way sagaciously. He attended public meetings, conversed with public men, and gave to France the result of his labors in a couple of sound, well-written volumes, which have raised and established his fame. From England, M. Faucher returned a free-trader, and with his usual energy and strength of conviction labored to break down the narrow and exclusive, the miserably exclusive spirit, in which French commercial laws are conceived. With the wise little Duc d'Harcourt, he founded a society, which was the first effort made in France at getting up a regular series of public meetings for the discussion of political questions.

M. Faucher is a man of healthy mind, and high courage—of which his appearance at this moment on the unpopular side of a most dangerously exciting question, might in itself be taken as proof. He entered at once upon the details of the question. They knew, he said, how from 13,000 men, who at first had been received in the national *ateliers*, the number had swelled to 120,000, which had been reduced to 105,000 or 107,000 by the late *recensement*: but what they did not know was, that there were from 50,000 to 60,000 persons at that moment demanding admission. Misery had in fact, invaded all classes, and

if they did not take care, all Paris would be sunk in it, and the provinces would soon follow. The case at that moment was, that one half of society was living on the other. He had made inquiries, and found that the national *ateliers* could not provide work for more than 10,000 persons. It was therefore an illusion to talk of assistance given in the shape of labor; it was charity under another name. He would prefer, therefore, while they were waiting more radical remedies, that they should give what they did give as charity, instead of under the form of pretended labor.

Having adverted to certain measures contemplated by Government, such as the resumption of railways by the State (we shall make separate reference to his treating of that subject), M. Faucher proceeded to say, that upon taking a census of the national *ateliers*, he found that there were in them from 40,000 to 50,000 persons connected with the different branches of building, and he argued, that the only way to give these men adequate employment would be to revive the business of building, which was then dead. The question, then, resolved itself into a revival of credit and confidence, and in order to do that, they should begin by erasing from their laws and decrees, all the bad principles that had been introduced into them—those attacks on property which had thrown the country into trouble and affright. So long as the State would not pay its debts and establish its own credit, so long would private credit be rendered impossible, and without credit there could be no work.

The state of the *ateliers nationaux*, the state of trade and commerce, and indeed the whole state of society were so succinctly put forward in this speech of M. Faucher, that it is unnecessary to pursue the subject further. What is most important for our present purpose to observe is, that it became evident to the workmen in the *ateliers* themselves, and to the Government, that the system would no longer be tolerated. The Assembly granted the demand, but added an article to the bill, that for the future no larger sum than one million of francs could be asked for at one and the same time. It became then incumbent on the Minister of Public Works to find some means of thinning those establish-

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ments; nor was he taken unawares, for he had already made arrangements for sending several bodies of men to the provinces, to work at the *canalisation* of the Marne, and the Upper Seine, as well as on roads and buildings.

As the sitting of Wednesday, the 21st of June, was devoted to miscellaneous subjects, we may pause here for the purpose of following out the consequences of this discussion and vote affecting the national *ateliers* and the Clubs.

It was not within-doors to-day, but without, that the interest really lay. Great agitation was remarked in the Faubourgs, as well as in the national *ateliers*. * An immense mob collected before the Hôtel-de-Ville, and the police were beaten and ill used. Active agents from the Club of the *Droits de l'Homme*, the organizers of the coming struggle for the *République Démocratique et Sociale*, and some of the recognized chiefs of the movement passed the day in negotiation back and forward between the national *ateliers* and the Faubourgs. All means were put in force to stop the departure of the brigades or companies of men destined for the works of the Marne, the Upper Seine, and other places. They were told that the country people were ill using those who had already departed.

A company of these men who had gone as far as Fontainebleau, where they were to have been met by agents from the Government, with the necessary instructions and advances of money, either from having been made to wait too long, or acting on previous instructions, grew, or pretended to grow indignant, returned to Paris, and helped to swell the excitement and agitation. A meeting had been fixed for the following evening at the Place du Panthéon, for the actual purpose of settling the question of insurrection, which, indeed, under any circumstances, was only one of time. By an artful move, to take place previously, it was so combined that the resolution to appeal to the god of the barricades should be made to seem to depend on acts of the Government—for the worst party pays unconscious homage to the spirit of peace and humanity by desiring to appear to be provoked. The combatant ever seeks to have the sun at his back!

A large body of workmen went to the Luxembourg, the seat

of the Executive Commission of Government, and close, as our readers know, to the Place du Panthéon, and demanded an interview with M. Marie, who, as Minister of Public Works in the Provisional Government, had organized the national *ateliers*. M. Marie, as was probably foreseen, refused to receive such a host, but allowed a deputation to be admitted. A few forming the deputation had an interview with this member of the Executive Commission, in which they conducted themselves with premeditated insolence. One member of the deputation interfered so grossly while M. Marie was remonstrating, that the latter exclaimed: "Surely you do not allow yourselves to be the slaves of this man?" The compromising expression that was wanted, was now found; the deputation returned, and falsely proclaimed among their companions, that the Minister had called them a set of slaves. Orders were immediately issued to have about sixty persons arrested, which orders were not executed, for in point of fact, the police agents were generally disaffected. The mob outside continuing to menace under the very nose of the Government, was dispersed by the military, only to scatter over the Faubourgs, and through the national *ateliers*, the perverted word of M. Marie, "slaves," which was to serve as the tocsin of insurrection, and the insurrection was resolved upon.

This, then, was the situation of things. The Revolution of February, effected by surprise, had to be bolstered up by a series of expedients and delusions, which led, as a matter of necessity, to a struggle, either that society might be replaced on its old footing, or carried further into fresh adventures. This supposes that there were two parties, neither of whom viewed with favor what had been established: the one wishing a return to, if not to a past order of things, at least to a past order of ideas; the other desiring to launch into the unknown. If the latter party did not exist, the Republic would probably have fallen before the regularly organized determination of the former. The fear of losing all Government, and of seeing society thrown into a state of chaos, kept the friends of order to the side of the Republic, but with a dearth of zeal, which gave great advantage to the insurrection.

It was only when it was seen that society was menaced with barbarism—that the two hours' pillage threatened in the Assembly, on the day of the invasion of the 15th of May, was literally to be accomplished—that the rich quarters of Paris, comprising the 1st and 2d arrondissements, at one side of the water, and the 10th, or aristocratic Faubourg St. Germain at the other, were doomed to fire, blood, and rapine—that the National Guards rose against the barricades, which their apathy allowed to be erected.

The National Guards cared little for the Government, but they did care for society. We are now to seek the causes of this apathy of the middle classes, in the very debate, that by a singular coincidence, opened on the evening of Thursday, the evening preceding the insurrection, although the subject, in its simple prosaic designation, will hardly strike the reader as having the magnitude that really did belong to it: the debate was on a project of law, introduced by the Government for the resumption of railways by the State.

The principle of forming companies for the carrying on of public works, was but little understood in France only a few years ago. So little, indeed, had the French advanced in commercial enterprise, that England, Germany, and even Belgium, hardly divided by a perceptible boundary from France, were covered with railways, before this great country, pretending to take the lead in civilization, could exhibit more than a few leagues of rail connecting Versailles and St. Germain, with the capital. The cause lay chiefly in the habits, that the system of centralization had rooted in the people, of an entire dependence on the Government for the execution of public works. The Government of which Marshal Soult was the head, and Messrs. Guizot and Duchâtel the animating and virtual chiefs, determined to introduce the English principle of *association*, as it is now called, for the carrying on of great enterprises, and to begin their experiments with railways. The principle had, like most new principles, to be connected with the old. The Government struck out the whole scheme of railways, executed, through the instrumentality of its own admirably organized corps of engineers

of the *ponts et chaussées*, the preliminary surveying ; undertook to execute all scientific works, such as tunneling and earth-works, and masonry ; and then invited the formation of public companies, for taking by public biddings, the several lines, on condition of laying down rails, building carriages, and station houses, and working the traffic for a given series of years.

The idea was good ; for if the principle once took, there could be no doubt of its extension to other undertakings, and France would find herself eventually launched into those grand commercial enterprises, which employ the activity that used to be wasted in military contests. The French, owing to the great subdivision of property, and their little acquaintance with the new principle, were rather indifferent at first, and it so happened, that their more enterprising and richer, and in this respect, at all events, better informed neighbors, the English, became the shareholders and proprietors of some of the first lines that were made. The advantages became so apparent, that the apathy manifested at first, turned into a fury of speculation. The Bourse became so crowded that an early attendance was requisite for those who wished to secure a corner in this handsome temple of Mammon. The days of Law and of Mississippi fury were revived, and the summer of 1846, when England was bitten with the railway mania, saw France running wild in the same career of grasping delusion.

It must be confessed, that in the vast market of railway share buying and selling, the greater number were actuated by a mere love of gambling, and the corruption of which the public press was so vehemently complaining, received so great a stimulus from this new method of gratification, that it served to excite a prejudice against the system, and to attach a large party the more strongly to the old plan of centralization. The readiness of the French to take to gambling was not evidenced by the sole historical example of what took place under the Regency of the Duc d'Orléans ; a similar fury prevailed at the time of the great Revolution, and was exercised even under the Terror, with desperate effrontery in the matter of flour and bread, the excessive scarcity of which, made them regarded as most precious in the

sense of gambling materials. It is probably in consequence of the manifestation of this disposition, that the Puritans of the Republican party have ever discouraged the introduction of speculation, which they think diverts the people from the exercise of their warlike instincts, on which they fancy that the influence of France and her greatness depends.

The duel between Girardin and Carrel, had its rise in the severity with which the latter dealt with the former, because he treated newspapers on commercial principles, to the degradation of the press. The successors of Carrel in the *National*, proved determined enemies to the introduction of the principle of association, and contended that the State ought to make the railways, and apply the profits to the benefit of the State. Such doctrine was but little attended to. The principle of association prevailed, and when the Revolution of February broke out, the savings of the trading classes were found to be extensively invested in railway undertakings. When the Republicans in power manifested a disposition to take the railways into their hands, it may be said that they were acting consistently on their own doctrines; but it may be with force advanced, on the other hand, that there is a wide difference in the situation which presents itself before and after the *fait accompli*. Property had run into that channel, and had settled in it, and could not be diverted without inconvenience and loss. A great portion of the property belonged to Englishmen, and was secured by public faith, and there had grown up ties between the English and French commercial classes of so beneficial a character, that it would be unwise to tear them asunder. Such a disturbance of affairs could not take place without causing deep dissatisfaction to all whose interests were either mediately or immediately involved. But it so happened that the previous financial acts of the Republican Government were such as took out of view and destroyed the benefit of principle, on which they might otherwise have claimed to have acted, and placed this measure in the light of one more desperate expedient, added to the long series of make-shifts by which they were trying to keep society from falling asunder; a remedy, in fact, of that sort which only becomes another form of disease.

It was not the railway question alone that was before the public. A few days previously the Finance Minister gave notice of an intention on the part of the Government, to take up Insurance Companies, and become themselves the life-insurers, and insurers against accidents by fire, for all France. This measure was more startling than even that connected with railways. Taken by itself, the railway resumption plan might have been defended on special grounds, but this measure affecting Insurance Companies, carried with it a principle which would have justified the State in abolishing all public companies of every nature and kind, or rather of seizing upon and appropriating their carefully elaborated machinery, for the sake of turning private profits into State revenue, with an augmentation beyond all bounds of State patronage. The question how far corruption, keeping pace with augmented means of patronage, would not be worse than any prejudice derivable from private speculation, may be left out of view, for sake of the alarming Communist principle involved in such schemes.

The main doctrine of the Communists and Socialists, it needs to be borne in mind, for carrying out their principles, consists in throwing the whole direction of the community upon the Government. There is this much simplicity in Communism, that it accepts fully and without reserve or qualification all the consequences of its principles. Society had never to deal with a foe of more straightforward audacity. If all men are to have an equal share of all property, there must exist somewhere a superintending power, charged with the surveillance of this distribution. It is from this power, be it called State or Government, that property must be derived, and in whose hands property must settle.

In a Communist State, which is democracy carried to its extreme consequences, the Government would be the managers of the firm, a chosen Committee or Board of Directors, and as such should be the chiefs of all enterprises, the receivers of all profits, and the declarers of the shares to each and all alike. There is this advantage in dealing with Communism, that no time need be frittered away in preliminary explanations. We know what we

have to deal with. The arguments turn upon consequences and results, for there is no difficulty in the statement of premises. Now as this Communism hovered over the Republic—as it was its danger, as well as the danger of Society—any step made in advance toward it by the Republican Government, gave evidence of fear, or compromise, or treacherous intent, and filled society with trebly increased alarm.

The railway resumption-plan, taken in connection with the Insurance Company seizure-plan, and read by the light which the latter threw upon it, took a moral magnitude of the most fearful proportions. These two measures were the application, so far as they went, of the means indicated by the Communists, for the political carrying out of their plans with regard to society. The Government would have shrunk, perhaps, from the admission that any such principle had entered its head. But it is no comfort to society to be told that Government is blind to the extent to which a false principle, no matter how unconsciously adopted, may lead it. No one would have believed that, having seized upon one public company for sake of its profits, it would not seize upon another and another; and this effect would at least have followed, that having, by the resumption of railways, destroyed the spirit of association, as borrowed from England and applied by the Monarchy, and having banished foreign capital, the Government would also have destroyed private companies or firms for commercial purposes, and reduced commerce to mere huxtering. The Government had, on sundry occasions, marked its hostility to what it was pleased to denominate the aristocracy of finance. It had declared, that it had no bowels of compassion for capitalists. The Finance Minister drew a line of distinction between the claims of the depositors of money in Savings' Banks, and those who had discounted the Treasury bills.

The former were treated with more consideration than the latter, because it was presumed that the holders of Treasury bills could not be poor. Be the fact true or false, it mattered not; a principle was let loose, and in language and tone, that showed hostility to capitalists. And whatever feeling of justice or humanity might have lain in the distinction between the two classes of

plundered Savings' Bank depositors, and plundered and withal insulted Treasury bond-holders, this feeling was neutralized by the concession that it implied to Communists, Socialists, and Red Republicans, all of whom, however differing on other points, were agreed in their war against capital.

The discouragement under which the middle classes were laboring, at the moment when the insurrection broke out, may account for the apathy manifested by the National Guards in the first instance, and for the ease with which the insurgents were allowed to make barricades. The question was, as we have before indicated, introduced on Thursday, the 22d of June, and after an elaborate debate, adjourned to the following day. Thus, while the insurgents were preparing for their battle, the state of parties in Paris was such as to authorize their encouraging the wildest hopes. All who could leave Paris had gone. All wealthy strangers had quitted in fear and disgust. All wealthy natives had, with few exceptions, retired to their chateaux. Commerce was dead; the middle classes profoundly discouraged, and estranged from the Government; the police filled with the disaffected myrmidons of Caussidière; the feelings of the National *Garde Mobile*, formed of the *enfants de Paris*, and turned into a civic form to take them out of harm's way, suspected. The Government itself, without moral force, tampering with the enemies of society on the one hand, and showing hostility to the *bourgeoisie* on the other; the workmen without employ; the idle, the disaffected, the licentious, the hardened convict, all swept and gathered into licensed gangs, armed and practiced in the use of arms; moved by the mysterious orders of Clubs, with the traditional revolutionary prestige that hung over the names of Jacobins, and Rights of Man; officered by the officers of the national *ateliers*, whom they were accustomed to obey, and commanded by well-skilled leaders. For the fanatical, there was the kindling abstraction of Communism; for the licentious, the wealthy or reputed wealthy quarters of the city for plunder, and the freest reading of the rights of the assailants of a sacked city.

The greatest crisis in the history of modern civilization had come; and if we might be allowed to put into abstract forms,

and, as it were, spiritual incarnation, those great communities whose interests were involved in the battle of June, we might imagine the Genius of Berlin, and of Frankfort, and of Vienna, and of all those historical cities of Italy, so full of accumulated treasures, the bequests of ages, watching and waiting the result of a struggle on which depended the widest spread desolation and mourning, and whose sole chance of cure would rest in another irruption of northern barbarism—the spear of the Cossack, to cut the proud flesh of degraded minds and morals.

CHAPTER XXII.

INSURRECTION OF JUNE—FIRST DAY, THE 23^d—THE ASSEMBLY.

WHEN the Assembly met on Friday, the 23^d of June, at one o'clock, the barricades had already been raised, and blood had flowed. The insurrection had begun. Its extent was not, however known, and its real nature but imperfectly understood. Business was proceeded with as if nothing was occurring out of doors of more importance than a vain disturbance, which would be easily suppressed. It was not until General Lebreton, who, having disposed of a question relating to pensions, made a proposition that a deputation should go among the troops, that a hint of the real state of things was dropped. The proposition was received with marks of impatience, especially from the ultra-democratic benches, and a series of notices of laws, and drafts of decrees, were read, of the coldest and most unexciting description. In the midst of an uninteresting conversation, the President begged to interrupt proceedings to make a communication, which was, that news of a most satisfactory kind had reached him from all parts of Paris. Two barricades, that had been raised in the Rue Planche-Mibray, a street near the Hôtel-de-Ville, had been taken by the Republican and National Guards, marching together, and the barricades raised on the boulevards and quays had been demolished without much trouble. There had been some firing at the Porte St. Denis. The Garde Mobile at the post Bonne Nouvelle had spontaneously fired on the insurgents. It was said that some shots had been fired from windows in the Rue de la Hachette. The Hôtel-de-Ville was surrounded by an imposing force, and, in general, the *émeute* had met but little sympathy from the population.

Having made this satisfactory communication, the President of the Assembly withdrew, in order to return, as he said, to his post; and the Assembly, with well-assumed *sang froid*, resumed

the debate on the Railway Resumption, which the *bourgeoisie* called, in their hearts, the Railway Robbery Bill. The discussion had made some progress, when it was interrupted by the appearance of M. Flocon, Minister of Commerce, who wished to inform the Assembly, in order to satisfy some questions he had heard raised, that the members of the Executive Commission were at that moment seated in council within the precincts of the Assembly, naturally become the center of action, in order to watch the course of events outside. The Minister proceeded to say, that the insurgents were composed of all the enemies of the Republic, pushed on by the hands of the foreigner, and sustained by foreign gold. For this audacious assertion, by the way, the British ambassador demanded and obtained an apologetic explanation from the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who, in a letter, handsomely acknowledging the good faith of the English in all late occurrences, threw his colleague unceremoniously overboard.

M. de Falloux next rose to present a decree for the dissolution of the national *ateliers*. It is a curious coincidence, that the Assembly should be engaged in two measures, the one so hateful to the *bourgeoisie*, the other giving the last blow to the illusions of the working people, on the very day that both classes were in arms against each other. M. Corbon presented a decree that he deemed calculated to take the sting out of that proposed by M. de Falloux, and which went to authorize associations by workmen, for the sake of carrying on enterprises on their own account—the State making advances of money in the first instance, in order to encourage such attempts. This led to a confused and angry discussion, showing how little the proposition was generally relished, and it ended in an understanding that a day would be fixed for debating the matter. This incident being over, the President announced that he had received several letters from the Prefect of Police. They were to the same effect as that which had been made previously, and pointed to a prompt suppression of the *émeute*. M. Creton then presented himself with a project of law, the object of which was to call on the Ex-Provisional Government for an account of expenses—a sore and irritating point—which threw the friends of Ledru-

Rollin into a passion.' This matter was disposed of by reference to the Financial Committee, and the debate on the Railway Resumption Bill was regularly resumed. Three long speeches, stuffed with figures and calculations, had actually been made in the coolest possible fashion. A worthy citizen representative was at length interrupted by the entry of the Executive Commission of Government, with General Cavaignac. It might then have been about four o'clock; and, as if to inspire the Assembly with feelings of seriousness about interests more valuable than even railway property, a tremendous thunder-storm began. At first the thunder-claps were taken for a moment for discharges of artillery, and a panic seized all hearts. General Cavaignac asked leave to speak, and the tribune was vacated by the railway orator, not to be resumed again. The General, in a low, mild voice, which is now remembered as remarkable by those who were present, mentioned that the insurrection had begun in the Faubourgs St. Denis and St. Martin; that troops had been sent there sufficient to maintain order; and that there was nothing of any consequence to be apprehended for the moment in that quarter. There was still insurrection and strife in the Rue St. Antoine, and part of the Rue St. Jacques; but measures had been taken to conquer resistance, and he hoped soon to have satisfactory news to communicate. The disposition manifested by the troops, National Guards, and Garde Mobile, was excellent. As soon as this tranquilizing communication had been made, Garnier Pagès ascended the tribune. At this moment the rain fell in torrents, and beating on the slight roof of the temporary wooden building, in which the Assembly was seated, rendered it necessary for this gentleman, to pitch his weak, shrill voice to its utmost stretch. His manner betrayed that there was something more serious and dangerous at work than had been indicated by the gentle demeanor of the man of war. He said the time was come for acting, not speaking; that they should act with force and energy. Vigorous measures had been taken, and measures more vigorous still were in contemplation.

It was generally expected that a speech so vehemently delivered, and so charged with promises of vigor, and menaces of

punishment, would have terminated by the announcement that Paris was declared in a state of siege. But, no !—there were words, and nothing but words ; gesticulation, and nothing but gesticulation. Action !—the action of mountebankism ; and the Government sank in estimation.

M. de Lamartine made a short speech, which sounded like a call for confidence in the Government. The President of the Assembly proposed that they should sit *en permanence* ; and as this was so far a practiced resolution, it tended to settle the wildness and uncertainty with which the Assembly was filling. M. Bonjean urged that the representatives should go among the troops, and his persistence caused a tumult, which was put an end to by a suspension of the sitting till eight o'clock.

In order to understand what had been passing, and that we may be able to pursue the proceedings of the Assembly, with which we have chiefly to do, we will proceed to take a view of the insurrection.

Any one who has viewed Paris from an elevated point will recollect, that the banks of the Seine, on which the city is built, rise to a considerable height on each side of the river. The insurgents took up a position which extended from the Barrières Rochechouart and Poissonnière, lying close to each other, on a very high point of the right bank, to the Panthéon, situated on the highest elevation of the left bank. The barrières on the right bank, and the Panthéon on the left, formed the fortified wings of the insurgent army. The main body lay in the Faubourg St. Antoine, which was the citadel of the insurrection. The principal object of the insurgents was to gain the Hôtel-de-Ville ; above which their main line, cutting the city in almost two equal parts, would have run.

If we suppose the insurgents to descend the right bank, by the Rue Faubourg St. Martin and Rue St. Martin on the right, they would pass through the Rue Planche-Mibray a little in advance of the Hôtel-de-Ville ; and if we suppose the insurgents to descend from the Panthéon by the Faubourg St. Jacques and the Rue de la Cité, and crossing the bridge, they would meet exactly face to face, and give each other the hand. An insur-

gent body, descending at the same time by the Rue St. Antoine; would take the Hôtel-de-Ville in the rear; and that building, regarded as the head-quarters of all revolutionary government, would be enveloped, and the victory won.

General Cavaignac knew beforehand the nature of the battle he would have to fight. He was aware that the Club leaders openly boasted of having an army of 100,000 men, composed chiefly of the national *ateliers*, and that a struggle had been resolved upon. He had determined in his own mind not to pursue the errors that had been committed by the Generals of Charles X. and Louis-Philippe; and he substituted a plan of concentration of troops for one of dissemination. This plan he submitted to his friends, General Bedeau and General de Lamoricière, and it received their approbation. Taking his measures accordingly, orders were issued to the troops stationed in the different barracks in the immediate neighborhood of the city, that they should, as soon as they received intimation respectively of the *émeute* having broken out, march directly to the positions specifically understood, and which were the Hôtel-de-Ville and the National Assembly. These orders were obeyed with such precision, that the soldiers passed through the barricades which they found erected in their way, without stopping to throw them down; so that at an early hour of the day the General had his troops under his hand, while orders were transmitting by the telegraph for reinforcements of soldiers and National Guards; so that, should it have so happened that he could not hold the city, he would have retired outside, and awaited the arrival of those succors that he knew to be on their way. The soldiers were provided with provisions for some days, and the cavalry had ample provender for their horses. We saw the General at the Assembly at four o'clock, which he immediately left to commence active operations, by marching at the head of seven battalions, taken from the forces concentrated at the National Assembly, to the relief of General de Lamoricière, who was engaged in the Faubourg St. Martin. Why he took that direction is plain. The Hôtel-de-Ville was protected, because it was one of the points of concentration; there were considerable forces on the

left bank, because the Luxembourg, which was the seat of Government, lay close to the Panthéon, and could not on any account be allowed to fall into the hands of the insurgents. His first concern would then be for General de Lamoricière, who was engaged in the faubourgs of the right bank, into which he had marched in the morning, at the head of a small force of a couple of thousand men. His intention was to leave some of those troops with Lamoricière, and then proceed to other points. He found, however, that while the latter was contending with the insurgents in the Faubourg St. Martin, the Faubourg du Temple had risen on his right, and it became necessary for General Cavaignac to cover that General's menaced flank.

A canal runs across the Faubourg du Temple, over which there is a bridge for carriages; and, raised to a considerable elevation, there is another bridge for pedestrians, in order that they should not have to wait while the lower bridge would be opened to allow boats to pass. At this place the houses form a semi-circle at each side, from which streets radiate, and these streets were barricaded, and some of the houses held by the insurgents. General Cavaignac mounted this high bridge, and for several minutes was the mark for showers of bullets, while he coolly took observations. He descended unhurt.

On ascending the Faubourg du Temple, you come to the Rue St. Maur, on the right; and as the street runs directly into the Faubourg St. Antoine, the citadel of the insurrection, it became of the utmost importance to the insurgents to bar the passage, and they did so with an almost impregnable barricade. It resisted a cannonade of several hours, during which nearly all the men at the guns were killed, as well as the horses. The first gun was for a moment abandoned, and then a second gun was brought up. So obstinate was the resistance, that General Cavaignac had to send for reinforcements to General Lamoricière; and it required a movement, by which the barricade was turned, before it fell into the hands of the troops.

Not far from this street, General Foucher, attacking barricades near the Barrière de Belleville, was wounded, and General François received his death. A horse was shot under Pierre

Bonaparte. Four superior officers were wounded. At this time General Lamoricière had conquered, apparently, the insurrection in the faubourgs. The first shot that had been fired on the right bank was at the Porte St. Denis, some time about eleven o'clock in the morning. The barricade was taken by the National Guards; and by the time that Lamoricière came up, the affair was over. Having entered the faubourg, which he cleared with extraordinary vigor (for the courage of the General was most heroic throughout) he turned to the left into the Faubourg Poissonnière, across which an immense barricade had been raised, from which the insurgents were beaten into the Place Lafayette, in which is situated the magnificent Church of St. Vincent de Paul, and near it the *débarcadère* of the Northern Railway. This place forms a circle, from which streets radiate, all of which were barricaded, and defended from the houses as well; here the battle raged for an hour and a half, and the insurgents, beaten, fell back on La Villette; so that, at the time General Cavaignac had to call on Lamoricière for assistance, the latter was in possession of the Faubourgs St. Martin, St. Denis, and Poissonnière.

At ten o'clock at night the sitting of the Assembly was resumed for the purpose of receiving a report from General Cavaignac. The gallant General, in his accustomed quaint way, stated that he regretted that he had not complete details to afford them. He had counted upon being able to remain all day in the neighborhood of the Assembly to receive the different reports, but so serious a resistance had broken out in the Faubourg du Temple, that he had felt it his duty to lead there the greater part of the forces that were around the Assembly. He could not therefore tell what had passed in the Rue St. Antoine, or in the Rue St. Jacques, but he would go there directly, and communicate his information to the Assembly. At that moment the troops were masters of the Boulevards to within a quarter of a league of the Temple, without having met any serious resistance. The resistance had been more serious in the Faubourgs Poissonnière, St. Denis, St. Martin, and especially in the Faubourg du Temple. General Lamoricière and General Lafontaine had, with the troops he had left them, been able to master the three first-named

faubourgs. The resistance in the fourth, so unfortunately energetic, had been completely surmounted. The portions of the town between the Boulevards and northern barriers were, to his knowledge, subdued in point of fact—but he had no doubt the insurgents would recommence if left to themselves. Measures had, however, been taken to prevent them.

Having made this communication, the General disappeared. M. Garnier Pagès added some further information. He said that M. Arago had marched at the head of the troops engaged in the twelfth Arrondissement (the Panthéon quarter), that he had mounted several barricades, in order to parley with the insurgents; that having vainly summoned them to surrender, he was obliged to have recourse to cannon; that at that moment the insurgents had possession only of a few points in the eleventh and twelfth Arrondissements, and he had no doubt that General Damesme, who commanded in that quarter, would the next morning extinguish the insurrection on that side. He mentioned that he had himself been over from the first to the eighth Arrondissements inclusive, and could say that throughout the circulation was free. M. de Lamartine had accompanied General Cavaignac in the Faubourg du Temple, and shared his dangers. He paid a like compliment to General Lamoricière, and stated that he had no doubt that the only barricades on that side, those of the Faubourg St. Antoine, would be taken in the morning. He announced that General Thomas, commanding the National Guards, had been wounded. General Bedeau, commanding at the Hôtel-de-Ville, had also been wounded. Two members of the Assembly, M. Dornès and M. Bixio had both been grievously wounded, (the former mortally), and he concluded with an assurance of the persevering activity of the Government.

After he had spoken, M. Degoussée demanded the arrest of the anarchical Journalists, and some called for the state of siege, on which M. Duclerc, the Finance Minister, who also had been present at the Faubourg du Temple, rose and said, that the Government would not have recourse to a *coup d'état*. It being then midnight the sitting was declared suspended until eight o'clock the following morning.

When General Cavaignac left the Assembly, he proceeded immediately to the Hôtel-de-Ville, where he found General Bedeau, who had been wounded at seven o'clock, and having received from him an account of the measures that had been taken to clear the environs of this great center of operations, he remitted the command to General Duvivier. A more judicious appointment could not have been made, for it was this officer who had organized the *Garde Mobile*, which was in much force on this point.

General Cavaignac next proceeded to the Sorbonne, the headquarters of General Damesme, to whom was committed the command of the left bank, and he found this gallant officer, fated to fall the next morning, quietly seated on a *borne* of the Rue de la Harpe. The interview between these two soldiers in that ancient narrow street, remarkable for possessing the remains of the Roman baths of the Emperor Julian, hallowed as the highway of ecclesiastical and philosophical scholarship, and now the Boulevard of more savage barbarians than those who extinguished Roman civilization—this interview was more interesting than that which awaited the Minister of War on his visiting the Presidency of the Assembly at two o'clock in the morning.

We have already had glimpses of some members of the Provisional Government: M. de Lamartine braved the barricades like a soldier; M. Garnier Pagès scampered through the streets, making speeches to the National Guards; both one and the other had to encounter the most chilling regards and cold dissatisfaction. The sensitive poet, it is said, would gladly have retrieved his errors by a glorious death. We shall find that fine old man, and great master of science, M. Arago, acting with his usual energy, but for the present we must accompany General Cavaignac. Having reached the Presidency, and done there what was necessary, he was about to leave for his last station, the War Office, his official residence, but his departure was opposed by M. Ledru-Rollin. That gentleman's history for some hours previous, presents a curious picture of earthly purgatorial misery.

As it was necessary for some member of the Executive Commission to remain at his post, M. Ledru-Rollin did not quit the

Presidency, nor did M. Marie ; but unfortunately for the former, the National Guards conceived the suspicion that he was deep in the conspiracy, and instead of being treated as a governor, he was regarded rather as a prisoner, desirous of making his escape. He was harassed with questions, to which he could give no answer in absence of the War Minister, and his ignorance was treated as hypocrisy. It was well that he escaped safe and sound, for a member of the Assembly, M. de Maleville, nearly fell a victim to an unfortunate resemblance which he bore to the unpopular Executive Commissioner. The cool General Cavaignac did not afford the victim—relieved by his presence—the satisfaction of a sympathizing state of excitement ; he answered briefly and with propriety, according to his conception of duty under such grave circumstances, and when Ledru-Rollin protested against his going away, and leaving him exposed to a renewal of danger, he threw himself on a sofa, and sought for a revival of energy in a short sleep.

Having followed the operations on the right bank, and kept in view the imposing figure of Cavaignac—the man destined to save French society in its greatest hour of peril—we now propose to notice the corresponding movements of the insurgents on the left bank. We have already mentioned, that supposing the insurgents of the right bank to descend the Rue St. Denis, and the insurgents of the left to descend the Rue St. Jacques, they would both meet immediately above the Hôtel-de-Ville, at the Pont Notre-Dame ; but to reach this bridge, there is another bridge to be crossed, leading still in pretty nearly a right line from the Faubourg St. Jacques to the Rue de la Cité, this intermediate street being on an island. It became important to defend this bridge, called St. Michel, and here, consequently, one of the severest engagements of the first day was fought. At an early hour of the morning, the 11th Legion of National Guards assembled before the Luxembourg, where they remained several hours in a state of inaction, during which such excited controversies prevailed among them, that a collision was apprehended. To put an end to such a state of anarchy in a legion of that force to which the defense of society was intrusted, a Captain of the

3d Company marched to the scene of action, followed by the 4th Company, the officers of the latter being many of them Red Republicans. They marched to the Pont St. Michel, on which they took up their station, close to that gloomy receptacle in which are exposed bodies found murdered, called the Morgue. From this they could perceive that on another bridge, a little lower down, called from its small size the Petit Pont, which connects the quay with the Hôtel-Dieu, and Notre-Dame, an enormous barricade had been raised, upward of eight feet in height, and so strongly built that it could only be destroyed by cannon.

At this time a company of soldiers appeared, and while the officers were deliberating firing was heard. A detachment of the Garde Républicaine had attacked the barrier from the side of the hospital. Instead of proceeding to make a diversion, the officers of the National Guards began to dispute, some showing that their sympathies were with the insurgents, and the opportunity was lost, for after a fight of about twenty minutes the Garde Républicaine withdrew. The Captain of the soldiery called on such of the National Guards as were well-disposed to join him, to advance against the barricades which protected that end of the Faubourg St. Jacques. The attack was made, and the barricade was found to be impregnable, except to cannon. All this time, General Bedeau was attacking the barricades around the Hôtel-de-Ville, while General Damesme was clearing the neighborhood of the Sorbonne, and the approaches to the Panthéon—which was destined subsequently to be attacked—with the intention then of uniting their forces eventually, for a move on the Faubourg St. Antoine on the one side, while General Lamoricière came down from the other.

It was to General Damesme that M. Arago joined himself, and acted in the way described in the communication made to the Assembly by M. Garnier Pagès. It was in the Rue des Mathurins that M. Arago mounted a barricade, and summoned the insurgents to surrender; but having failed to produce effect, a piece of cannon was brought up, and the barricade was taken. At nightfall, the barricade of the Petit Pont, already described,

was taken with cannon, and the bridge and quay of St. Michel occupied by the troops of General Bedeau.

There had been killed in the course of this day, on the side of the Government, thirty-five, and one hundred and sixty wounded, although the fighting had not commenced before twelve o'clock, and was over for the day at eight o'clock. It was evident that the fighting would be renewed next day, and that cannon would have to play a conspicuous part in the battle. Orders were accordingly issued by General Cavaignac to have cannon and ammunition brought in from the great arsenal of Vincennes, but it was no easy matter to accomplish such a task. The expeditionary party were obliged, for the purpose of diverting suspicion, and of not losing time by attacking barricades, to make a journey of four leagues and a half on going, and nearly five returning, being about three times the ordinary distance. Such then was the state of Paris on the nights of the 23d—24th of June.

On one side of the Seine, the insurgents preparing to regain the advantages they had lost; on the other, the General ready to open the morning with the siege of the Panthéon. The inhabitants of one half of the city ignorant of the formidable forces in the hands of the other half, who would, if victorious, exercise their power with the merciless brutality of the conquerors of a sacked city. The members of the National Assembly, preparing in their agitated beds, to give the last blow to a discredited Government. General Cavaignac calmly awaiting the progress of measures, the effect of which he had calculated with the science of genius. And in the dawn of the summer morning, a watchful expeditionary party moving on Paris, with artillery charged with the merciless thunderbolts of man.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE INSURRECTION, SECOND DAY, JUNE 24TH—THE ASSEMBLY.

THE sitting of the Assembly was resumed a little after eight o'clock. The President stated, that barricades had been raised and fortified in many places during the night; there was no doubt that the struggle would be renewed; nevertheless, he hoped, from the concentration of military forces that had been made, especially in the quarter of St. Jacques and in part of the Faubourg St. Antoine, that in a few hours the insurrection would be got under. Having announced the arrival of reinforcements of troops and National Guards, he proposed that the Assembly should accept a decree, by which the Republic would adopt the children and widows of citizens who had fallen on the 23d June, or who might yet fall in combating for the defense of order, of liberty, and of republican institutions. It was unanimously adopted, and the sitting was suspended for half an hour, at the end of which time M. Duprat rose and said—

“It is not in my own name, but in that of several of my colleagues, that I am about to submit a proposition that has been inspired by the gravity of present circumstances. Speeches are idle, when energetic action is required from all, corresponding to the salvation and the wants of the Republic. The following is the proposition :—‘The National Assembly decrees : Paris is in a state of siege. All powers are concentrated in the hands of General Cavaignac.’”

A sharp and confused conversation followed, which was put an end to by M. Bastide, Minister for Foreign Affairs, who rose and said—

“Citizens ! in the name of the country I supplicate you to put an end to your deliberations, and to vote as soon as possible. In an hour, perhaps, the Hôtel-de-Ville will be taken. Such is the report received this present moment.”

After this announcement the decree was adopted, although not without protests and interruptions. The Executive Commission forthwith sent in their resignation. A resolution was passed, that a delegation of members should be sent to the head-quarters of the commanding officer, for the purpose of settling the best manner of giving effect to the desires of the Assembly, that their feelings should be manifested to the Garde Mobile and troops of the line. The sitting was then suspended to one o'clock.

This morning the inhabitants of Paris had their eyes opened to the character of the struggle which was now fully developed. It was one of those sunless summer days, which weighs upon the spirits and predisposes to gloomy anticipations. Partial rumors were flying about, and for once they could be taxed with but little exaggeration. There had yet been no impediment in the way of free circulation, and the people flocking to the Place de la Concorde, or the quays, could hear distinctly the dull, heavy sound of the cannon on the left bank, followed occasionally by the hoarse roll of falling barricades or perforated buildings. The language heard among the better classes of persons was that of sorrow and disgust; very different, indeed, from that surprise, mingled with strange, mysterious expectation with which the public mind had been affected in February. By-and-by Commissaries of Police were seen in all directions, announcing the decree by which Paris was declared in a state of siege, in virtue of which all persons were ordered to return to their homes, with injunctions on no account to stir abroad. The thoroughfares were soon afterward occupied by National Guards, and no one in the dress of a civilian could walk ten paces without being accosted, and challenged as to his place of residence, to which he would be imperatively ordered to return, escorted from man to man until he entered his door. By degrees these measures of precaution became more and more strict. Females had been arrested bearing communications in their hair, and even ammunition concealed under a variety of forms. In the linings of carriages seizures had been made. There was a suspension of funerals, notwithstanding the season, on account of burials being simulated for sake of forwarding munitions of war to the rebels.

Men even feigned to be wounded, the better to effect the same object. Hawkers of lemonade and other cooling drinks were seized, on suspicion of vending poisonous drugs to the National Guards and soldiery. Signals and lights had been observed in windows, and in consequence of these grounds for suspicion, not only people could not stir out of doors, but they were forbidden to approach their windows; and the window-blinds were ordered to be thrown back, lest some spy should be making observations, or assassin meditating his aim. The ear was then obliged to do the office of the eye. There was something very sad in the mid-day silence of a usually animated city—such silence as resulted from the forced stoppage of its business and out-door life. It was much more sad when the eye, forbidden to scan the outer aspect of things, the ear took up the low-toned conversations of the National Guards on duty—the challenge to the passengers—the momentary investigation, and often the arrest and conveyance to the next post; or a carriage rapidly approaching was stopped with a menacing command, and after a long interval, the rapid renewal of its journey told it had been liberated, or its slow, that it had been arrested, and was in the act of being conducted to a jail yard. The marching of troops, the clattering of dragoons, the lumbering roll of artillery and munition wagons, told their own story. Then the communication within doors, the crowding of the domestics of the numerous families that fill a large French house, and the repeated scraps of intelligence brought by such indefatigable agents from that invincible reservoir of intelligence—the porter's lodge. As usual with people in that class, it was the horrible that prevailed. Now, it was the story of a woman caught doing some act of cruelty, such as could be imagined only by an apostasy from her sex; then, it was a Guard Mobile borne by, whose limbs had been cruelly mutilated. The reports of artillery were deafening, harrowing, or mysterious, according to points of distance. Such was Paris in one of its aspects, from the time the state of siege was put into execution, until the Faubourg St. Antoine had fallen.

The military operations of the 24th opened on the left bank, with the attack on the Panthéon, conducted by General Damesme.

Those who have visited this superb building, designed for a Christian temple, turned into a Pantheon, then restored to its pristine use, then deprived of all earthly use whatever—a monument of change, ending, like every such change, in sterility—know that it is approached from the Faubourg St. Jacques by a short, wide street, the Rue Soufflot. All do not know, however, that there had lately been pierced a new street opposite to the old, extending to the Rue de la Harpe, a circumstance which favored General Damesme's attack. Having collected his forces in this new street, Rue Nouvelle Soufflot, he opened from thence his artillery on the bronze gates of the no longer sacred temple. Fifteen hundred insurgents were stationed at different parts, high and low, and their firing, as well as that of the assailants, enveloped the façade in smoke, pierced at each instant with red flashes of musketry. The head of a colossal model of the Republic, taken off by a ball, fell ominously, just before the needful breach was made. The brazen gates yielded, after an hour's time, to the knocks of war, and the General in command ordered his soldiers to advance under cover of the houses; while, discarding his precept so far as it concerned himself, he rode up the center of the street, exposed to a storm of musketry. At this time the building called l'Ecole de Droit, commanding the entry of the Panthéon from the northwest angle of the square in which the building stands, was in possession of the Garde Mobile, who by their fire covered the advancing party, who had to climb over a high railing, and break the *grille* before the soldiers could enter. It was entered at length, and found evacuated. Within the building they discovered the headless trunks of five prisoners, the heads having been cut off by a man disguised in woman's clothes. Officers were found hung in the caveaux; and these dead witnesses conveyed a notion of the doom that awaited the city, should the savage insurgents establish their Red Republic.

While General Damesme was seizing the great fortress of the insurrection, General Duvivier was executing a work of no less importance. The insurgents, beaten from the lower part of the Faubourg St. Jacques, took up a position in the Place Maubert, in which terminates a narrow, straggling street, descending from

the left side of the Panthéon, called Rue de la Montagne Geneviève. The street which connects the lower part of the Faubourg St. Jacques with this place is the Rue Galande, and at the top of this street, at the other side of the faubourg, and close to it, is the Church St. Severin ; so that the base of a triangle, of which the Panthéon may be supposed the head, would show a strongly-barricaded and fortified church at one end, the Place Maubert on the other, with the narrow, intervening streets Faubourg St. Jacques and Rue Montagne St. Geneviève. The insurgents, when beaten out of the Panthéon, attempted to fall back on the latter street, under the idea, no doubt, that their rear was well protected. But at this time a tremendous battle was fighting in the Place Maubert, which, with the barricades of the adjoining streets, possessed a small, strong-built corps de garde in the center. The Place resisted the Garde Mobile for an hour and a half, and was only taken after great loss of life. The gallantry of the Garde Mobile shone here most conspicuously.

These important advantages were quickly communicated to the Assembly.

The suspended sitting was renewed at a quarter past 1 o'clock, when the Minister of Finance rose and stated that it was not true, as reported, that the National Assembly had been stripped of the troops necessary for its defense. He then announced, that although the fighting on the part of the insurgents was proceeding with the greatest energy, yet the latest news was most satisfactory. The Place Maubert had been taken by the Garde Mobile, as well as the barricades of the neighboring streets, by the Garde Mobile and troops of the line, and the insurgents driven toward the Home Dépôt and the Rue St. Victor. The Hôtel-de-Ville was covered by fourteen battalions, commanded by General Duvivier.

The sitting was again suspended, and was renewed in twenty-five minutes, when the President rose and delivered the following communication :—

“ Citizen President,—I have the honor to announce to you that the Panthéon has just been taken, after a sharp cannonade.

The citizen Boulay (de la Meurthe), who has just entered at the head of a column of troops of the line and of National Guard, has been good enough to make me the instrument of this communication.

“DOZERY,

“*Pupil of the Normal School.*”

The President continued,—“I have to announce to the Chamber at the same time that the barricade raised at the Place Maubert has been completely destroyed.”

The sitting was then suspended, and renewed at forty minutes past one, when some information was given of the state of things in the neighborhood of the Temple. The insurgents had been driven out of the Rue du Temple into the Rue de la Corderie. After this had been mentioned, M. de Dampierre stated that he had just learned from a colonel who had arrived that moment from the Panthéon, that 1500 insurgents had then laid down their arms. The sitting was again suspended.

At half-past two o'clock the Assembly resumed, in order to receive a communication from M. de Beaumont (de la Somme). He stated that he had been at the Hôtel-de-Ville in communication with General Duvivier, at the moment the attack was making on the Place Maubert. Before he left, it was known that the barricade had there been taken. Several insurgents had presented themselves to General Duvivier with offers to lay down their arms on conditions. The General had explained to them what was the expressed will of the National Assembly and of the Executive, and they left with a promise to repeat what they had heard, and seek to induce their comrades to lay down their arms. Citizen Bonjean recounted a trait of heroism on the part of an old soldier, in whose arms his son, already wounded, had been shot dead, on which the father called out his second son, and gave him the musket of his brother who had just been killed. The name of that heroic citizen was Leclerc. It was stated by another member that on the barricade of the Place Maubert was seized a drapeau, on which was inscribed, “*13^e barricade des ateliers nationaux, école centrale.*” In the midst of this drapeau was a bonnet rouge, on a white ground. Some satisfactory

information was given with respect to the faubourgs on the right bank, where General Lamoricière commanded ; and after a declaration from the Ministers that they only consented to hold the posts to which they had been appointed by the Executive Commission of Government, now dissolved, until the danger was over, the sitting was suspended.

We must now return to General Damesme. We left that gallant officer in possession of the Panthéon, and of the head of the street Montagne de la Geneviève, the other end of which was also in the hands of the troops : while he left to Colonel Thomas the care of following up advantages on this side, he turned to the right into the Rue de la Vieille Estrapade, of which the Rue de Fourcy is a continuation into the Rue Mouffetard, better known to the students of the first great revolution as the Faubourg St. Marceau, at all times the wickedest and most miserable quarter of Paris. Having taken some barricades, he was stopped by one at the Rue de Fourcy, and an impression having been made on it by cannon, he ordered the company of the Garde Mobile to take it with the bayonet. As their ardor did not appear equal to his own, he impatiently called on them to advance with more speed ; and, accompanying the word with a soldier's action, he received a wound that proved mortal : the command then devolved on Colonel Thomas. This deplorable event took place about two o'clock, but not until the gallant soldier had struck a decisive, although unhappily not yet final blow at the insurrection on this side. In the evening General de Bréa was charged with the command that had been held by the brave Damesme. On receiving this appointment from General Cavaignac, which seemed to be gratifying to the feelings of the veteran, he predicted that the day following, being that of his fête—for it was the festival of St. John, after whom he was called—would bring him success and happiness. Having followed up the advantages gained by his predecessor, and continued by Colonel Thomas, he made arrangements to give, the next day, a final blow to the insurrection. His prediction was unhappily for himself not to be verified, for the greatest stain of all the stains on that insurrection is connected with the fate of this gallant old man.

The Assembly continued to meet from time to time to receive communications, but none were of marked importance until the resumed sitting of nine o'clock, evening.

We have now to consider the operations of this day on the right bank of the river. General Lamoricière had, on the evening before, as has already been described, cleared the Faubourg St. Martin, and even the Faubourg St. Denis, while General Cavaignac had by his successes on the Faubourg du Temple prevented the insurgents from carrying assistance to their allies, and of acting on the flank of the gallant Lamoricière. The latter had not sufficient forces at his command to watch the whole of the large line committed to his care, and in the morning the three barriers, Rochechouart, Poissonnière, and St. Denis, were found to be turned into powerful citadels. It becomes necessary now to describe this ground in order to show its formidable character. The barriers Rochechouart and Poissonnière are at the top of the same street, and St. Denis at the top of the faubourg of the same name; both are very steep and precipitous. These barriers are quite close to each other, and a little way further on toward the west is the barrier of Montmartre, overlooked by the great hill of that name. Between the barrier of Poissonnière and St. Denis there is, of course, the barrier wall which runs here to the extent of about half a mile. On the Paris side of this wall is a piece of what would be called waste ground, only that it was now being turned to the noblest of purposes, being the site of an hospital in course of construction, which was to have borne the name of its munificent founder, Louis-Philippe. This piece of ground, called the Clos St. Lazare, was inclosed on all sides: on the north by the barrier wall, on the east by the *débarcadère* of the Northern Railway, on the west in great part by the houses in the Faubourg Poissonnière, and on the south partly by an old wall, with the spaces connected by barricades or boards. The Church of St. Vincent de Paul, which the reader recollects to have been described as situate in the Place Lafayette, the scene of a battle on the evening before, had its rise toward the center of the southern wall, from which it was separated by a short street.

The reader will now understand the importance of the com-

bats in this quarter the evening before, and how necessary it was to clear the approaches to the Clos St. Lazare, which was to the insurgents on the right bank what the Panthéon had been on the left. The Church of St. Vincent de Paul, which had been in the hands of the insurgents for some time, became now the headquarters of General Lamoricière. This Clos Lazare was a most powerful position. It was covered, as we have said, by buildings on the east and west side. The entry was defended by a wall which was pierced with loop-holes, through which the defenders could shoot down the soldiery. When entered, the obstacles to military operations were very embarrassing, for the ground was covered with blocks of stone in course of being cut and prepared for the half-built hospital in the center, and were so scattered, as to oblige the soldiers to separate as completely as if they had to scale a mountain, exposed to the fire of the insurgents concealed behind these blocks, or protected by the central building. This was not all. The barrier wall was itself pierced from the outside throughout its whole extent, and from behind this cover the insurgents could fire deliberately through the loop-holes without fear of danger. A flanking fire could also be kept up from the houses of the faubourg, while the stone building at the barrier which forms the offices of the octroi collection, was filled with marksmen. The Faubourg Poissonnière itself, between the Rue Lafayette and the barrier, was powerfully barricaded, as well as the streets running laterally into the Rue Rochecrouart; and as the force under the command of General Lamoricière was far from being sufficient for a general attack on all points, the day of the 24th was devoted principally to the clearing of the barricades in the neighborhood. It was not until six o'clock in the evening that the barrier of Rochecrouart was taken; but it was restored in the night. It was there that one of the leaders, the editor of the journal called "Père Duchesne," fell. He had ensconced himself in an angle in which his person was completely protected; and he had persons employed to load his muskets quickly that he should not lose a moment of time. Being a skillful marksman, he had shot down a vast number before he received his own death-wound. The

cambric shirt under the blouse of the workman, and the varnished shoes, excited attention, and established his identity.

While the combat raged here all day, the barrier St. Denis at the east end of the barrier wall and the faubourg, was the scene of no less severe fighting, which terminated in the success of the troops and National Guards toward evening, but not until General Bourgon was killed. General Korte was wounded as well as a Colonel of National Guards. While the fighting was proceeding on both flanks of the Clos St. Lazare, the great barricade of the Faubourg du Temple, that had the evening before defied the efforts made against it, yielded at length to a fresh attack. The bridge over the canal of which we have spoken, was held by troops. This canal proceeding westward, takes a bend a little higher up, and bisects another street, that of Grange aux Belles; it then continues a course parallel to that of the Faubourg St. Martin, from which it is separated by a fine hospital and some intermediate streets; and thus formed an obstacle to the troops. While they were holding the faubourg at the bridge, a party of insurgents took up a position at the west side at the corner of the Rue Alibert, and from behind a barricade were shooting down the soldiery, when they were perceived by the National Guards in the Douane at the opposite side of the canal, who began to exchange shots with them. The insurgents then threw themselves into a great salt store, from which they had to be dislodged by cannon.

While the Faubourg St. Denis was thus made to cause a diversion in aid of the insurgents in the Faubourg Poissonnière, holding the Clos St. Lazare and the Faubourg du Temple with the adjacent neighborhood, giving work enough to save the flank of the Faubourg St. Denis, there was a base given to the insurrection on the Faubourg du Temple by the barricades in the Rue du Temple, separated from the faubourg by the intersecting line of the Boulevards, and the streets on all sides of the ground where the Temple itself once stood—the Temple from which Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, and the saintly Elizabeth, were taken to death—all that ground was the scene of severe fighting. The lower part of the Rue St. Martin, especially about the

Clôître St. Méri, the theater of the famous republican movement of April, 1834, maintained its insurrectionary reputation. The Rue Rambuteau, which runs from the Marché des Innocens, had to be attacked by cannon. Some barricades in the neighborhood of the Place de la Bastille were destroyed; and the Church of St. Gervais, immediately behind the Hôtel-de-Ville, and forming the citadel of the Rue St. Antoine, or rather advanced redoubt against that point of all the insurgents' efforts, was retaken by cannon.

Thus at the close of Saturday evening, the second day, it was clear, that although the troops had had considerable successes on all points, there was no certainty, notwithstanding the continuous arrival of reinforcements, especially of National Guards, that advantages of a decisive kind could be obtained the following day. The Clos St. Lazare was in the hands of the insurrection; the neighborhood beyond the wall from Montmartre to La Villette, a town beyond the Barrier St. Denis, was disaffected. In La Villette there had been sharp fighting. The Faubourg St. Antoine had not been even molested. The dangerous neighborhood of Popincourt, between the Faubourg du Temple and that fortress of the insurrection, was still barricaded. The Rue St. Antoine descending to the Hôtel-de-Ville, was barricaded throughout, and every house a fortress; with the exception of those parts about the Hôtel-de-Ville in which it merged, and which were cleared; that immense street was a defile of the most formidable character in the hands of the insurgents. Their formidable positions on the bank of the river had been carried, it was true, but there still remained much to be done. The barriers, from that of St. Jacques to the main entrance of the Garden of Plants, were occupied by the insurgents, who were able to communicate by the bridge of Austerlitz with the Faubourg St. Antoine.

Such being the state of things, it will cause no surprise that, notwithstanding the public character of the communications made to the Assembly, the *situation* was looked upon by the head of the executive power to be so critical and full of peril, that he thought it his duty, in his anxiety for the safety of

the Assembly, to suggest the question, whether it ought not to remove to Versailles or some other town. The Assembly had, however, derived encouragement from the arrival of reinforcements, the advantages already gained, the devotedness shown by the National Guards, whose enthusiasm was now kindled, the fidelity and wondrous bravery of the Garde Mobile, and the honorable apprehension that the departure of the Assembly might cause a fatal panic. It was nevertheless the duty of General Cavaignac to leave to the Assembly the right of forming such a decision, and to disengage himself from responsibility by an exposure of the true position of things.

As the fidelity of the Garde Mobile proved, in fact, the salvation of Paris, it is with pleasure I remember having had the good fortune to see Hyacinthe Martin that evening accompanied in triumph to the Assembly. This lad, a tall, fair stripling of eighteen, had mounted a barricade in the Rue Menilmontant, a short street, fatal to Jean Jacques Rousseau, who did not recover his fall while descending it. But however fatal to the precursor of the first revolution, it was glorious to Hyacinthe Martin. Amid a shower of bullets he carried off the flag of the insurgents, which I saw perforated with balls. By leave of Lamoricière, the hero was sent with the flag to General Cavaignac at the Assembly, who borrowing from General Charras his Cross of the Legion of Honor, placed it on the bosom of the brave youth. "Oh, how happy it will make my father!" was the touching observation of the gallant Mobile.

The official communication made by the President of the Assembly at the resumed sitting at nine o'clock was, that the Faubourg St. Jacques had been disengaged. He had just received dispatches from General de Bréa, that the Faubourg St. Marceau had also been reduced. The barricades in the Rue Mouffetard, behind the Panthéon, had been taken, and *reconnaissances* pushed as far as the Garden of Plants. With regard to the Hôtel-de-Ville, General Duvivier, although he had from twelve to thirteen battalions at his disposal, and eight pieces of cannon, could not fully obtain the results he desired. He had, however, not only maintained his position, but had gained ground. As to General

Lamoricière, commanding the third column, he had, wherever it was possible for him to bring on an engagement, obtained complete success. The Faubourgs St. Denis, St. Martin, and Poissonnière, had been cleared to within short distances of the barrier, and the circulation in the most important parts of the faubourgs was clear. There was one point against which operations could not be vigorously carried—the Clos St. Lazare. The struggle was still going on, and force could not be brought to bear upon it until other points were completely secured.

Two barricades yet remained unattacked in the Faubourg du Temple, the troops being fatigued; but they would be attacked at daybreak next morning. M. Gerard stated that General Lafontaine had been obliged to yield his command on account of a wound received that morning at the last barricade of the Rue Faubourg St. Denis. His wound was not, however, very serious. The President resumed by reading a communication from the Prefect of Police, that the barricade raised at the Cloître St. Méri had been taken. The insurgents and the Garde Républicaine, who had taken it, had on each side considerably suffered. All the communications in the Faubourg St. Martin and near the barrier were well guarded. The artillery was pointed on the Chaussée, but the fighting continued near the Northern Railway. The Assembly then adjourned its public sitting to the next morning. What passed afterward, and which was regarded as private, has already been stated

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE INSURRECTION, THIRD DAY, JUNE 25TH—THE ASSEMBLY.

THE plan of operations for Sunday was clearly comprehended. It was considered that, owing to the advantages gained the preceding day, and with the reinforcements that had arrived, General Lamoricière would be able in the course of the day to make a successful assault on the Clos St. Lazare—the great impediment to his marching on the flank of the Faubourg St. Antoine. While General Lamoricière would be thus operating with a view to a flank attack, General Duvivier would ascend from the Hôtel-de-Ville through the Rue St. Antoine to the Place de la Bastille, so as to assault the Faubourg St. Antoine in the front, which by the combined operations of the two Generals would be thus completely invested. In order to cross the right flank of General Duvivier it was arranged that General Négrier should advance by the quays of the right bank of the Seine, which from the Hôtel-de-Ville bend toward the Place de la Bastille, the general place of rendezvous, and run almost parallel with the Rue St. Antoine, with which the quays are connected by intervening streets. General Duvivier, owing to the advantages gained in the lower end of the streets immediately above the Hôtel-de-Ville on both sides of the quay, as well as to the liberation of the Faubourg St. Jacques and all the neighborhood from the Panthéon to the quays, was relieved from all apprehension of an attack on his headquarters, and left free to pursue his course through that Khyber Pass—the Rue St. Antoine. While General Négrier secured his right flank by his parallel advance up the quays, his left had been disengaged by the successes obtained the previous day about the Temple, and between the Temple and the street through which the decisive advance was now to be made. In the mean time it was reckoned that General de Bréa, having disengaged the Garden of Plants and the barriers on the exterior boulevards,

would be able to reach the opposite side of the Pont d'Austerlitz, which connects the front entrance of this garden with the quays by which Négrier was ascending, so that both should advance up the small piece of canal which leads from these quays to the Place de la Bastille, and which is called the Boulevard de Bourbon. By this combination, should it be crowned with success, the insurrection would in the course of the day's operations be inclosed within its great base the Faubourg St. Antoine. The day did not open auspiciously, for at the early hour of seven o'clock General Duvivier received a ball in the ankle, of which he afterward died, and the command devolved on General Perrot. Nor was the Assembly without taking its share in the measures that were to determine the operations of the day. As became a constituent body appointed to lay the foundation of permanent, or presumed to be permanent, institutions, and to secure them by moral guarantees, it resolved upon an immediate vote of three millions of francs to relieve the necessitous working-people; and the decree of this munificent donation was forwarded to the different Generals for communication to the insurgents. Having performed this act the Assembly adjourned to one o'clock.

The insurgents on the right bank in the neighborhood of the Clos St. Lazare were enabled by favor of the night to resume the positions which had cost so much loss and bloodshed the day before. The barrier of Rochechouart was found to be strongly fortified, and covered by the octroi building, in which was stationed a party of insurgents. At ten o'clock General Lebreton threw a party of soldiers into the abattoirs, or slaughter-houses, which commanded the barrier, who opened so effectual a fire that the barricade was abandoned; but the insurgents retired, some into the octroi house, and others into the houses at the opposite side of the boulevard, through which ran the street de Clignancourt, which was barred by a barricade that had yet to be taken. The firing at both sides was well sustained. In the mean time an attack was opened on the barricades of the Faubourg Poissonnière, and a piece of cannon carried into the Clos St. Lazare, which opened fire on the octroi. Severe fighting was going on all this time at the Barrier St. Denis, where the troops and Na-

tional Guards suffered severely. While the battle raged thus at both flanks of the Clos St. Lazare, a detachment of soldiers cleared that wide piece of ground of the foes concealed behind great blocks of stone or in the angles of the half-built hospital. Towards four o'clock the Clos St. Lazare, the great fortress of the right bank, was taken, and the Faubourgs of Rochechouart and Poissonnière being freed, the soldiers were enabled to advance and take the Barrier of St. Denis in the rear, clear that faubourg, as well as the Faubourg of St. Martin, and thus to give a final blow to the insurrection in the Faubourg du Temple.

The difficulties in the center of the city were no less great. We have mentioned that General Duvivier was wounded, and gave up his command: his successor, General Perrot, on entering the Rue St. Antoine, saw that each house was a fortress. From behind mattresses and beds placed in the windows the protected marksmen were enabled to take secure aim. There was a flanking fire from the barricades of the side streets, and in front, barricade after barricade. It was observed, too, that in this street, where the insurgents had had two days for the completion of their plans, communications had been opened from house to house; a hint not lost on the military. The engineering corps of sappers and miners were now called into action, and thus were three lines of advance made at the same time, one at each side of the street within the houses, while the main body of troops forced their way through five powerfully constructed barricades, extending from the church of St. Paul to the top of the street. The last barricade, which separated the Rue St. Antoine from the Place de la Bastille, was constructed on scientific principles, and resembled a citadel with its bastions loop-holed to favor cross-firing. It withstood an assault of two hours, and several artillerymen were shot down while pointing the cannon which thundered against it incessantly. An old gentleman, seventy-two years of age, the Count de Feré, was the first to mount it. Encountering no less difficulties, General Négrier fought his way to the Place de la Bastille clearing both sides of the quay, the connecting bridges having been barricaded and fortified. Part of the way, the Island St. Louis, connected by

double bridges at each side, gave strength and shelter to the insurgents. All difficulties yielded to the energy of Négrier, and he kept his appointment with Perrot at the Place de la Bastille. He had hardly reached the goal of his desire when he received a ball in the head : feeling that he was mortally wounded, he said to those about him, " Bear witness that I died like a Frenchman and a soldier," and fell. About the same time General Régnault was struck treacherously a mortal blow by an insurgent whom he had seized, and then saved from being put to death. Colonel Charbonnel was also struck by a ball, of which he died. While such dearly-bought advantages were gained over the insurgents on the right bank of the river, and in the heart of the city, the left was the scene of a brutal tragedy. General de Bréa having followed up the work of his gallant predecessor, Damesme, by clearing the left bank and driving the insurgents to the barriers of the outer boulevards and Garden of Plants, determined to try what could be effected by kindly remonstrance to terminate the insurrection in that quarter : the fact of its being his fête-day filled him with benevolent hope ; and the decree of the Assembly, according three millions of francs to the necessitous, of which a copy was dispatched to him, afforded the necessary means for opening negotiations. At the barrier of St. Jacques the insurgents listened to him, and laid down their arms : he then proceeded along the outer boulevard, which, terminating at the front entrance of the Garden of Plants, would have enabled him to join the forces of Négrier by the Bridge of Austerlitz.

On arriving at the barrier of Fontainebleau, he was stopped by a line of barricades, which converted that part of the road into a citadel. The shouts of defiance launched by the insurgents, amidst cries of "*Vive la République démocratique et sociale*," convinced Colonel Thomas, who had earned some experience of these people, that it was useless to try moral means. The General was, on the contrary, quite sanguine, and rode forward with the decree in his hand, attended by his aid-de-camp, Captain Mangin, and a drummer ; a Colonel of National Guards, Desmarets, and the Military Commandant Gobert accompanied the General, although not without strong feelings of mistrust.

The insurgents affecting to listen to the conciliatory language of the General, lured him on until they led the little party to the barrier gate; then hurrying them in, they locked it, shouting, "We have caught them."

It was then between two and three o'clock. The fiercest shouts of triumph marked the success of this treachery. The drummer was forced to beat the drum, in order to assemble those who were drinking in the cabarets, whence they rushed out in all directions. The General, his aid-de-camp, the Colonel of National Guards, and the Commandant, were dragged into a restaurant, amidst the vilest language; their clothes were torn from their backs; one fellow spat in the old General's face; another was with difficulty restrained from flinging a paving-stone at his head; shouts of "*à mort, à mort,*" were vociferated by the savages. An attempt was made to save the General by the hotel people, who were aiding him to climb over a garden wall, when he was pulled back by a fellow on guard; and a man who offered a glass of wine to the old man, exhausted with ill usage, was drawn away, with threats of being shot for an *aristo*, the slang for aristocrat. The party were next driven to the military post, and shut up in the guard-room. Efforts were made by the insurgents to induce the General to order his troops to lay down their arms, and of course made in vain; but an order for the troops to retire was wrung from him, although without the least idea on his part that he would be obeyed.

On receiving the order, the colonel in command of the troops dispatched a message to General Cavaignac, although well aware what the answer of a military man would be; and in the mean time he endeavored, by threats and remonstrances, addressed to the insurgents, to turn them from the purpose which he divined. The General, bravely enduring the contumelies to which he was exposed, told his persecutors that he was too old a soldier to fear death—although he had been heard touchingly to exclaim, "And this on my fête-day!"—and the more impetuous young Mangin called on them to put their design into execution at once. By degrees, such fellows as were without fire-arms were removed, and some seven or eight assassins took up their post at an open

window. The mob raged outside, yet the executioners seemed to hesitate : at length a cry was heard, "*Voilà la Mobile !* fire, fire !" and the General and his aid-de-camp fell under a discharge of several guns. While yet breathing, his own sword—a sword of honor given him by a former commander—was passed through his body, and the face of Captain Mangin so mutilated, as not to be recognizable. The Commandant Gobert, who witnessed this scene from under a camp-bed, and the Colonel, who stood partially concealed in the embrasure of a window, expected to be shot next, for they had already been beaten and buffeted like the victims now murdered before their eyes. A sudden revulsion seems, however, to have followed the execution of this act of treachery and barbarism, such as could not have been surpassed by savages.

In a short time after, Colonel Thomas, having learned the fulfillment of his worst apprehensions, prepared to attack the barricade ; and this fortress, that might have cost many efforts, was feebly defended by arms unnerved by the consciousness of guilt. More humane than their foes, the Garde Mobile did not, as was at first reported, take summary vengeance : many prisoners were made, and it is from the evidence produced on their trial, some months afterward, that this narrative is taken.

More fortunate were three members of the Assembly, Messrs. Larabit, Desvaux, and Cazalat, who, animated by De Bréa's benevolent intention, carried the decree from barricade to barricade, until they literally forced their way into the Faubourg St. Antoine itself, where they were detained all night ; but they were enabled to escape the next morning, after incurring the most imminent peril of assassination. M. Cazalat, who drew up an account of what he witnessed, states the circumstances under which he undertook to bring the decree of the Assembly to the notice of the insurgents, in a passage that marks the imminence of the danger to which Paris was exposed on this melancholy Sunday.

"At nine o'clock in the morning the Assembly was only guarded by a few hundred dragoons and artillerymen ; for General Négrier had sent off two squadrons of dragoons and a column of infantry

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to reinforce General Duvivier, who was held in check at the Hôtel-de-Ville by a troop of insurgents, who had blockaded, for the previous forty-eight hours, the Mairie of the seventh Arrondissement, which is close to that building.

"General Lamoricière, with 5000 or 6000 men, attacked the barricades of the Clos St. Lazare, the Faubourgs of St. Denis, St. Martin, and of the Temple. Between our two corps d'armée, thus engaged, the insurgents battled on the fifth, sixth, and seventh Arrondissements, resting on the eighth and ninth Arrondissements, of which they were complete masters. Notwithstanding there were 40,000 National Guards, I was assured that not 4000 National Guards had been engaged, while the rest stood aloof, timid and undecided, or took part with the insurgents. I knew that the insurgents were exciting the workmen, very numerous in these three Arrondissements, against the National Assembly, and the knowledge of these circumstances led me to fear lest a body of some 20,000 men should throw themselves, by the Faubourgs St. Martin and du Temple, on the troops of General Lamoricière, while engaged with the insurgents who were able to communicate freely with their army in the Faubourg St. Antoine. While I was thinking of going to consult with General Cavaignac, a citizen, whose name I do not know, put into my hands ten copies of the decree of the National Assembly, and, as if by an illumination of heaven, I resolved on reading this decree to the workmen of the sixth and eighth Arrondissements, who, in my opinion, held at that moment the fate of the city at the end of their muskets."

He then describes the efforts he made, with some of his colleagues and a body of National Guards, to spread the decree, proceeding from barricade to barricade, until they reached the citadel of the insurrection itself.

While soldiers and civilians were alike braving and meeting death rather as martyrs in the cause of benevolence, than as defenders of society, it remained for an heroic priest to surpass, as became a Christian minister, all other examples of devotedness, and to lay down his life in the hope that his blood might extinguish the cruel, fratricidal strife of fellow-citizens, and appease

their mutual hatred. The crowning military combination having been completed, by the meeting of the commanding officers on the Place of the Bastille, after having suppressed the insurrection on all other points, it now remained to attack the Faubourg St. Antoine, when the Archbishop of Paris, a plain, mild, firm, and pious man, of some fifty years, approached the general in command, and asked if the firing might not be suspended while he attempted to parley with the insurgents. He had been with General Cavaignac, and had obtained the ready sanction of the chief of the Executive Power to act according to his pious views. Weak from indisposition, mental anxieties, and bodily fatigue, the prelate ascended the Rue St. Antoine, that just before had been the scene of combat, visiting as he went the ambulances, that he might administer consolation to the wounded and dying, until he reached the final scene of action. At his request the fire was promptly suspended. The astonished insurgents saw a man *en blouse*, bearing a brand in token of peace, followed by the Archbishop, who was accompanied by his two Grand Vicars. The insurgents descended from their barricades, but not all animated by the same disposition. While some felt kindly sentiments, others uttered furious menaces: whether from curiosity, or excitement, or fear for the Archbishop, the soldiers pressed more and more toward the insurgents, and mutual reproaches and denunciations escaped from both sides—even blows were exchanged. In the midst of altercations, which the prelate and his vicars tried to suppress, a shot was fired; the insurgents exclaimed, "Treason! treason!" and took to the barricade, and the combat recommenced. The Archbishop, unappalled, although between two fires, resolutely mounted the barricade. One of his vicars had three balls through his hat. The prelate was in the act of descending at the other side, when he was struck by a ball from a window. He was assassinated, as General Bréa had been, while offering peace and consolation.

The insurgents seemed horrified for a moment at such an act of atrocity. They hastened to acquit themselves, in a rivalry of assertion, of all part in the nefarious deed. They carried the wounded Archbishop into the hospital. He asked, was his life

in danger? The answer was in the affirmative. "Blessed be God," was his response, "and may He accept the sacrifice that I offer Him anew for the safety of His people. May my death expiate my own faults committed in the discharge of my episcopacy!"

In an hour afterward the firing ceased, after tremendous ravages on the houses at the entry of the faubourg, which were rendered incapable of covering the defenders of the barricades. The battle was not yet over; but, as after the murder of Bréa, the power of the arm of the insurrection was paralyzed.

Not to break the narration of events, which were hurrying on with such rapidity, we have not noticed the proceedings of the Assembly; and as the writer was present at its sittings, we shall adopt the first person singular, so desirable to be avoided whenever not indispensably necessary.

It was a somber day, as if there had been an eclipse of the sun. The streets were strictly guarded, so that all circulation was forbidden. By means of a ticket of admission to the National Assembly, I was one of the few individuals who, not in the costume of a National Guard, was enabled to make way through the leading thoroughfares. At 1 o'clock the Assembly met, when such reports as had been received were read. They mentioned that several barricades in the neighborhood of the Rue St. Antoine, and one in the street itself, had been taken. A project of law was then introduced, allowing five additional days for payment of bills falling due from the 23d to the 27th; and after some conversation, this useful measure was passed, and the sitting suspended. Between two and three o'clock, I saw M. Ducoux riding at a rapid pace along the boulevards toward the Assembly, and shouting, as he proceeded, "*Tout va bien.*" Foreseeing that he was about to make a communication to the Assembly, I made my way thither, and arrived before he had ascended the tribune. He stated that, upon all points, the insurrection was losing ground; that a quantity of arms, 5000 or 6000 stand, had been detained. That the National Guard were then establishing communications from house to house, by which they were enabled to turn the barricades and fire down upon their defenders. The military corps of engineers and sapeurs-pompiers were

now engaged in that useful work. Reinforcements of National Guards were arriving from the environs : so far so good ; but as he proceeded to say that the National Guard of Paris had recovered from the stupor into which they had been thrown, and were acting with accustomed energy, a loud expression of dissatisfaction was manifested, and several voices exclaimed that the conduct of the National Guard had all along been admirable. He explained by saying that the National Guard had not assembled in the first instance with their usual readiness. The Minister of Finance did not improve the matter by saying that, on both sides, they had fought with *too* much courage. This excited loud cries of order. One member declared that the National Guard fighting against the insurrection, meant gallantry confronting assassination ; and he stated that what the minister said was blasphemy. On which the whole Assembly rose as by one accord, and cried "*Vive la Garde Nationale !*" The Minister attempted to explain, amidst much excitement, which began to be manifested. M. de la Rochejacquelin essayed to make a strong appeal in favor of mercy to the vanquished ; but it was treated as unnecessary and uncalled for, inasmuch as the merciful disposition of the Assembly could not be doubted. The sitting was again suspended until a little before five o'clock, at which time reports more satisfactory than any which had had been previously received, were presented. A report from M. Marrast announced that the Mairie of the ninth Arrondissement, in which the Hôtel-de-Ville is situated, had been taken from the insurgents, as well as the formidable barricade erected in the adjoining street. "I can not," he adds, "give you long details, but you may judge for yourselves, by the fact that the long, narrow streets leading from the Hôtel-de-Ville into the Rue St. Antoine were all barricaded, and the windows of the houses filled with mattresses, from behind which they fired : our losses have, therefore, been cruel." He went on to say that each house had been turned into a fortress, while communications from house to house had been opened, so that the whole neighborhood was, as it were, one vast fortress. The troops were then marching toward the Place des Vosges, to retake the Mairie of the eighth Arrondissement. By a second report, M. Marrast announced

that, by the destruction of a barricade which had to that moment resisted all efforts, the bridge Damiette, connecting the quay with the Isle St. Louis, was occupied at both ends. All was proceeding to a happy conclusion; but, alas! he added, "our hospitals, our ambulances are crowded, and never have the streets of Paris been so reddened with blood." Having read these reports, and the latter sentences with a faltering voice, M. Senard presented a report which announced that the Clos St. Lazare was at length completely occupied by the troops and National Guards. On the left bank there was resistance here and there, but nothing of consequence. A report of another character had been received from a representative to the effect that, as the idea prevailed among the insurgents that no quarter would be given, it would be well to remove an impression that tended to prolong resistance. In consequence of this report, a proclamation was presented, signed by General Cavaignac and M. Senard, by which the working people in insurrection were invited to come as penitent brothers, and the arms of the Republic would be open to receive them.

A report from the Prefect of Police, dated half-past four o'clock, was received, announcing that the barricade of the Rue St. Antoine had been taken, but that the resistance was continued in the Faubourg du Temple, where General Lamoricière commanded. The sitting was again suspended. After these reports, it was fairly to be presumed that the struggle was approaching a termination; yet I can vouch that the military men who were personally witnessing the combat at different places, were far from expecting a prompt suppression of the insurrection. However, the mind was relieved by such statements.

Repassing the bridge upon that sad evening, it was impossible not to be struck with the extraordinary aspect of the Place de la Concorde, and of the approaches to the Assembly. On the quays the soldiers had themselves thrown up barricades, through which cannon were pointed; for the forces about the Assembly had been considerably weakened by the troops that the Questeur General Négrier had drawn off when setting forth on his successful, but, to himself fatal, expedition. A discovery had, moreover, been made of a project for raising barricades in a sort of

village that stands between the Assembly and the military school of the Champ de Mars, where there was a dépôt of artillery, in order to intercept the communication ; and a coup-de-main would probably be attempted against the representatives of the people.

The Place de la Concorde presented such an aspect as might have been expected if Paris had been in the hands of an enemy. A regiment of dragoons, stripped to their shirts, were grooming their horses, and out of the basins of the magnificent fountains horses were drinking. The Champs Elysées was a bivouac ; and the trodden, filthy straw—the mixture of the stable-yard with the unrivaled splendor of the square, the hushed voice of the city, the reports of fire-arms faintly heard in the distance, the sight of uniforms, the absence of all faces from the windows, created a scene, the impression of which can never be forgotten.

Proceeding to a restaurant for dinner, I found myself in close neighborhood with Louis Blanc, and I confess that I felt my attention riveted to him. That he was deeply compromised in this terrible Communist insurrection was, at least, generally suspected ; that his doctrines and his intrigues had much to do with it, no one doubted ; that he fully sympathized with the insurrection was undeniable. How far guilty or innocent, it was at least certain that, standing in the position he did, it required some hardihood on his part to sit down surrounded by National Guards, whose comrades were lying wounded and dying in all directions, and make a hearty dinner, not without a fair share of good wine. The deep, concentrated look which he gave from time to time out of doors, when any thing attracted attention, might not have been easily interpreted ; but the absence of sympathy with the defenders of order was marked enough.

After dinner he proceeded with his companion up the Boulevards, for the red ribbon of the representative at his button-hole secured free egress. A little while after, a cabriolet was seen approaching at a violent pace under the protection of a military officer : it bore Louis Blanc, who, having been recognized, was menaced with ill-usage by the National Guards. He contrived to escape their hands, and the officer was protecting him in his flight to the Assembly. As he passed the post of National

Guards at the Foreign Office, the men ran after the cabriolet and stopped it: some considerable delay followed, and the cabriolet was allowed to proceed; but a shot was fired after it. This caused much sensation, which soon abated. The sensation among the National Guards, who did not witness the occurrence, was the greater, as the report prevailed among them that persons were to take up their station at windows in the neighborhood, and by shooting down the men, create a panic, in order at once to gratify hatred, and favor the designs of the insurgents. At a later hour I saw Colonel Charbonnel carried by on a *civière*: he was mortally wounded; but his face presented that sublime calm which distinguishes the effect of the gunshot-wound from that of the bayonet. All the posts turned out, and presented arms to the heroic victim.

The suspended sitting of the Assembly was resumed at nine o'clock, when the President presented the reports that had reached him. He had at that moment received the intelligence, which had been so impatiently looked for, of the junction, at the Place de la Bastille, of the troops that had marched from the Hôtel-de-Ville with those of General Lamoricière. The insurrection was accordingly confined to the Faubourg St. Antoine. Some struggles would still be vainly attempted at one barrier or another. As desperate an effort was making at Montmartre, as had been made at the barrier of Fontainebleau; but Paris would nevertheless soon be completely delivered. He then announced that General Négrier, whose hand he had pressed that morning, was dead, and Colonel Charbonnel wounded. Their colleague Dornès was in a dangerous state. It became their duty, then, to provide for the trial of the insurgents, with whom the prisons were filled; and, on the motion of the President, a decree was passed that any person taken with arms in his hands should be transported beyond the seas. A question was asked regarding General Bréa, to which the President replied that he was not in a position to give a satisfactory answer. The estafettes that had been dispatched had returned without being able to procure exact details. The Assembly then adjourned to the following morning, amidst profound emotion.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE INSURRECTION, FOURTH DAY, JUNE 26TH—THE ASSEMBLY— TERMINATION OF THE STRUGGLE.

AN acquaintance who resides at the Place de la Bastille told me that the night of Sunday there was most lugubrious. Throughout the day, the cannon, approaching nearer and nearer from the Hôtel-de-Ville, marked the success attending the operations of the troops ; for it was only by the ear that a notion could be formed of what was passing out of doors. When all was comparatively still at night, an extraordinary conflagration excited attention. The insurgents, having formed a barricade composed of wood, taken from a wood-yard, across one of the lateral streets, from some motive or other set fire to it, and the strange effect of this barricade on fire at midnight had something in it mysterious, from its very novelty, and the vague feeling of wonder and apprehension it occasioned. The whole Place de la Bastille was lighted up by the conflagration, with its army ready to repeat this act of destruction on still more valuable property.

The President of the Assembly was, at the early hour of between two and three o'clock in the morning, surprised by a strange visit. Four delegates from the Faubourg St. Antoine, with Colonel Larabit, presented themselves. The Colonel and another representative, M. Druet Desvaux, whose names have already been introduced in connection with that of M. Cazalat, who forced his way, with the decree according the three millions, into the faubourg. These two gentlemen had accompanied the Archbishop when he fell, and the three being brought together, endeavored by reasoning and remonstrance to induce the insurgents to make their submission. It was from the statements of these gentlemen that the insurgents learned for the first time the true state of things. Their leaders, in order to keep up their resolution, represented their friends to be victorious on all sides. They learned from the three representatives, their prisoners, that the

Assembly was sitting *en permanence*, that martial law was proclaimed, subjecting all persons taken with arms to the risk of being shot, and that the faubourg was now isolated, and would immediately be invested. So little frightened, however, did the insurgents appear to be, that they commanded their prisoners, under pain of death, to sign a declaration for transmission to the National Assembly, containing four conditions: that the Assembly should be dissolved; the army removed forty leagues from Paris; the prisoners Barbès, &c. at Vincennes, restored to liberty; and that the people should themselves make their Constitution. Colonel Larabit declared firmly that he would sign no such declaration. After a warm discussion, a fresh declaration was drawn up, which stipulated that the insurgents should not be deprived of their rights as citizens; and this the three representatives having signed, a delegation was named to accompany Colonel Larabit to the Assembly, who, on his part, engaged to return in case the declaration should not be accepted. M. Senard received the deputation, and entering into conversation with them of a general character, was surprised to hear the extraordinary notions that they entertained of public affairs. "Where could you have got such extravagant ideas?" asked M. Senard, in wonder; and he found that they derived their errors from the *one sou* journals that were distributed through the faubourgs; these papers were of the grossest and basest character. Coming, however, to the immediate subject of the negotiation, M. Senard having consulted General Cavaignac, and having been shown by the General that any negotiation at that moment could only tend to embarrass the military operations, the success of which had become matter of certainty—felt constrained to refuse to treat with the delegation, whom he urged to recommend their companions to make an unconditional surrender. Colonel Larabit, like a man of honor, kept his word with the delegates, and, notwithstanding the failure of the negotiation, returned along with them.

The Assembly met at half-past eight o'clock, when M. Senard recounted the meeting he had had with the deputation, and the answer he had been authorized to make by General Cavaignac,

that nothing would be accepted short of unconditional submission : they had, however, given the insurgents till ten o'clock to surrender. He then proceeded to announce certain measures taken by Government for the sake of public security. Such National Guards as had not answered the *rappel* should be disarmed, the Clubs of a dangerous character closed, and such journals as preached civil war, suppressed. He also announced the formation of a committee of inquiry into the plot of the 15th of May, as well as the present insurrection, in order to elicit their connection. After these communications the members retired into their respective committee-rooms.

Let us turn for a moment to a place of which we have said little—the Château of Vincennes. Here were confined the real leaders of the insurrection—the men, whose lieutenants were acting vigorously in their name, and who, if carried in triumph to the seat of Government, would have formed the first social and democratic administration. It is told that on the morning when the insurrection broke out, and before what was passing in Paris was known, unusual animation was observed among the prisoners. M. Blanqui attired himself in his best, and with his usual cynical audacity told his keeper with a sardonic smile that he expected a visit from his friends, whom he was dressed to receive. The more impetuous Barbès called on the governor to allow him to depart, telling him that if he complied with his request the most signal rewards awaited him under the new Government, and that if he did not, he must expect to be shot. Neither the promise nor the menace produced any other effect than an intimation that an effort to escape would be the signal for a summary execution. It was known at Vincennes that the insurgents had been given till ten o'clock to surrender, and I am assured that the anxiety with which all in that fortress, state-prison, and dépôt of artillery, watched the time, was most intense. The hour came, and immediately the ears of the military men recognized the deep boom of the cannon. The faubourg was attacked.

As soon as the signal was given, the soldiery ordered to attack from the Place de la Bastille, rushed on with such impetuosity,

that they immediately cleared three successive barricades, and the insurgents pretended to surrender: but as soon as they had checked the movements of the troops they treacherously renewed their fire; the attack was revived, and the insurgents fled in all directions. The report of the false surrender had been brought to General Lamoricière as he was proceeding against the flank of the faubourg. The interference of certain representatives caused him to lose some advantages and some men. An immediate surrender took place, however; but it was not a surrender of a general character: the great mass of the insurgents took flight, and for hours the cavalry were engaged in bringing them back prisoners. I was on the boulevards some time about noon, when an officer stopped at a post of National Guards and declaimed vehemently against the conduct of the representatives of the people, who, by their interference, were doing much harm. He said it was untrue that the insurgents had surrendered; that they had affected to do so in order to draw the troops within the streets, that they might, while off their guard, be destroyed; and he declared that General Lamoricière had sustained within the previous hour very serious losses, owing to such false reports, and imprudent interference of members of the Assembly. He recommended the National Guards not to allow even representatives to pass them. There was so much grief and indignation in the tone of this officer's voice, who was probably himself to a certain degree mistaken, that he deeply affected his hearers with his own sentiments: they took his hand and pressed it, patted his horse and kissed it, and manifested very deep emotion. We have seen how heroically some members acted—with what eagerness they endeavoured to spread the decree of the Assembly in favor of the working people—how freely they shared the dangers of the troops. But there were exceptions; there were members who paralyzed the actions of the National Guards, by calling on them with maudlin compassion, if not calculated treachery, not to fire on their brethren, and we can testify to the complaints made by General Lamoricière, and the officer whose words were heard by the writer.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock M. Senard rushed into the Assembly, mounted to his seat, and exclaiming "the Faubourg St. Antoine has surrendered at discretion," desired the members to be summoned. He said he was enabled to make the statement on the assurance of an aid-de-camp, who had seen three battalions enter without resistance. Some doubts were expressed, and the sitting was suspended, the President engaging to convoke members as soon as he should receive decisive information.

At half-past one o'clock the President, mounting to his seat, rang his bell as loudly as possible, and as the members flocked in, he announced that all was over. After this general statement he assured them that Colonel Larabit had been freed, and the other two of their colleagues were in safety. Captain Adelswordt threw some doubts on the surrender, grounded on what he had heard from General Lamoricière, and he proceeded to repeat that which I had just before heard from the lips of the officer on the boulevard—in fact, it was the same person. There yet remained some doubt; but it was soon put an end to by the entry of M. Corban, Vice-President, with the following note from General Cavaignac:—

" Citizen President,

" Thanks to the attitude of the National Assembly, thanks to the devotedness of the National Guards and the army, the revolt is subdued—there is no more strife in Paris. As soon as I am certain that the powers conferred on me are no longer necessary to the safety of the Republic I will remit them respectfully into the hands of the National Assembly.

" GENERAL CAVAIGNAC."

There was a burst of acclamation, with repeated cries of "*Vive Général Cavaignac*," and the Assembly separated.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PARIS AFTER THE BATTLE.

THE physiognomy of Paris, for some days after the close of this fearful struggle, was very curious to the eye of the stranger. In the course of the evening of Monday, the interdiction against the circulation of people in colored clothes was considerably relaxed, but not altogether removed. Some of the National Guards on duty were more strict than others, and people would be recommended, at all events, not to tarry, but to return home. The cafés began to open that same evening, and were filled by those on whom restraint had operated so disagreeably to the derangement of routine habits. There were some enterprising spirits who made their way even to the Rue St. Antoine, which was filled with prisoners—men who had surrendered on the spot, or had been led back captive from the environs. They looked dejected and haggard, as might have been expected after a collapse from over-strained excitement. No pen could describe the appearance of ruin, filth, misery, and confusion, that prevailed. The rapidity with which so much of the evidences of battle, as consisted in the leveling of barricades, and the repaving of the streets was removed, was somewhat surprising.

In a day or two, one part of Paris, that which had escaped, was engaged tranquilly visiting the other. The visitor's way lay along the boulevards. From the front of the Ambigu Comique, to the last of that multiplied succession of theaters which terminates with *Délassemens Comiques*, or the lugubrious *Gaité*, there is a deep semicircular band, forming a space, a portion of which is devoted to a *Marché aux Fleurs*. All this had been converted into a very picturesque bivouac, being filled with conical white tents. A park of artillery reposed there. The *Théâtre Historique* was an ambulance. Higher up, the horses of a regiment of dragoons were stabled on the trottoirs. The *Place de la Bastille*

was the chief object of attraction. It had been the great basin into which the battle—foaming and raging from the Barriers of Poissonnière and Rochechouart to Popincourt—from the Hôtel-de-Ville, up through the Rue St. Antoine—along the quays—and from the left side over fiercely-contested bridges—came meeting in that vast surge that was next to precipitate itself into the contumacious faubourg. Already had it beaten against the first opposing obstacles, and terrible were the traces it had left. The mortars and guns had described a half circle, taking in the four avenues comprised between the canal and the Rue de Charonne, of which the intermediate two were the Rue de la Roquette and the Rue St. Antoine. A house at the corner of the Rue de la Roquette had been entirely destroyed from top to bottom—all that escaped were a looking-glass and two small engravings, frail curiosities surviving sad ruin. The left side of the faubourg was, for a hundred yards or so, very much battered. A house of business, called La Belle Sardinière, looked as if it had stood as a mark for cannon, so perforated was it. A wine-shop close to it being open, presented a mirror with a cannon shot cleanly out through it. A narrow house separating the faubourg from the Rue de Charonne, was riddled with shot. A little way up the faubourg there was no trace of combat, for none had taken place, with the exception of an episode that occurred on the first day at the corner of the Rue de Reuilly, some half way upon the right side. Here was a barrack in course of construction, only one wing of which was then complete; and in this wing there was a small detachment of about 200 infantry. The insurgents summoned them to surrender, but the gallant band refused. The former, then occupying a small, low brew-house opposite, and the unfinished portion of the barrack, kept up a warm fire, while a party covered by a small house close by the side of the occupied wing, attempted to set fire to it. After some hours' exertions, the soldiers hit upon a plan of communicating their situation to the garrison at Vincennes. They dressed one of their own men in a blouse, who, making his way out, affected to stop and take aim in an audacious manner at the soldiers; on which the latter pretended to mark him out for

their fire, so as to cover his escape, which he made good, and brought his comrades the necessary succor. Higher up, near to the Barrière du Trône, is the Rue de Picpus, well known to the Americans who visit Paris, because attached to a convent in this street is a small cemetery, containing, among those of other distinguished personages, the remains of Lafayette.

At the corner of the street in the faubourg is a stately mansion, with a fine park, rich in the grand ornament of large breezy trees, inclosed by a wall. This mansion was a ladies' boarding-school. Opposite was the street through which a portion of the forces of Lamoricière were expected; and it was said that the insurgents had threatened to place the young ladies on the barricade, as a sure means of preventing the soldiers from firing. This rumor had the effect of clearing all the female schools of Paris for some time of their inmates. It must be acknowledged that the inhabitants of the faubourg showed few signs of having escaped great perils, for business was going on as usual. While the soldiers were busily searching for arms, the walls here and there were marked with inscriptions in chalk of "*Mort aux Voleurs.*" Descending the faubourg, the usual course of the curious lay through the Rue St. Antoine to the quay, and up through the Faubourg St. Jacques to the Panthéon. The houses at all the corners of streets showed most marks of balls; and it may not be out of place to notice, that at many corners there were wine-shops, in which the insurgents, having first imbibed the necessary stimulus of drink and conversation, turned their familiar place of meeting into a fortress for the defense of illicit opinions.

On entering the Rue St. Antoine, on the right, the eye following a short street, is attracted to a passage under a singular, old-fashioned red-brick house, into a square, a most quaint relic of old times. It used to be called the Place Royale, but the name is now changed to that of the Place des Vosges. This neighborhood was in olden days the fashionable quarter—the seat of the nobility and Court. In the center there is a statue to Louis XIII. The old red-brick houses, of the style and shape of some of the buildings of the Château of Fontainebleau, have underneath an arcade. To return to the entrance from the Rue St. Antoine

the visitor finds himself under the house of the celebrated Victor Hugo ; and one of the first acts of the insurgents was to seize his house (to the alarm of his wife and family, who had to fly), in order that they, the insurgents, might attack with more effect the adjoining military post, defending the Mairie of the ninth Arrondissement. They succeeded. The soldiers were obliged to capitulate, as indeed most other parties must have done, if disseminated as the military mentors of General Cavaignac proposed. If those who, instead of following the Rue St. Antoine, had descended toward the quays by the Rue du Temple, they would have seen every where the houses marked with balls, especially at the corners of the streets. The Church of St. Gervais, behind the Hôtel-de-Ville, would first stop the visitor going over the battle-ground, in order that he might see its shattered gates. The next point of interest would be the extreme west end of the hospital, the Hôtel Dieu, in which the insurgents threw themselves, in order to cover the bridge. Proceeding onward, and before ascending the Rue St. Jacques, the visitor would turn a little to the right to enter the Church of St. Severin, the old Church of the Jansenists, and the Port-Royalists, into which hundreds of National Guards were taken dead. At the other end of the same street he would see the Place Maubert, with its burnt-down military post, and houses all about marked with balls. Instead of going up the precipitous Rue de la Montagne Geneviève, he would retrace his steps, and ascend the Faubourg St. Jacques—that narrow, steep street, that must have blazed with musketry by the signs visible—until he came in front of the Panthéon. This beautiful building—which crowns the height of that classic *pays latin*, the top of that ascent from Nôtre Dame, through whose sacred way of churches and colleges Abelard threaded his path, when the dawn of learning began to struggle with the night of superstition—this beautiful building was defaced by the marks of balls and shot. Large pieces had been rent from its fluted columns, its bronze doors had been beaten in, and some rude temporary patchwork filled up the doorway of the temple.

I recollect that my last visit to the Panthéon had taken place

the preceding month of October. Copies of the most famous pictures of Michael Angelo and Raphael had been brought from Rome by two brothers of the name of Baze, pupils of Ingres, and their ten years' devoted love-labor were allowed to be exhibited in the *ci-devant* church.

It so happened that on the day of my visit, the Royal family of France entered without pomp or ceremony, and within a few feet of where I stood, were the Queen of the French leaning on her son, the Duc de Montpensier, followed by the Duchess of Orleans, the Queen of the Belgians, and the Duchess of Montpensier. There was a large assemblage of people, by whom the illustrious visitors were recognized; and the deference and attention with which the royal party were treated gave little warning of the hurricane of popular rage before which they had to fly in only four months afterward. The Duc de Montpensier took great care to point out to his mother the beauties of the works of Raphael, at which the royal lady expressed her admiration. The Duchess of Orleans showed the most animated interest of the whole party, questioning the Bazes at each moment, and manifesting by her manner the desire to improve this opportunity of acquiring information, by carrying away such full impressions as a lover of art desires to hoard up in the memory, furnishing the mind, as it were, with a decorative gallery of inappreciable value. This power of hoarding artistic wealth is happily in the reach of many who can not buy, and is not given to all who can. The Queen of the Belgians looked shy and embarrassed. The Duchess of Montpensier had the air of an amused and somewhat astonished child.

Behind the Panthéon is the exquisitely beautiful old church of St. Etienne du Mont with its fantastic gallery screening the altar. The pious visit it for the sake of the tomb of St. Geneviève; the pious and the learned for the sake of the little black slab in the wall, marking the resting-place of the immortal Pascal—that greatest of great men. There were some marks of musket-balls within this church. The Clos St. Lazare, on the right bank, was also a source of attraction to the curious.

While visiting these points, there were other signs of the late

struggle more touching and affecting. Many large shops had been temporarily hired for ambulances, and before each was placed a box for receiving subscriptions. They were generally well supplied with copper coin. At many doorways children were busy making lint, and the great number of shops that remained shut marked that within there lay a victim. Carts laden with arms that had been seized—*civrières* bearing wounded men to hospitals—funerals in all directions for some days, filled up the supplementary details of what had taken place. Then came, as a finale, the less affecting scene of a public ceremony in the Place de la Concorde. To the cavalry and bivouac succeeded a temporary lofty altar, and a huge, unwieldy funeral car, with representative victims. Perhaps French tastes demanded a sight and a show; but the eye and the heart found real sorrows, sympathies, and reflections in the streets. While the public, generally speaking, visited the points which have been mentioned, there were neighborhoods into which a strange foot was hardly placed, and which, if visited, would have told a tale of another kind.

To any reflecting person, who would take the trouble of exploring all the ground occupied by the insurgents, the immense extent of the poor and miserable population of Paris would cause surprise and pain, not unmingled with apprehension for the future. It is curious, that the most miserable streets were precisely those which had most barricades. The Rue Grange aux Belles is a long, straggling, miserable street, at which you arrive by turning up from the Théâtre de l'Ambigu on the Boulevard du Temple: in this street were the greatest number of barricades of any on the right bank. In fact, the boulevards from the Porte St. Martin to the Bastille run through neighborhoods filled with populous misery; but the misery on the faubourg is greater than that on the city side. Between the Rue Grange aux Belles and the Faubourg St. Antoine is a mass of filth and wretchedness. And on the other side of the river, wretched as is the Rue Montagne Geneviève—which had the greatest number of barricades of any on the left—it is yet but the advanced line of a miserable neighborhood, generally known

by the old name of the Faubourg St. Marceau. From behind the Panthéon to the Barrier of Fontainebleau, where General de Baga was murdered, there could not be found in any city a more repulsive place than the long Rue Mouffetard, with its 330 houses. The murder that took place there may be taken as a proof of the savage character of its inhabitants, who, unless in their peregrinations into the better parts of the city in hunt of rags, bones, and the sweepings of houses—for the Rue Mouffetard is the residence of the Chiffonniers de Paris—must rarely see a broad-cloth coat, never a private carriage or cabriolet, except at the further end, where the street is passed by visitors to the Gobelins. It is probably a mark of the ignorance of the inhabitants, that while the names of streets called after the royal family were in the fashionable quarters ignominiously taken down, the title of the Rue d'Orléans still stands at the corner of a part of this, the worst neighborhood of all. The name, too, is nailed against the antique little church of St. Medard, in which the poor children are perseveringly instructed by the clergy, as the writer of this description can testify. Now, although the Faubourg St. Antoine is looked on as the classic ground of insurrection, it is not poor, and does not present an aspect of poverty. There are in this faubourg some 20,000 workmen, chiefly cabinet-makers; and their discontent at the period of this outbreak receives explanation from the fact that there were only some 300 having employment.

Having examined the vast quarters of Paris, not only within but without the barrier walls, I came to this serious conclusion—that the more a city enlarges in size—I shall not say progresses in wealth—the greater becomes the growth of misery. Those who have considered the aspect of modern cities must have remarked that the tendency is to removal to new quarters, to the desertion of the old; and each desertion must, as a matter of course, leave behind many poor, thenceforward to be deprived of the advantages that were afforded by the residence of the wealthy. For instance, the old square called the Place Royale, close to the Rue St. Antoine, was once the neighborhood of the Court; and the Rue St. Antoine, as well as the streets between it and

the Arsenal on the quay, bear evidence of former opulence. The descendants of wealthy classes that dwelt here of old, are now, probably, to be found in the comparatively modern quarter of the Faubourg St. Germain.

We can suppose, without much stretch of imagination, that the shopkeepers, traders, and manufacturers, created by the neighborhood of rich houses, would decay as the wealthy emigrated. The working classes do not move away so fast as the rich; and in time it would happen that much poverty would mark the deserted quarter. It might happen that merchants would succeed to the spacious mansions of the aristocracy, and that such commodious houses would be made commercial marts and factories, and so save the poorer classes from suffering; but should this not take place, the consequences need not be further pointed out. Yet allowing this to happen, we find a similar spirit of emigration to influence even the commercial classes; and the new financial quarter, as it is called, of the *Chaussée d'Antin*, is to the trading community that which the Faubourg St. Germain is to the aristocratic. As it was about the court, and the cathedrals, convents, colleges, and even palaces of nobles, that the different quarters of a city sprung up, the same rule holds good to the present day.

The palace of the Luxembourg, built by Marie de Médicis, probably laid the foundation of the Faubourg St. Germain. The *débarcadère* of the Rouen Railway, erected in the poor Rue St. Lazare, has caused a new town to grow up around it. But as the town advances, it must be to the increasing of poverty and of the poorer classes in the parts deserted. It is about *Nôtre Dame*, St. Geneviève, and the sites of the old churches—the seats of the once venerated religion, now fallen into decay—that we find the great masses of poverty.

The universities have held their ground, and about the neighborhood of the Sorbonne we find those quiet, antiquated printing-houses and book establishments, in which the student may retire undisturbed, under the consecrated influence of the tranquilizing *genius loci*.

As streets become deserted, and the prices of houses fall, more

poor will flock in to swell the poor already there; and thus it would appear that, as there are ever actively working causes, to produce emigration of the wealthy classes from the old, to the new portions of cities, so must that emigration leave behind it vast accumulations of poverty. To these causes must be added the occasional paralysis of a special manufacture that had taken its seat in some particular quarter, or its being superseded by some new invention. Hence there follows from this combination of causes, as from the growth of a disease lodged in the system, a great danger for such a city as Paris. The greatest danger is not, after all, in physical misery. Gloomy as it is in itself, its aspect is most fearful when exhibited in the twilight of perverted education, without any glow of religious feeling. It would be taking a false view of humanity, to say that there was no good to be found in this class or that class. If there were no good, there would be no hope, and the work of improvement need not be undertaken. There is, happily, no such excuse for indifference or selfishness. The evil must, however, be looked steadily in the face. There is the master evil of poverty and suffering unsustained and uncheered by religion. In the absence of religion, there must needs be a brutalizing and ferocious materialism. This materialism, which has descended into the lower orders, pervades those examples before their eyes, which influence their modes of thought. The excessive luxury indulged in by the classes above the poor insults their poverty and whets their passions. It was on this account, chiefly, that the exposure of corrupt conduct in the upper classes, and the detection of the corrupt system of the government did precipitate the revolution of February, and help to determine its Socialist character. If an epicurean self-indulgence seizes the better classes, if that indulgence becomes the main business of life, if it must be had on any terms and at any sacrifice of virtue and honor, depend upon it, the neglected, ill-taught, and aggravated poor will put in their hands for a share of the spoils of life. It is in this way that corrupted civilization may be regarded as the sure forerunner of national decay.

The sort of education picked up by the Parisian populace is

of a very dangerous kind. It is derived from public sights, from the theaters, and from those romances which run through the newspaper *feuilleton*. The public aspect of Paris would of itself save a populace from gross ignorance. There is hardly a public fountain which is not a splendid work of art. The poor boy who fills his pail of water at the fountain which marks the house where Molière was born may, on the scrolls of marble unfolded before his eyes, master the names and dates of all the works of this French Shakspeare of comedy. With the fancy so much excited, and the artistical taste so stimulated, it ceases to stir the wonder of the stranger that he should see the *commissionnaire*, who passes his day between blacking shoes and carrying loads or messages, filling up the intervals of time, not devoted to card-playing in the open air, with a play or a romance. The theaters are to the populace almost a necessary of life, and, as usual, the deeper the tragedy and the broader the farce, the more popular the character of the theater. Whatever happens to be the cant of the moment finds its embodiment in the theater. Thus, after 1830, it became the cant to laud the heroisms of that wicked little urchin in blouse, known by the name of the *Gamin de Paris*; so this precious scamp, stuffed with virtues like a fowl with *truffles*, in the hands of the incomparable Bouffé, set the town shouting with ecstasy, or melting into tears, as long as it was the mode to canonize this specimen of city breeding. After February several pieces were produced with the object of showing the heroic disinterestedness that characterized the sovereign people. The *grisette* sacrificed the passion that was consuming her heart, because a beloved companion was dying for the same object; and the relief afforded to suffering want by those on want's brink, so stealthily as to baffle all inquiry as to its source, presented the sublime virtues of the poor in melancholy contrast with the rich.

This was very well, until M. Proudhon had pronounced all property robbery, and the theaters shewed empty boxes, from the growing poverty of the trading classes; then M. Proudhon was himself caught and exhibited alive, and the hitherto maligned bourgeois robed in the sober virtues of the middle class.

Previous to the revolution of February, the materialism that pervaded all classes of society spread over the current literature of the day, and from literature mounted the stage. A spurious philosophy had sprung up, of which Fourier, Leroux, Considérant, and Proudhon, were the professors, and which George Sand and Eugène Sue undertook to make pass current through the all-read, all-devoured *feuilleton* of the newspapers. It is a remarkable instance either of carelessness in the leading journals of conservative politics, or their blindness to the danger that was lurking in those productions, that such papers as the *Débats*, the *Presse*, and the *Constitutionnel*, made their columns the means of communicating the most demoralizing doctrines, rendered very alluring by novel and vivid illustrations. Their subscribers were caught by the stimulating charm of highly-wrought scenes of sensual gratification and tragical adventure, which, while they roused their languid sensations, supplied them with a sort of mystical, material axioms and false sentiment that passed for profundity and feeling. But that which was mere indulgence to persons in easy circumstances, neutralized by other indulgences which it served to vary, was terrible reality to other classes. It was not only reality to the poor girl who devoured the romance in private, or read it aloud to a family all ears, but it was reality to that shabby-genteel class of adventurers who, from all parts of France and other countries, fly to Paris, full of ambitious prospects, deeply versed in the history of the revolution, panting to imitate the Robespierres and St. Justs, and with whose views the new materialism chimes completely.

When we look, therefore, at a huge population, taught through their senses, their fancies, their imaginations, but never through their judgment—believing the rich to live for sensuality, and the Government to exist by corruption, thrown first into the fever of a revolution, and then, because disappointed, believing they were betrayed; when we see this population receiving for apostles adventurers who teach community of goods as the remedy for poverty, and open vistas of Mohammedan joys to a sensual and imaginative club of hearers—we fear that it is not given to any of us to disregard opinions because they are absurd. We must

go a little into this matter, and look at the nature of man. He loves excitement. But what is that love of excitement, but a natural desire planted in him by a wise Providence to enjoy the full exercise of all his faculties of body and soul? The highest and most harmonious activity of body and soul is that produced by religion, which, while it elevates the soul to devotion, impels to acts of charity and benevolence, and noble self-denial. Take away this high excitement, and what is the consequence? Why, this, that ardor of soul sinks into ardor of passion. The power that ought to keep passion in subjection ministers to it. From the guardian angel that it was, it becomes, as it were, an attending demon. The future heaven is darkened, that the paradise of earth may glow with more intensity—as the sun is shut out that the banquet-room may glare the more gaudily. The Club leaders do not speculate or reason—talk of political economy, education, or reform. They rant, and declaim, and conspire. They thirst for a present pleasure—for the practical enjoyment of those stimulating tastes which they imbibe from romances—for an intoxicating draught of material joy, without which they feel life to be baffled of its true object, and of which they deem themselves deprived by possessors of property. Hence, when the banner of the *République Démocratique et Sociale* is held to the light, the real characters come out in three words—"Blood, pillage, and violation."

The cruelties attributed to the mob army of the Socialists rest upon evidence of an incontrovertible kind. Those who were in Paris during the insurrection and afterward, must have heard of many instances of murder and mutilation of prisoners. For some time after the insurrection, assassination of soldiers, National Guards, and especially of the Garde Mobile, were of daily and nightly occurrence. The murder of Bréa has been described—the deliberate assassination of the Archbishop is proved by the fact that he was at the insurgents' side of the barricade when he was shot from a window, the ball making a descending course. Colonel Allard, who discerned a place in an alley between the Rue de Charenton and the Faubourg St. Antoine, where the insurgents had been making cartridges, says in his evidence before

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the Parliamentary Commission of Inquiry, "The balls were cast in thimbles, others in gun-barrels, and the pieces of lead afterward cut into pieces; there were also seized some cartridges that revealed extraordinary ferocity: upon the cartridge was put a piece of cloth or greenish stuff that had been steeped in oxide of copper or in a corrosive oxide calculated to poison the wound. I have been told that several surgeons have picked up such cartridges."

Colonel de Goyon of the 2d Dragoons, made a seizure of arms at a house opposite the Invalides where the insurgents had intended an opposition, and the report contains the following passage:—

"I send you three balls, one *mâchée* and one *trouée*, in which there was a spiral wire to aggravate the wound: my dragoons have received, but without being wounded, some thirty of these balls. The third ball is one of a lot which was taken on an insurgent: it is of the form of a twisted cone, hollow, and with three chiseled internal angles, of a kind with which experiments had been making at Vincennes. How the insurgents got hold of this, remains to be seen. I send you a horrible ball, and some pieces of lead calculated to give frightful mortal wounds by these savage insurgents to the people and the army."

The evidence of M. Trouvé-Chauvel, the Prefect of Police, a thorough republican, given on the Inquiry the 4th July, is as follows:—

"It is not by fighting in the streets, nor by barricades that the insurgents now want to proceed, but by assassination of women and children, by incendiarism and pillage. It is especially in the first, second, and tenth Arrondissements that they mean to put their infamous projects into execution."

With such authentic accounts as these, there need be little hesitation in believing the design attributed to the insurgents, of inaugurating their social and democratic republic by a reign of terror more brutal than that of 1793.

In a collection of documents made by a National Guard, relative to the revolution, from February to June, there is the following paragraph:—"Upon several individuals who had been

arrested, it is stated that papers were found, in which the insurgents had prepared beforehand the clauses of the capitulation of Paris—so certain did they feel of victory! These articles stipulated, 500 heads of their selection, 400 millions' indemnity for the workmen, four hours' plunder, the Red Republic, and the constitution of 1793. Although these facts have been confirmed by a great many journals, it is hardly possible to give credit to them."

And over society there yet hangs the same avalanche of demoralization, ready, should an opportunity be afforded, to overwhelm it in destruction.

The Clubs may be closed, but how are the secret societies to be guarded against? Their history may serve to show their persevering activity. The first secret society of which we have an account, was formed in the year 1821, and was called the secret society of the *Charbonniers*: the society would seem to have borrowed the heart of its organization from the Jesuits: each member being provided with a musket and fifty cartridges, was bound to obey orders with blind devotion, although ignorant of the source from whence they issued. The members of the various lodges called *Vente*, recognized each other by particular signs; no member of one lodge, or *Vente*, dared to enter another under pain of death, and although the students of the schools were almost all in the conspiracy, the secret was so well kept that Government had not the least suspicion of its existence.

The society *Des Amis du Peuple* was the most important of any that existed under the monarchy of July; it was discovered and suppressed, only to be transformed into the more famous society of the *Droits de l'Homme*. This society was formed in 1832, and the aim of its authors was to involve the whole country in a web of conspiracy. It was this society that organized the insurrection of April, 1834, which broke out simultaneously in Paris, Lyons, and St. Etienne. After these deplorable events it again dissolved, and was reorganized under the name of *Société des Familles*, which being suppressed in 1837, was once more organized under the name of *Société des Saisons*. The mystical names given to the several subdivisions

may serve to explain, not their construction only, but that of similar societies. A subdivision of six men was called a *week*, and the leader *Sunday*. Four weeks meeting together were called a *month*, and the leader *July*. Three months' meeting formed a *season*, and the chief was named *Spring*; four seasons made a *year*, and the commander-in-chief had the rank of a revolutionary agent. The chiefs were the notorious Barbès, Blanqui, and Martin Bernard. It was by this society that was directed the famous émeute of 12th May, 1839. The society having died with the émeute, gave rise to that of *Des Travailleurs Égalitaires*, of which Albert, a member of the Provisional Government of February, was a member. In lieu of the names *weeks*, *months*, &c., as in the *saisons*, were substituted *métiers*, *ateliers*, *fabriques*, &c. With the revolution of February the old secret societies met openly, under the authorized form of Clubs; that of the *Droits de l'Homme* was the guiding spirit of the insurrection of June.

In considering the history of these societies, we can not fail to be struck with the fact that the students and men of high political repute who, under the restoration, entered such confederations, are not found in those which were formed under the reign of Louis-Philippe: they fell under the guidance of some desperadoes who carried the views, which the schools had shaken off, into the working part of the population. The reason of this may be found in the spread of education, and a freer political government, which satisfied the minds of intelligent men by giving scope to their faculties, and opening parliamentary life to their energies. The student was not offended by the intrusion of the Jesuit; the professor might become minister of state. If the educated, the ardent, and the intelligent have been rescued from conspiracy, why might not the working man? In his case it is not so easy to point out remedies. The question for him, as regards education, is not one of freedom from an obnoxious influence, but how it is to be given, and of what quality; how he is to be made to feel and know that the state cares for him from his infancy to his age.

We have referred to the circumstance of the migrating tend-

encies of wealthy city inhabitants, and their consequences in leaving, as it were, deposits of poor. Might not some remedy against this evil be found? Suppose there should be formed in each Arrondissement, or, as we might say, parish, a committee charged with the superintendence of its interests—that this committee should keep a statistical account, marking the number of inhabitants and their ways of life, so that, in case particular branches of business, for instance, should begin to decline—the fact and its causes should be ascertained in time, so as to admit of remedies before total ruin should be accomplished. Then schools might be noticed—the number of pupils, and how they increase and decline, and why. If to such a society there were attached a sufficient number of active visitors—if there were established proper communication among the parochial committees, for the sake of consultation and advice, and again between them and the Government, much evil might be checked in the bud, the feelings and views of the population might be known and guided, and the working man would have the consciousness that he and his children were cared for. This may be a crude hint, but it is not fanciful; it is suggested by the evil itself; for if there were such a thing as local, active superintendence, an extension of municipal government consulting the welfare of every portion of society, it would follow, not that all the miseries of mankind would be prevented, but many of them would; at all events they would take a different form from that now presented, which is the most dangerous of any that can be conceived.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE ASSEMBLY—CAVAIGNAC PRESIDENT OF THE GOVERNMENT—HIS
CABINET—GENERAL LAMORICIERE—M. SENARD—M. GOUDCHAUX
—EAU SUCREE—REVIEW OF A MONTH—ABBE DE LAMENNAIS—
MAUGUIN.

WE may now resume our personal sketches of the National Assembly, according to the plan we have adopted, of connecting with the most prominent members notices of such questions as serve to illustrate the characters of individuals, the temper of the Assembly itself, or the general temper of the times.

In the sitting of the 28th June, General Cavaignac laid down his authority, when, after expressing their feelings of enthusiasm and gratitude, the Assembly determined upon confiding to him the executive power, with the title of President of the Council of Ministers, whom he should himself appoint. He at once presented a list of the new administration: War, General Lamoricière; Interior, M. Senard; Foreign Affairs, M. Bastide; Justice, M. Bethmont; Commerce, M. Thouret; Public Instruction, M. Carnot; Finance, M. Goudchaux; Public Works, M. Recurt; Marine, Admiral Leblanc.

The first name on the list, General Lamoricière, filled every one with satisfaction—a more gallant little fellow never breathed. His name was well known to France long before his countrymen had learned to make more familiar acquaintance with the hero of Algeria. It was not lucky for his republican expectations that, toward the latter end of the monarchy, he should have visited his country for the sake of seeking the honor of representing a constituency. When he did offer himself a candidate for a seat in the Chamber, all parties became desirous of obtaining possession of so brilliant a military reputation. As he was known to differ from Marshal Bugeaud on the question of the colonization of Algeria, the republicans, who held the Marshal in peculiar

detestation, hoped to have found a rival capable of matching him in parliament. The adroit manner in which the young General contrived to elude the pledges that were put to him, irritated the republicans, and it was with evident annoyance they saw him take his seat on the conservative benches of the *centre gauche*. As he confined himself to the special subject of the Algerine colonization question, he was but little committed to party. When the Revolution of February broke out, the General, with characteristic intrepidity, threw himself among the combatants of the Château d'Eau, opposite the Palais Royal, and tried to put a stop to the effusion of blood, by announcing the abdication of the King; in which endeavor he received a wound in the hand, and had his horse killed under him. Had the monarchy made a stand, and thrown itself upon the army, Lamoricière would have attacked the barricades with as much intrepidity as he did afterward in June. At the tribune he was very successful. With Cavaignac, who seemed to love him, Lamoricière formed a contrast. The former, tall, dignified, and of that mild austerity bestowed with such miraculous art by Shakspeare upon Brutus. The latter, small, stout, black, curly-headed, and with soft, luminous, dark eyes, full of passion, *ruse*, and impetuosity, as if a young Frenchman of the Polytechnic school had been held by the heel in some magic river of the East, and come out half eastern. The Assembly roared one day with pleasant laughter, as Lamoricière bounded about on his bench, as if he were struggling with a wild courser of the desert, to see the grave Cavaignac, his face relaxing into a smile, place his hand upon his comrade's head, and pat him into tranquillity. On ascending the tribune in the midst of noise and interruption, Lamoricière would thrust his hands into his side trowsers pockets, with the *naïveté* of an *enfant de troupe*, and wait to be heard. His retorts were generally excellent, from their pointed good sense, conveyed with an air of half malicious *bonhomme*. He floored the incoherent pedant, Pierre Leroux, one day, with a word. The subject was Algeria: the philosopher carried his hearer through Greece and Rome, which was all very well, as Lamoricière said, if he had not left out the Arabs; and he asked

leave, with much gravity, to supply the omission, as the Arabs were somewhat interested in a question relating solely to Algeria. The nomination of General Lamoricière to be Minister of War was received with the utmost favor by all sections of moderatism.

The new Minister of the Interior, M. Senard, had come into the Assembly with a high provincial reputation. He was an advocate, with whose fame the antique capital of Normandy resounded ; but, like many other lawyers, his talent was not served by transplantation. His professional neatness of appearance gave him rather the air of an English solicitor than a French democrat ; and his guttural voice marked him to be a pure descendant of the sons of the north. He had the air of an ardent, busy, well-intentioned man, but not at all that of commanding talent. How he could have earned the high reputation he held, was rather a puzzle. His voice was peculiarly painful to listen to : he spoke as if in a state of chronic choking, and the words came out in abrupt gushes, like liquid from a bottle into which the cork has been pushed down ; and yet this gentleman was to be the orator of the Cabinet !

Of M. Bastide we have already spoken : his appointment gave satisfaction, for the reason that his name was regarded as a pledge of a peace policy with foreign powers. M. Bethmont was of the old moderate opposition party under the monarchy ; M. Thouret, a quiet country democrat ; M. Carnot's name was received with loud marks of disapprobation, and so was M. Recurt's. Admiral Leblanc did not accept office. We have, then, only to describe the new Minister of Finance, M. Goudchaux. Those who have had the pleasure to meet in the city of London, or on 'Change, one of those swarthy, intelligent faces, indicating, like the name of the possessor, hereditary descent from some Huguenot of the time of Louis XIV., obliged to fly after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, will have no difficulty in figuring to themselves the new Minister of Finance. He is a smart, well-combed, well-brushed, portly little man of sixty : they say he is a Jew, but he looks more like a merchant-methodist. Now this orderly little man happens to be one of the most sharp, personal-provoking, pistol-handling little financiers on record. He

was the first finance minister of the Provisional Government ; but, with his well-known acumen, he saw ruin coming, and withdrew, leaving to Garnier Pagès the honor of announcing that the Republic had saved France from bankruptcy. He had reason to know the communist designs of a portion of the Provisional Government, to which the other portion were probably dupes ; for M. Goudchaux sat at their council board when what was now a government had been a conspiracy. This was a little before the catastrophe of February, foreseeing which, and deeming it to be inevitable, the republican banker assembled his friends, and among others, Louis Blanc. When they came to compare notes, it was found that the party was divided. Louis Blanc was a rank communist, and a double conspiracy grew within the main conspiracy. While all regarded the fall of the monarchy as certain, the moderate republican conspired to exclude the communist, and the communist to get the republican down.

The monarchy fell, and Goudchaux and Louis Blanc met at the council board of the Hôtel-de-Ville. Blanc proposed the adoption of the *drapeau rouge*. Goudchaux threatened to resign in case that sinister banner should be upheld. Blanc retorted by saying that blood would flow, and that Goudchaux's head would be held answerable. Such was the fraternity behind the curtain. Goudchaux acknowledges that he held a battle to be inevitable, and was only anxious to see it take place in March or April, that it might be more easily settled than if the extreme party were allowed to extend their means and consolidate their organization.

When Blanc ensconced himself in the Luxembourg, and when the national *ateliers* were formed, Goudchaux, seeing that the communist element had been introduced and was in active operation, threw up office, and lost popularity out of doors. There is no man who runs such danger in revolutionary times as the moderate revolutionist who will not go the whole length with his party. He becomes a drag upon their designs, and a living censure of their conduct ; he clashes with his brother conspirators, irritates their passions, and is devoted, in their minds, to destruction.

M. Goudchaux became very unpopular with the communists, because they expected that he would have given the sanction of his name and example to some of the new-fangled notions of these dreamers in matters of finance. He was expected to have played the part of a banking Philippe Egalité—to have descended from the financial aristocracy into the phalanstere of Considérant, the barter bank of Bourbon, or the communist establishment of tailors at Clichy, organized experimentally, and, most unfortunately, by Blanc.

M. Goudchaux fell into the mistake that he could rule the conspiracy market as a Rothschild could rule the bourse, and send up the moderate and honest republican stock with the same facility with which he had cast down monarchy. Little did he foresee that the whole framework of society, becoming disorganized, and every element of evil let loose, the worst must become the most active, and the moderate revolutionists be driven to self-defense. The banker stood by the bourgeois in their hour of peril, as firmly as the late Earl Grey stood by his order in the perilous battle of reform; his courage gave confidence to the trading classes, so that his adhesion to the cabinet of General Cavaignac was taken as a guarantee that there would be no compromise with societies and communism.

As a parliamentary speaker, M. Goudchaux failed; when he was interrupted he lost temper, and his expressions of anger were neither keen or polished. His main resource in oratorical difficulties was the glass of *eau sucrée*, of which a constant supply is kept at the tribune. When M. Goudchaux was embarrassed for a sentence, he ran—for he was quick in all movements—to his glass of sugared water. His draughts were sometimes so repeated as to produce a ludicrous effect, and the more the house laughed, the more M. Goudchaux became embarrassed—the more he became embarrassed, the more frequently he ran to his tumbler; and all the while the by-play of rapid supply and still more rapid demand, expenditure outstripping income, demand beating supply, debtor and creditor not able to keep in a line—made a very pleasant comedy for the Assembly, which the confused financier only heightened by an evident inability to see its drift.

With such a company we shall now have to see an almost untried manager at work—a man who had passed his days in the field, away from his own country, a distant observer of a scene of politics in which he took no part ; a man unused to parliamentary life—unacquainted with parties, one who had probably never made a speech in his life : such was the trying position in which General Cavaignac, by an extraordinary combination of circumstances, found himself placed. He had, it is true, a grateful Assembly over which he had acquired great moral authority ; but out of doors there was a vindictive population thirsting for vengeance, with the Clubs in active existence to keep its animosity alive. There was an army hovering over the Alps, and he, a soldier, had to learn the whole question of foreign policy : a republican by character, he had to maintain martial law. A new man had come on the revolutionary stage—had the great man of the revolution been at length found ?

It is now no longer necessary to take a daily note of the Assembly as it was previously to the insurrection of June, when each day's proceedings did something to advance, to retard, to modify, or affect in some way the inevitable struggle. Should another struggle take place, it will not be like the past, in so far as the Assembly is concerned. To mark the altered position of the Constituent would be to anticipate a subject to which we shall be carried by-and-by. In the mean time, we will notice only the most remarkable sittings—remarkable according to the view which has hitherto influenced our attention, as bringing out important men of whom we have not yet spoken, and in relation to topics with which their names are more immediately identified. Throughout the month of July there was hardly a *séance* of such a nature as that it would serve our particular purpose to notice. The proceedings were generally of a sober and earnest character. Many of the crude decrees of the Provisional Government were abolished ; and as the late Executive Commission of five and their Ministers were the authors of those decrees, each condemnatory act sounded like a posthumous vote of censure. The national *ateliers* were broken up by a simple ordinance of the chief of the executive power, who equally by his own authority kept

on martial law, stopped the Clubs, and held the journals under strict surveillance. The decree of the Provisional Government limiting the hours of labor was abolished ; while labor exercised in prisons, but prohibited by the Provisional Government, was restored. It was found that unfortunate convicts who had been deprived of the privilege of toil, lest their productions should come in competition with those of the honest, became idiotic, or went mad, or threatened to sink into irreclaimable demoralization. The new Government hastened to repair the injustice that had been done to those persons who, having deposited their earnings in the savings' bank, had been forced to accept depreciated stock at a higher rate than the market price. The holders of treasury bills were compensated in some degree for the breach of faith that was excused by the revolution, and there were better terms afforded to Tontine associations for their money, which had been ruthlessly seized hold of by the founders of the Republic. The Assembly also marked in particular and individual instances its feelings toward men who showed subversive or conservative tendencies.

M. Carnot, the Minister of Public Instruction, felt obliged to resign, in consequence of the disapprobation manifested on account of the exposure of a manual of political instruction which had been published under his patronage, and betrayed the wildest socialist tendencies.

M. Marie, on the other hand, who, notwithstanding that he was identified with the Provisional Government, and had formed one of the Executive Commission, was elected President of the Assembly, and was afterward nominated Minister of Justice, on account of the firmness and integrity of his conduct. There was one moment of the old revolutionary interest on a day when the Abbé de Lamennais mounted the tribune to challenge the Government to prosecute him in the place of the printer of his journal, the *Peuple Constituant*. That little, shriveled, snuff-be-grimed man, who looked like an automaton carved out of unpolished mahogany, and whose voice could not be caught at a few paces' distance, had evoked by the potency of his magic pen the fiercest passions of the revolution. His system was unlicensed

democracy, without socialism. He was as much opposed to Louis Blanc as to the *République modérée*. He was a politician republican of the red die. The apostate abbé would have taken a cardinal's hat for its color. When the insurrection of June was quelled, he threw up his journal, exclaiming that the Republic was no more. He sat like Marius among the ruins of the barricades, broke his wand like Prospero, and cast his book into the sea. For his parting maledictions his printer was held responsible, and the perverse old ex-priest thought he did an act of chivalry when he invited the thunderbolt of the law to his own head. The thunder of Cavaignac was not, after all, so very dreadful, and the *coup de théâtre* failed to produce any effect within doors or without.

The last week of July brought into the field some giants of the past and of the present. M. Thiers and M. Proudhon, the champion of the rights of property, and the man who frightened society with his heresy that "property is robbery," carried their controversy to the tribune. The Pasteur Coquerel brought in a bill for restraining clubs, and M. Mauguin resaddled and bridled his old war-horse, whose neighing in the first days of the Revolution of July were echoed far and wide from the shores of Bucephalus, and from countries unknown to his master, Alexander. M. Mauguin, although older by eighteen years than when his sharp words, like arrows steeped in gall, used to make the proud, towering, and impetuous Casimir Perrier, that giant of peace, bound foaming to the tribune, this Monsieur, now Citizen Mauguin, is still a fine, tall, graceful man, with spirited, handsome features, and undimmed eye. In 1831 he was one of the most prominent and effective leaders of the war party; but as peace policy was firmly established through the courage of Casimir Perrier, who bore the heat of the day, leaving to his master the slow, pertinacious effort of consolidation, the martial Mauguin was obliged to retire into his tent, and mourn over his useless sword. He became a Bonapartist, and for years consoled himself with the prospect of a Napoleon dynasty. The *Commerce* was for years regarded as a Bonapartist organ, deriving its inspiration from Mauguin. The latter either mistook his time, or

time swept past him too rapidly, for his opinions grew out of date, and he sank into neglect; so that notwithstanding his power of oratory and elegant elocution, he failed in latter years to attract the attention of the Chamber of Deputies. But had not his time come? He is in the National Assembly, after a revolution more sweeping than that of July, and he rises, to use his own language, at a moment when there are four different movements in Europe, "*Quatre mouvements, remarquez le bien, en état de guerre marchant avec le canon.*" The first was the movement of nationality. Its cannon was firing in Italy. The second was the movement of races, of which the strife between the Germanic and Slavonic races afforded examples. The third was a territorial question, affecting the East, especially when Russia was establishing herself in Moldavia and Wallachia. And the fourth, the most serious of all, was that war of principles which had made battle-grounds of Vienna, Berlin, and of all Germany and Italy.

How happy must Mauguin have felt. The world was all before him, like a chess-board; he could move Russia here, Austria there, and show France check-mated; because, instead of rushing into the *mêlée*, and not allowing a battle to be fought without her presence, she remained inactive. Nothing could be more surprising than the ease and brilliancy with which the orator took asunder his dissected map, and held each country between his finger and thumb, giving an illustrated lecture on geography, with an account of the sea and land forces of every kingdom, its interests and its designs, like the *diable boiteux*, viewing the Spanish capital from the chimney top. Not only did he tell how fields were won, but he opened the doors of every royal Cabinet, until he closed the crowded and magic panorama with the old question, whether France was to allow all that to pass about her as the phantom of a dream seen in her apathetic sleep. How the world marches—how new sentiments take their unobserved yet certain growth! This impassioned, revolutionized France, as represented in her universal-suffrage chosen Assembly, was as deaf and as unmoved as the old Chamber to the voice of the martial charmer. A republican

soldier, calm and unexcited, shakes off the arrows that stung old Casimir Perrier to death. German and Slave, Austrian and Lombard, may fight; Russia may steal into the provinces of the Danube, Poland writhe, the Parliament of Frankfort declaim, Vienna and Berlin shake as from earthquakes, yet Mauguin can not win a cheer from Gallie democracy, stunned by the specter of June.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE PASTEUR COQUEREL.

IT was on the Pasteur Coquerel that devolved the conduct of the law affecting clubs. This reverend gentleman, notwithstanding his high reputation, had not much success with the Assembly, which is the more surprising, as his speeches at the hustings were a series of popular triumphs. It is not from the effect produced in the pulpit that parliamentary power can be predicted, but the hustings might surely be supposed to reveal something of a speaker's peculiar qualifications for influencing popular assemblies. It was in a large *ménage*, or riding-school, in the Faubourg St. Martin, that a few days previous to the election for the department of the Seine, a preparatory meeting of the Protestant democrats was called for the sake of hearing the *profession de foi* of different candidates. Several candidates addressed that meeting: the most effective were M. Wolowski, M. Coquerel, and a young operative whose name I forget; and on a show of hands taking place these three were universally approved. This meeting so truly spoke the general feeling of the electoral body that two were chosen for seats in the Assembly, these two being M. Wolowski and M. Coquerel. Any one who had had the good fortune to have attended that meeting would have left it with a very favorable impression of French popular assemblies, and generally speaking the same may be said with reference to the Clubs. If the French are not habituated to public political meetings, yet it must be remembered that they pass much of their time abroad in places of amusement, that they love theaters and shows; and from constant attendance of crowded places there is an established conventional system of order, a habit of quiet attention, and observance of mutual convenience, which does not desert them even when the scene is transferred to the Club or place of public meeting. There is a spirit of order

even behind the barricades, so that the Englishman, accustomed to the harmless warfare of Covent Garden at a Middlesex election, would be mistaken if he took the wonderful politeness that marked preliminary hustings assemblages, and the still more wonderful calm with which millions of votes were dropped into the ballot-box with the noiselessness of a snow-shower, as certain proof that there was no subterranean fire, no gathering element of explosion.

M. Wolowski, the brother-in-law of Léon Faucher, and a professor of the *Arts et Métiers*, spoke with deep earnestness of tone, unaccompanied by gesticulation. As common to all candidates, his speech manifested the deep interest he took in the working-classes; but although pressed on the subject he did not commit himself to the adoption of Louis Blanc's great panacea, the *organisation du travail*, although he admitted that all systems deserved the most profound study and attention. When M. Coquerel spoke after the somewhat cold and didactic professor, he excited a degree of enthusiasm such as is rarely manifested by Parisian assemblages; he recounted his various attendances at public meetings, and his kindly reception by the working classes, among whom, he ventured to pledge himself, the doctrines of the Communists had made no progress. The working people gave no ear to incomprehensible theories, but looked for the amelioration of their condition to improved institutions.

A variety of questions were put to the reverend orator, all of which he answered with frankness, warmth, and commanding eloquence. In his case it was not necessary for the chairman to call for a show of hands expressive of the adoption of the candidate or the contrary, for when the President rose to do so he was anticipated by a universal burst of applause; and yet M. Coquerel, the admirable preacher, the captivating lecturer, the terse, logical, and close writer, and, as we have seen, no bad hand at playing the demagogue, failed in the Assembly, but he failed as Lacordaire had failed, because he was a divine.

The Assembly had come charged with the traditions of the first revolution. A hollow liberality had allowed the bishop, the friar, the priest, and the dissenter to take their places in the great council of the nation, at the door of which they left their

clerical titles, but could not, and they ought not, leave the sanctity of their character. It was that sanctity which gave offense to ignorant and intolerant infidelity. But after all, the Lacordaires and Coquerels were only treated as badly as the Berryers, and not so badly as the Thiers's. The nervous and impassioned Lacordaire, although he fled from so insupportable a scene, yet by his over-excited eloquence hushed into surprised attention his almost affrighted listeners ; but the reasoning minister, accustomed not so much to exhortation as to argument, looked down-cast, and his voice that could ring like a hautboy, sunk into a weak, thin, nasal sound. In committee, however, M. Coquerel maintained the authority of his mind and word. He was chosen to draw up the report on the law for suppressing the Clubs ; he took an active part in the preparation of the constitution ; and what was more important still, to his hand was confided the great work of drawing up the system of poor-laws, to which the Assembly stood pledged by its affirmation, inscribed in the constitution, that the poor have a right to assistance from the State—a subject to which we shall have to recur as we proceed.

M. Coquerel, on entering the Assembly, took his seat on the same bench with M. Odilon Barrot, and among the ex-members of the old Chamber of Deputies that belonged to the constitutional opposition. His attitude implied that he accepted and would support a moderate republic, respecting the fundamental rights of property and family, and treating religious sects with toleration. Was there not toleration under the monarchy ? Yes and no. There was no persecution certainly, but there was every discouragement offered to the rise and spread of religious sects. The law tolerated sects, and even made pecuniary allowance to ministers ; but a religious meeting could not be held without license from the local authorities, and such license was generally withheld. The Government of the Monarchy entertained such a nervous horror of public meetings and Clubs, that it feared lest religious societies should be made a convenient cloak for political parties, or that the habit, if allowed to grow, might extend to political associations. Perhaps they had the history of Charles I. and of Cromwell, of the Presbyterian fifth-monarchy men and Long

Parliament before their eyes, and all that coupled with their own stanch Huguenots ; but certain it is, that with all their boasted liberality and real indifference, there was a very effectual, although indirect repression of biblical sects ; so much so, that if such men as M. Coquerel viewed the advent of the Republic with hope, they did so in the joy which all ardent lovers of the dissemination of what they believe to be truth must feel when emancipated suddenly from galling restrictions. Such men looking to the cause they have at heart regard means as in the hands of Providence ; politics take a second rank in their minds, and if they accept a republic with promises of freedom coming after a monarchy which allowed it, but in a stinted measure, they are not on that account factious or lovers of change.

We have now, before us M. Thiers ; but he deserves a chapter to himself.

CHAPTER XXIX.

M. THIERS.

THE most brilliant part of M. Thiers' monarchical parliamentary career, if the phrase be admitted, was perhaps its close. Whether there yet be reserved for this gentleman new triumphs under the republican, or some future modification of popular or constitutional government, it is not given to us to predict; but should such triumphs be reserved for him, they will afford but fitting compensation for the bitterness of the mortification he has had to endure at the hands of the revolution. The last appearance of M. Thiers in the tribune of the Chamber of Députés, and his first in that of the National Assembly, formed quite a contrast. Between these events another had occurred. He was Minister for a few hours—long enough to compromise his character with the republican, without effecting any good for the throne.

Let us revert to his last appearance in the Chamber of Deputies. For two years or so previously, M. Thiers had taken no part in public debates. To those who have watched the public career of politicians, it would seem as if the recognized leaders of parties bidding for power, only made a movement in advance, when a fair chance was presented of effecting a practical triumph. How often have they, who are familiar with the idiomatic language of the political salons, heard the speech of a Count Molé or a M. Thiers designated an Act. The fact of such men making opposition speeches has been taken to indicate coming changes of administration. The appearance of M. Thiers in the debate on the unlucky speech which opened the parliament of 1848, was regarded as "an Act." It had taken possession of the popular belief, that this eminent person had abandoned all notion of office during the life-time of the King, and that he held himself in reserve for the regency. He knew that he never could force on the King an acceptance of his famous maxim, *Le Roi*

règne mais ne gouverne pas ; and he thought that he foresaw so clearly under the weaker rule of a regent—with the impulses of a popular kind that acquire vigor from new reigns—the advent of parliamentary government, that he deemed it not worth his while to put the Monarchy in peril by engaging in a premature struggle. Nor was he, in fact, personally hostile to the King, or desirous of making himself obnoxious to the reigning family. He gave striking proof of his disposition in that respect, by supporting the Regency Bill which Louis-Philippe had so much at heart.

The Duc de Nemours, the eldest son of the King, was generally unpopular. The Duchess of Orleans much respected. Thiers had been a favorite guest of the salons of her husband, was regarded as his future Minister, and had he declared for the mother of the Comte de Paris, he might, had he been so disposed, have thwarted very much the desires of the Court. However incompatible his views with those of the King, the latter could not regard him in the light of an enemy to his throne. The regency would, according to the calculations of human foresight, bring about naturally the great object he had in view—the heading an administration independent of the Court, relying solely on the majority in parliament, as parliament was then constituted ; for M. Thiers had no taste for Odilon Barrot's reform.

A younger man than M. Guizot by eleven years, and younger than M. Molé by twice that sum, without any rising competitor of equal fame, M. Thiers might have felt warranted in regarding the future as his own. Although silent in the Chambers, he was busy in his closet, from which issued at becoming intervals the huge tomes of his History of the Consulat and the Empire. The book was doubly a study to the curious. The History of the Revolution by the same author had been called a pamphlet *monstre*, directed against the Restoration, and when it had overthrown it, or aided to do so, formed the pinnacle on which stood the young Minister of Louis-Philippe. Was the History of the Empire but a preface to another gigantic effort for remodeling the map of Europe, with the Rhine for the boundary of France, and all other countries the vassals of her will ? Many thought so ; and M. Thiers tried to reassure the many ; but his modera-

tion was distrusted, and his moralizings about insensate ambition treated as simple mystifications. M. Thiers, in one sense a bad historian of the Republic, was, by his very defects, a good historian of the Empire. His first work has not been unjustly treated as a deification of force, his second is a narrative of the acts of the consummate wielder of force.

If it required a deeply philosophical spirit to deal with the Revolution, the absence of philosophy is not felt in treating of invasions, of battles, of wide devastation and ruin, of selfish ambition, of crushing despotism, however mingled with taste for practical science applied solely to domination, or appreciation for the fine arts regarded with a view to its decoration. Before M. Thiers set about erecting a temple to Napoleon, he had bowed the knee to Danton. Human energy is his idolatry. The physical, and not the moral, holds supreme sway over his sympathies. You would search all Thiers in vain for a thought that would show him of the race of Pascal. If Napoleon suffers, it is not because he has proved rebel to the great laws of his Creator, but because of some violation of the Talleyrand code of morality—he committed a fault, and “a fault is worse than a crime.” His erring hero was simply unskillful, or carried away by passion. Nevertheless it must be allowed that the author sometimes approaches the borders of the purest regions of moral science. His mind, like all strong minds, tends toward order. It repels anarchy, with its fanciful, fitful, imbecile efforts to produce any thing good or great. This love of order as exhibited in sympathy with strong power giving unity to the state, rises to an analogous appreciation of the harmony imposed by the everlasting will. M. Thiers would seem to know, and to understand rather than to feel, the beauties of moral truths. He not unfrequently writes about them, but they make no part of his nature. Yet it would seem that those best qualified to judge do not think so, for Thiers contrived to win from the side of M. Guizot, and to make devoted friends of such men as Remusat and Duvergier de Hauranne, while Cousin is one of the illustrious of his party and his personal friend. Yet friendships are often the creation of temperament and temper, rather than of agreement in speculative opinion.

Doctors do not always relish being doctored. The axioms of the leader of the doctrinaires might have been wise, but the manner thereof unpleasant. How unconsciously does a tone jar on a susceptibility. The fault may be mutual; but it is not always that we find even philosophers in constant company. The lord of the forest dwells alone. The spectator seated in the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies, had only to keep his eye on Thiers upon any day of his self-devoted mutism, to gather his nature from the unconscious sparks that played forth unceasingly from his features and his person. Look at the little man, as he enters with the jerking movement of the *Gamin de Paris*, and yet he is fifty. He is dressed in many colors; his coat light brown; his trousers light gray; his waistcoat blue; his neck-cloth some other color; his little bright boots, as if his feet had been cut out of ebony. His smile, which is perennial, expresses a sort of undefinable *finesse*—a love of merry mischief; and should the opposition storm and the minister look annoyed, the little hands will rub together; the eye will flash through the spectacles, and the gray hair appear on the head of that wild boy as a freak of Nature. Such would Thiers look as he seated himself among his friends after his morning's labor, begun at perhaps five o'clock. How much this expansive, thoroughly French temperament, may have had to do in attaching graver natures, the acute reader will probably determine for himself.

The debate on the address in reply to the King's speech on the opening of the final session of 1848, brought out M. Thiers. He could no longer maintain silence. Some one hundred members—his own immediate friends, or his allies—had been offended by an unfortunate paragraph which described those who had taken part in the reform banquets as "hostile or blind." All considerations of party policy gave way before a sting to *amour-propre*. The battle had become personal. M. Thiers had not attended any of those banquets, and was believed to have disapproved of their object, however he may have relished the embarrassments which they occasioned to ministers. He threw himself, heart and soul, into the opposition, and attacked ministers in a series of speeches of extraordinary power. As each

paragraph of an address must be voted separately, so each paragraph may give rise to a protracted debate. The leader of the *centre gauche* took advantage of the opportunities afforded by parliamentary regulations, and he reviewed, separately and apart, the Spanish marriages, the Italian policy, Swiss policy, domestic legislation, financial blunders, and, in fine, the whole administration, displaying very remarkable versatility. The public appeared to be enchanted with M. Thiers—the applause of the galleries echoed vehemently that of the opposition benches. The members of the royal family came to hear the attractive orator. M. Guizot, his great rival, had been suffering from the prevailing influenza, and was hardly equal to the struggle imposed on him by necessity. Yet how much more than a ministerial question was at stake. Ministers and monarchy disappeared. Reform escaped from M. Barrot; there was no regency for M. Thiers. A figure of the Empire rose for a moment before his eyes, but he regarded it as a mockery. The most overwhelming unpopularity came like an avalanche thundering down, threatening to crush him at the moment that he appeared to be reaching the summit of greatness. He took to his bed, and for a while his friends felt alarm; but so buoyant a nature could not long remain the derision of his enemies. He got up, and sounded the depths of the turbulent current that threatened to sweep away all that was precious to civilized man, and he scornfully measured its baselessness and shallowness. Thiers, who could not find a constituency in April, was returned by five in May: and this mark of reaction, instead of proving to the Red Republican of the Paris Clubs, how general was the esteem for this gentleman's genius, only excited more their rage. His house had to be protected by military, and on one occasion a shot was fired at his friend Maquet, while he was ringing at the door, who, from his wearing a white hat, and being of similar height, was taken by the assassin for Thiers himself.

On the 26th July, M. Thiers appeared for the first time in the tribune of the National Assembly. He had previously taken an active part in committee, but this was his first appearance before the Assembly. His object was to place a report in the

hands of the President, relative to a proposition of a very singular kind that had been submitted by the Communist champion, Proudhon, who, in order to revive trade, which had suffered so much by the Revolution, and to relieve distress, offered a plan to the Assembly, which consisted of a sort of confiscation of one-third of rents of all kinds, and interest on public securities. According to this project of M. Proudhon, farmers and renters of houses and apartments would have to pay but two-thirds of their rents. Debtors could discharge their obligations by a tender of two-thirds of their debts; and the same principle would be made to apply to all sorts of contracts. The state would adopt the same rule with regard to the public creditors, and toward all persons receiving pensions.

The calculation of this famous speculator was, that the whole amount of money that would be gained by farmers, renters of houses, debtors, etc., would reach the immense sum of three milliards of francs, or £120,000,000 sterling. The half of this going to the State would save the necessity of imposing a year's taxation, to the relief of the people; and the other half should be employed in the revival of manufactures, trade, and commerce. The proposition having, according to rule, been referred to the Finance Committee, M. Thiers was chosen to draw up a report, rebutting the calculations of Proudhon, and refuting his reasoning. It was with this report in his hand that he made his first bow to the Assembly. Conscious of the ill reception that awaited him, M. Thiers simply laid his paper on what we would call the table of the House. He did not hurry away, but lingered, suspecting, not unsagaciously, that the curiosity of members would overcome their antipathy; for with Frenchmen the former is, in truth, the stronger feeling. He was loudly called upon to read his report, which every one knew to be charged with provocation to personal controversy. Still he did not evince any *empressement*, but, with well-affected *sang froid*, fingered for some moments with the document, until repeated calls induced him to comply with what appeared to be a generally expressed wish. The paper possessed in a high degree the peculiar excellencies of the author: clear statement of his adversaries' argument, so clear, indeed, as to

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make the absurdity show itself, and render refutation almost superfluous; the refutation then following, fresh and agreeable by its lucidity and happiness of expression.

As we shall soon have to exhibit M. Proudhon in person, we need not dwell here upon the system which M. Thiers successfully confuted. To M. Thiers we confine ourselves. The principles which he on this day introduced into his report were subsequently expanded by him into his famous work on property, in which he examined the doctrines of the Communists and the Socialists on that subject, with sharp critical power, that overthrew their theoretic plans, but stopped there.

No man whose mind has been imbued with Socialist ideas will rise satisfied from a perusal of this book. He will require to know something more than that the systems offered by Louis Blanc, Proudhon, and Considerant, are each defective, and at the same time so repel each other that they can not be combined. It will probably strike such a man, that there is less offense in proposing a vicious remedy for the manifest evils of the social system, than in holding the prevailing system to be incapable of remedy. "Whatever is, is best," may be a good maxim, taken in the extensive range of the philosophic view which sees one state as a link in the chain to another state, until step by step advances are made toward high improvement; but if the maxim be frigidly offered to the revolutionist and the Socialist, as a dictum of fate, he will not accept it as a final answer to his objections, or a barrier to his efforts. Reasoners like M. Thiers show, or endeavor to show, that there has taken place a steady degree of improvement in the condition of the working classes, from which an inference is sought to be drawn that improvement will go on, although never in such a way as to confound all ranks and degrees of social condition. So much for the material part of the argument, while for the moral, it is shown with more success, that suffering is of no station.

But this mode of argument, however generally sound, does not reach far enough; because, especially with reference to the material point, it is a moot question—that of the advanced physical improvement of the working classes. From the alterations

brought into the habits of industry by the introduction of steam machinery and other causes, there arises a new order of facts, and new views, with which M. Thiers has not grappled; and thus although his work, leveled with such force against Communists and Socialists, is good as far as it goes, yet it by no means exhausts the question.

This is what we should have expected from the author. M. Thiers is eminently a matter-of-fact man: he is an *esprit positif*. Moral philosophy, ethics, metaphysics, religion, all that relates to the soul of man, may be apprehended by so lucid an intelligence, but not affected. On this account it is that M. Thiers has only irritated the Socialists of all shades, who, perceiving his unfitness for the task of helping society in what they conceive to be a transitive state, regard him as an interloper whose low views interpose an impediment in the way of a proper understanding of social questions, and tend to confirm the *bourgeois* in his prejudices.

It is feared, moreover, that he has no better remedy at hand than a diversion of the minds of the working classes by the exploded vulgarity of brutal war. Man is in his eyes a machine of government, *chair à canon*—so thinks the Socialist—while the politician treats the author as an intrigant, who thinks ends justificatory of means. And then it is that because this eminent statesman and historian labors under the defect of a want of moral elevation, that his testimony against socialism has been received with angry protestations, while at the hands of politicians he does not fare much better. He is not a man who has betrayed principles, because he has never had principles. His nature is a negation of such gifts. He can deal only with externals, and with externals he can deal incomparably; therefore he is well fitted to be the historian of a Bonaparte, as he might have made a Louvois under a Louis XIV., a good administrator—a good general probably, and mayhap a wise financier or minister of public works—but a prime minister—no! His short administration in 1840 laid the foundation of incalculable evils, and separated from him the conservative party as constituted under the monarchy. As a politician, he had against him those

conservatives; he had also the legitimists in the ranks of his foes, although Berryer and he loved to converse in private; the republicans looked on him with aversion, so did all classes of Socialists. In fine, when Thiers entered the Assembly, he saw before him a congregated mass of political hate or distrust, enough to subdue almost any amount of courage. Yet he did not give way. Seldom, it is true, did he brave the insults of the mountain; but he took an active part in organizing the benches of the right, and the influential Club of the *Rue de Poitiers* owed much of its strength and importance to his exertions.

As he showed some hesitation in recognizing the claim of Louis Napoleon to the Presidency, he awakened the personal distrust of the Bonapartists; but the brilliant historian of the Empire never could be regarded otherwise than with esteem and respect by the heir of the Emperor. There was also on record the translation of the remains of Napoleon from St. Helena to Paris, one of the first acts of Thiers as prime minister in 1840. Thus, on reviewing the life and conduct of this eminent individual, we see how it is that, distrusted as a public man, and by so many parties, he is yet so attaching and winning, that while his immediate party owns him as chief, he counts friends from all. Our sketch would not be, we shall not say complete, but finished, such as it is, without a word or two about his manner at the tribune. To an appearance by no means imposing, as we have already seen, nature has added the defect of a very bad voice. Sometimes it is wheezy and whispery—sometimes it is a squeal—but as the orator warms, it would seem as if he had by sheer strength of will overcome physical deficiencies, and his voice becomes clear, loud, and impressive. His style is, generally speaking, conversational, simple, and unaffected, without much gesture. His memory must be wonderful, for he has hardly a note before him even when going through complex financial criticisms, for which he has evidently a marked predilection. He has been known to correct from his seat statements of finance ministers, made from documents in hand, while he trusted to his memory only, with invariable accuracy. His language, always

limpid, in his impassioned moments flows out in astonishing abundance. His strong, square head, as seen in the tribune, atones for the general meanness of his appearance. Such is Thiers—with a mind powerful but *matériel* in its cast, of fascinating manners, despite personal defects, with an implacable host of political foes, and yet friends from the ranks of all parties, admired for his talents, but held dangerous from his inherent blindness to principle.

CHAPTER XXX.

M. PROUDHON.

AMIDST the general wreck that followed the Revolution of February there arose a prodigious number of speculations and plans, the adoption of any one of which would, in the opinion of the author, change the face of society. It was remarked that the inmates of the mad-people's hospital at Charenton had caught the general infection, so that it became a question whether it was all Paris that had grown mad or all Charenton wise, for, in truth, all distinction between both had ceased. Every piece of a wall or practicable corner had assumed the most picturesque appearance; placards of all colors—red, yellow, green, pink, and striped, or one half-length this color and the other that, like a pair of pantaloons made according to the fashion of the middle ages, fascinated attention by the most colorable schemes of prosperity. It was an *embarras de richesse*; a patriotic finance-minister, anxious not merely to relieve public distress, but desirous of letting in a flood of milk and honey, had only to go to the nearest wall for an idea, more bright than had ever dawned on finance-minister before. The people, instead of employing their hands at toil, thrust them into their sidepockets, fixed their eyes upon visionary California, and enjoyed ecstatic illusions, as if the golden boughs of the gardens of the Hesperides were stooping of themselves to their mouths. Was it not worth while making a revolution for such an opium dream? Reverie and passion are near neighbors; it is better to set the hand than the brain to work. There was a very ominous and very menacing speculation mania in that mad-hare month of March of the year of grace 1848. Even so sober and shrewd a man as Emile de Girardin elaborated *une idée par jour*. Amidst the dancing shower of rainbow bubbles one project, that of an exchange bank by Citizen—they were all *Citoyens* in those days—P. J. Proudhon attracted

some attention, and men of approved sagacity gave way to it; the proprietor in order to make converts to his system published a newspaper called *Représentant du Peuple*, and to help his Exchange Bank, the banker-in-chief proclaimed property to be robbery. Such doctrine ruined the speculator, but it made the man, for to the astonishment, rather let us say to the affright and bewilderment of all who clung to existing society, the author of this terrific sentence was returned a member for the department of the Seine, by an imposing mass of upward of 60,000 votes. *The Représentant du Peuple* could no longer be poohed at. It was the organ of a man, who, if he had 60,000 votes, had the faubourgs for readers.

It was soon discovered that this hitherto little known name was attached to treatises of a philosophical and an economical character. The publisher of M. Proudhon, to his surprise, found himself, amidst the general deterioration of property, one of the few men who was in the way of making money, and that by means of a man whose mission was to effect its destruction. The effect produced by the perusal of the author's works was such as, perhaps, few readers could satisfactorily describe to themselves; all that man is accustomed to hold dear, was denied. Paradox, such as made Rochefoucauld appear tame, and Rousseau in his most fitful moment of misanthropic sensibility rational and calm, came from the apathetic hand of Proudhon as the soberest common-place. His works formed a series of negations. He would admit nothing. Construction, according to his fashion, should be preceded by universal destruction. By a daring analogy, he claimed, for his special convenience, a universal chaos as a necessary preliminary to order; he went further, for he painted man as the rival of his Creator, and did not shudder at drawing the creature of beneficent disposition, and the Maker the contrary. He did indeed create, for he created God according to an image of his own, and so went beyond the dullness of Atheism into the perversity of blasphemy, for the sake of indulging in which, he condescended to make a Deity. The man who could think thus and act thus, had a vigor of his own. Proudhon can clothe his sophisms in powerful language;

he is a very nervous writer, one who imposes on himself no less than on others.

When this M. Proudhon ascended the tribune on the 31st of July, to develop the strange financial scheme described in the sketch of M. Thiers, the author of the maxim that property is robbery, and others on sacred subjects, that could not, with due regard to the reader's feelings, be repeated, he was looked at with curiosity, as a human phenomenon. The world had heard of Abbé de Mablys and Babous, of Atheists, Communists, and Revolutionists; but any thing like a Proudhon had never been heard of or seen before. His external appearance had nothing, however, of a remarkable character. He is a stout-made man, of about forty years of age; his head is good; he has fair hair, and not in abundance; is not florid or pale; his features are plain, his upper lip rather protruding; dresses with propriety; and altogether, he looks, through his spectacles, very like a Scotch mechanic about to give an amateur lecture on some branch of physics—such is the outer man of the terrible destroyer Proudhon. His speech, which he read, was a defense of Socialism, and his plan for renovating society with which a good portion of it was taken up, may be briefly described.

The problem which he sought to solve was, he said, the *droit du travail*; and he considered that labor might be guaranteed to all men if an unlimited consumption could be secured. In other words—if, from the extent of consumption, labor should be in the greatest possible request, then the State might safely guarantee labor to all. Looking at the boundless wants of highly civilized society, it was evident that if the people had only means to satisfy all their wants, consumption would be without limit. The faculty of a nation's power of expenditure might be estimated from that of a rich man, who, in the gratification of his tastes, was able to lay out almost any amount of money. He repudiated altogether the notion of a partition of property, for he recognized the correctness of the calculation, that if all the possessions of the country were partitioned among the inhabitants, there would not be more than fifteen sous for each, per day. M. Proudhon would accordingly raise the wealth of the country to ten times its pres-

ent amount, so that there would be for each man's daily expenditure, ten times as much as he has now. What then, he asked, was it that prevented this taking place? The answer was found in the new character which property had assumed in modern days, and which was its circulating form. A man's effects were in convertible securities, so that whatever impeded circulation, caused general loss. The impediments to circulation were of four kinds :—

1st. The exclusive use of gold and silver as instruments of exchange.

2d. The interest payable for its use, by the borrower to the lender.

3d. By the assimilation of all sorts of capital, with machinery and land, to money, so that the instruments by which man produced were all, like money, submitted to payment of interest.

4th. That, in fine, this fascination which gold had for men, led to this consequence, that instead of men producing for sake of spending according to the measure of labor, they produced for sake of hoarding up gold, and capital; so that by means of this accumulation they might exempt themselves from labor, live without producing, and make the operation lost for them.

He drew from these propositions the conclusion, that while France produced only ten milliards, there was a fourth of this sum, under pretext of savings, subtracted from circulation, and so far useless in causing consumption, and remaining stagnant. Thus every farthing lying in Savings' Banks, or other Banks, was, according to M. Proudhon, so much power of production and consumption lost, and, as it were, so much taken from the general sum of wages, and from the comforts of the people. As a consequence of this discovery, he was led to the idea of forming a "Bank of Exchange." Now let us pause here to ask, what is a Bank of Exchange? It means this, that a *dépôt* is opened in which a manufacturer or producer of any kind, can at once place his productions, which being useless to himself for immediate purposes, may at once be exchanged for some other sort of production of which he stands in immediate need. Gold and silver money being abolished and put on the footing of marketable com-

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modities, the producer might at once take the articles he requires in lieu of his own, which would be simple barter, or receive some note, or paper sign of value, which he would take to the shop of some other producer, and help himself accordingly.

We find, then, that money being abolished, a commercial principle of hitherto recognized power becomes abolished also—for price is no longer regulated by demand: how can it be, when supply is told that it can not, do what it will, reach the ravenous consumption created by the Exchange Bank. We arrive, however, at one fact—there must be paper money; and as paper money may be made to any amount, there need be no want of that commodity, at all events. When the maker of any thing, a hat, or pair of shoes, for example, goes to the Exchange Bank, it is a settled point that he has only to ask for the price, receive it, go to the baker, receive bread, and a smaller note in change, and be joyful. But when the hat is presented for the note, who is to settle the value of the hat? Is it the banker? Now the banker has no interest in the matter, for all interest is abolished as hurtful to circulation. How, it must still be asked, is the value of the hat, or pair of shoes to be ascertained? When there was a gold and silver currency, the sign was at once found and could be expressed on paper. We may suppose that the hatter, before he brings his hat, would make an inventory of his domestic wants, and say, give me so much bread, so much meat, so much drink; would he then receive in exchange, a bread note, meat note, milk note, &c.? which he might take to the baker, butcher, &c., &c.

This he should do; for let us suppose that in this bazaar, the Bank of Exchange, he could find these several articles against his hat. Yet if accounts be kept at all, there should be entries of exchange, and exchange of notes from one hand to another, and from one counter to another.

The system, so far as we have gone, or can see through it, would seem to dispense with foreign trade; for gold and silver ceasing to circulate as money, would soon disappear; it need not be imported, for it would not be wanted, and its exportation in abundance would soon take place, through the demand of foreign-

ers ; and it would follow, that as none need such riches, with a view of hoarding up, so none need run the risks and hardships of sea voyages, for sake of seeking articles to exchange for matters of present necessity or enjoyment. The system supposes, therefore, an exclusive home dealing. The Bank being established, the object to be obtained would be universal comfort. There would be no rich, and no poor—or rather all would be rich in the enjoyment of a full return for the utmost amount of the products of industry ; and as a man's children after him, would through life have all that they could enjoy, with the assurance of similar abundance for their children after them, it would, in point of fact, arrive at the same point, as if property descended in direct inheritance. Such is a general idea of the Bank of Exchange, which, if we did not endeavor to explain, the speech of M. Proudhon, that we are more immediately considering, would not be intelligible. Coming to the proposition on which M. Thiers had made the report to which we have already referred, he said that the demand he had made, to have rents reduced a third, debts reduced a third, payments of interest and salaries a third, was for the sake of creating an immediate and temporary fund, while putting into operation his great Socialist plan of a Bank of Exchange ; and as he considered that the Revolution of February was the breaking up of the old society, and the inauguration of a new, he proposed to proceed forcibly with his scheme—and this, he said, is the sense of my proposition. It is from the *Moniteur* that the following is extracted.

1st. Authoritative announcement to property, and to the bourgeois class, of the sense and object of the Revolution of February.

2d. Alternative addressed to property, to proceed to a social wind up (*liquidation*), and at the same time to a contribution on its part to the revolutionary work ; or the proprietors shall be rendered responsible for the consequences of their refusal, and under all reserves.

Several members cried out, " Comment ! sous tous réserves ! Explain yourself."

M. Dupin.—"It is clear enough ! Your purse or your life !"

Here was an explosion of angry interruption, after which M. Proudhon said, "It signifies that in case of refusal we will ourselves proceed to their liquidation without you." (Violent murmurs).

Numerous Voices.—"You? Who are you?" (Agitation).

M. Ernest de Girardin.—"Do you mean the guillotine?" (Questions are addressed to the speaker from all sides).

The President.—"I invite every one to silence. The orator has a right to explain his meaning."

M. Proudhon.—"When I made use of the pronouns *you* and *we*, it is evident that I identified myself with the proletarian, and that I identified you with *la classe bourgeoise*." (New exclamations).

M. de St. Priest.—"It is social war."

A Member.—"It is the 23d of June at the tribune."

Several Voices.—"Let him go on, let him speak."

It is not necessary to pursue the day's proceedings further. M. Thiers, in order to express his own and the Assembly's contempt for the speaker, disdained to make any reply; and on a division it was found that only one individual, a M. Greppo, voted with M. Proudhon.

The manner of this gentleman while delivering a speech that, from its extremely subversive and revolutionary character, threw the Assembly into fits of fury, was not only calm but heavy, and had nothing in it of a studiously offensive character. Resting for the most part on both hands spread out, and with his eyes fastened on the calculations before him, he would utter in his soft voice some astounding expression, and when the murmurs of his hearers had warned him of the shock he had given their feelings, he would look up with the most innocent surprise, assure them that what he was saying was for their good, that it was unfortunate for them if they failed in understanding him, and then resume his dissertation with steady monotony. There is in this singular man a strange compound of *naïveté* and rudeness, prodigious pride, a self-opinion that repels all shade of suspicion of his own possibility of error, while he has no sort of coincidence with the views of other men. He sits on the mountain, by the

side of his one simple worshiper, M. Greppo. The Montagnards are the butt of his sarcasm, on account of the emptiness of their plans, and the vulgar barrenness of their violent notions. He and Pyat exchanged blows one day, and the philosopher was obliged to place himself in what he felt to be the ridiculous attitude of a fire-eater.

Proudhon's account of himself is, that before he set out for Paris he acted as clerk in a commercial house at Lyons. While in that capacity, in the year 1847, he watched with anxiety what appeared to him the "blind and passionate struggle" which the Opposition party, under Odilon Barrot and Thiers, had commenced against the Conservative party, represented by the King and M. Guizot. At that time the Republican party formed but a feeble minority, which threw its weight into the Opposition side of the scale. So far from sympathizing with the Opposition, this observer saw with dread the first reform banquet take place, for he was shrewd enough to perceive that should the Conservative party succumb, there opened a gloomy vista of suffering for the working classes, in whose fate he, as a Socialist, felt the deepest interest. His acquaintance with the feelings of the working classes, to which he himself belonged, and the nature of his own studies and writings, convinced him that the result would be different from what the Opposition aimed at, for that the throne and society would fall together. The greatest anguish took possession of him, from which even the death of his mother could not divert his feelings, and he learned how far country is above family, so that, to use his own characteristic classical illustration, he could comprehend Regulus and Brutus.

He came to Paris. Republican in the college, the workshop, and the office, he trembled, he tells us, at the blindness of his friends, who failed to see that the Republic was so near. His cause of fear was, that the event should come prematurely, and before the idea had been matured, according to which the new society would be formed. Whatever faith Republicans might have had, they were deficient in science. Criticisms on the state of society had appeared in abundance, but they were vague, sentimental, and mystic; and out of the declamatory chaos no

light had broken. The daily press said nothing about Socialism, and the general reader had thought nothing of the question. And yet—but we must quote his own expressions, they are so characteristic of the man :—

“ And yet the Revolution, the Republic, Socialism, the one supporting the other, were coming in strides! I saw them. I touched them. I fled before the democratic and social monster, of which I could not explain the enigma. An inexpressible terror froze my soul, so as to deprive me even of thought. I cursed the Conservatives, who laughed at the rage of the Opposition; and I cursed even more the Opposition, which with blind fury was tearing up the foundations of society; and I implored my friends to abstain from taking part in a mere question of prerogative, which was leading without preparation to the Republic. I was neither believed nor comprehended. I wept for the poor operative, whom I saw doomed to idleness, and to many years' misery—that poor operative, to whose defense I had devoted myself, and whom I would be unable to succor. I wept for the bourgeoisie that I saw ruined, driven to bankruptcy, excited against the proletariat; and yet I should be obliged, by the antagonism of ideas and the force of circumstances, to combat that class which I was disposed to pity.”

In fine, he mourned because the fact was coming before the idea; as if Providence, contrary to rule, meant this time to strike before warning. All seemed to him, therefore, frightful, unexampled, paradoxical. It was on this account, and because of his devouring anxiety, that, to again use his own language, “ I blamed the Sicilians for their revolt against a detested master; I became irritated with the Pope for his thoughtless liberality, for which he is now paying the penalty of exile; I disapproved of the insurrection of the Milanese, offered up vows for the Sonderbund, and I—disciple of Voltaire and of Hegel that I was—I applauded M. de Montalambert pleading before an aristocratic chamber the cause of the Jesuits of Fribourg.”

On the 21st of February he exhorted his friends not to combat; on the 22d he breathed freely as he saw the Opposition going to beat a retreat. The evening of the 23d dissipated his

illusions; the firing before the hotel of the Minister of Foreign Affairs changed his feelings in a moment, and he became filled with revolutionary enthusiasm. He was no longer the same man; he resolved on taking an active part in the Revolution. He repaired to the office of the *Réforme* paper, and, with his own hands, set up a portion of a proclamation, drawn up by Flocon, in which the dethronement of Louis-Philippe was declared. Having done this, he took his gun and sallied out to a barricade. The Revolution being completed, he returned to his chamber and gave himself up to reflection; the result of his meditations was, that the problem to be solved was the organization of labor. He gives Louis Blanc the credit of having been the first to pose this question. To himself, Proudhon resolved the solution, which he has found in his plan for an organization of credit and of circulation, or, in plain terms, his Exchange Bank. But those who would think that so prosaic a conclusion was a great falling off from such exalted sentiments as we have been copying and describing, view the matter differently from our philosophic speculator. Hear him:—

“I form an enterprise which has never had its equal, and which none shall ever equal. I desire to change the basis of society, to displace the axis of civilization, to make the world, which has hitherto, under the impulse of the Divine Will, turned from west to east, move henceforward by the will of man, from east to west. To effect this, it only requires that the relations between labor and capital shall be reversed, in such wise, that the former, which has always obeyed, may command, and that the latter, which has commanded, may obey.”

This inversion of the order of labor and capital is to be effected by the Bank of Exchange, in the way already attempted to be described. The autobiography of Proudhon is instructive. Here is a man destined for mechanical pursuits. The *Galignani* newspaper states that he was a stay-maker; his own account of his exploit at the *Réforme* office on the day of the Revolution, would imply that he was a working printer. Destined, however, for the workshop, he is sent to college, where he became a disciple of Voltaire. It is said, that without any pre-

vious knowledge of Hegel, he divined the German's scheme of philosophy. It does not appear that at college he received any religious instruction, and, as it mostly happens in human affairs that we take no notice of danger until it becomes incarnated in some excessive example—it wanted the appearance of this strong perverted genius to prove that the system of education carried on in the school of the university is as defective, in a religious point of view, as the clergy have long represented it to be. The lads come out of the college disciples of Voltaire. With faculties stimulated by education, a young man like Proudhon is doomed to some mechanical employment, which he despises, throws it up for a clerkship in some mercantile concern, because it is more gentlemanly, becomes the oracle of some Club, finds the discontented embers of the working classes strewed about him, and resolves upon making himself a name out of the ruins of society. He is highly taught, and he is full of sensibility. Jean Jacques Rousseau and he make acquaintance. Boundless love and exaggerated misanthropy blend strangely in his bosom, and give birth to paradox. His love for one class covers his hatred against another. The clerk of the merchant comes into disagreeable proximity with his employer; his feelings are tried and his pride is hurt by thousands of unconscious ways, and learning to dislike the author of his mortification, he extends his hatred to the class. Pride loves also to show its condescension; to stoop to the lower orders; to open the ears of the people; win admiration by superior endowments, more appreciated by such than by those above them; to win affection by sympathy, is gratifying even to pride. Allies are formed against the bourgeoisie; the leader has troops of followers. Behold the solitary in the midst of the world's business; his leisure hours are given to the philosophy of the last century, with its materialism, and to the dreamy speculation of German mystics. His mind becomes compounded of both; the one has prepared the denial of God, the other prompts His being insulted. Where there is paradox, there is no longer simplicity. There is an aspiration after originality, but the originality is generally no more than a compound or patchwork of separate errors or follies

of the human mind. The Minerva that springs from the head is a monster—a prodigy—that could only be taken for a God through the fumes of revolutionary intoxication, and in the moment of popular madness: of the truth of this, the sentiments of Proudhon afford a striking example. To proclaim himself a Deist would not have been original; to proclaim himself an Atheist would be no more than many Encyclopædists in the last century had done. But by some singular fashion to do both, and draw correspondingly strange conclusions, ah! that, indeed, would be original. Now, how does Proudhon accomplish this act? He acknowledges the existence of God—so did Rousseau, whose style this gentleman has copied in the passages quoted; but Rousseau, who was disgusted with the irrational materialism of Helvetius and others, having demonstrated to the satisfaction of his mind, in an admirable metaphysical paper—the “*Profession de foi du vicaire Savoyard*,” that the world was the handiwork of an intelligent Being, he logically concluded that a Being who loved order, could not have loved vice or misery, which is disorder and discord, and so he arrived at the double inference of his justice and goodness, and of man’s liberty of action. Had the mind of Rousseau been of a more sober cast, he would never have spoiled the operation of his subtle thoughts, by indulgence in excessive sentimentality; still he did not stultify himself; when he arrived at belief in God, it was belief in a good God. Proudhon believes in a God, but by a strained effort at perverse originality, he has fancied that—which, if found among savages, would be regarded as the last degree of barbarism—he has created a bad God. Savages, smitten with such a monstrosity, would have worshiped from fear; but Proudhon blasphemes and insults. He paints his God, not as the enemy of man, for such an admission of power, not accompanied by complete destruction, or the deprivation of all enjoyment, would be inexplicable inconsistency, and so he dwindles Him down to a rivalry with the creature. He calls God the rival of man, and promulgates the doctrine that man is happy in despite of His efforts to the contrary. Such is the imbecile absurdity of this man, who has matched his own theology with the other famous discovery that

property is robbery. This latter dogma he has, however, denied, or rather explained away; and yet the famous Exchange Bank has been invented with the avowed purpose of rendering accumulation impossible—accumulation being, according to his notion, subtractive from the general wealth of society, that ought to be in constant circulation, and not being in circulation, so much robbed from society; and so, logically and conclusively, property became, according to the new process of reasoning, robbery.

Now, will it not strike the calm reader that, for the sake of arriving at a mere economical system, there was little necessity for blasphemy? One of the Ten Commandments did certainly stand in the way of M. Proudhon. If property be robbery, there is an end of theft as a crime. The command of Proudhon's mouth would be, Thou shalt steal. Religion stands in the way of this new system, which is to invert the order of nature, and make the earth travel in a contrary course. If God be malevolent, then all his divine commands must have been aimed with the view of thwarting the poor creature, of whom he is described to be the jealous rival. All the Commandments must accordingly be inverted, and after Thou shalt steal, must come, Thou shalt commit adultery, Thou shalt murder, Thou shalt covet. Sins becomes virtues, and crimes laudable actions.

Truly M. Proudhon does effect his preliminary chaos before he creates order by a semi-system of pawnbroking and barter, worked through his newly-invented assignats, for which he need not claim a patent. And yet this man is not to be despised. It is true that in the Assembly he is isolated. Yes, he has one follower, M. Greppo. There is a French proverb that the greatest fool finds *un plus sot qui l'admire*. Quixote had a Sancho Panza. A hand unseen strewed flowers on the tomb of Nero. Eratosthratus, after a couple of thousand years, has a disciple in Proudhon. With the exception of Greppo, there is no friend of Proudhon even on the benches where once sat Barbès. The *Vaudeville* Theater showed him every night for three months, in his dress and spectacles, for the laughter of crowded audiences; and yet Proudhon is the hero of the faubourgs.

Had the insurgents of June planted the *bonnet rouge* on the guillotine, the arms of the New Republic, it is M. Proudhon who would have been elected finance minister. He is the incarnation of the wild spirit that is abroad. There is an awful sublimity in his blasphemy, a dreamy, mystic grandeur in his subversion of society, that pleases the ill-taught, mistaught, over-stimulated workman. He holds to the class by his origin, and even by his sensibility. He impersonates the pride and envy that have turned to hatred against those who have easier modes of existence. His exaltation of labor into a stupendous exchange system strikes the imagination. There is, in fine, such a practical covering given to paradox, such promises of enjoyment, such deification of man, and such tumultuous work in the way of devising, scheming, revolutionizing, ruining, overthrowing, and upraising, that the bewildered denizens of the faubourgian Clubs, fancying that they see clearly, fall down and worship the evil spirit who shows the workman all the kingdoms of the earth for his domination.

CHAPTER XXXI.

M. CONSIDERANT.

THIS gentleman is not so robust a controversialist as M. Proudhon. When he was challenged to meet M. Thiers at the tribune of the National Assembly, he asked permission to develop his doctrines in the smaller *salle* of the old Chamber of Deputies, on four successive evenings. His request was not acceded to, and M. Considerant had recourse to his pen, for a revelation to the world of the beauties of Phalansterianism. Victor Considerant has the picturesque exterior suited to the first loving disciple of the founder of a sect. He is to Fourier what Melancthon was to Luther. The founder thunders at abuses, shakes down the walls, causes lofty seats to topple, and is, in the eyes of an afrighted world, a harsh and grim destroyer. To some mild, enthusiastic, studious pupil he reveals, in the genial solitude of his home, and in well-seasoned table-talk, the depths of tenderness and love, which form the real springs of outer indignation. Captivated with such teachings, and imbued with such revelations, the mild pupil becomes the testamentary executor of the great will, which he performs with faithfulness and devotion. M. Considerant is tall and slight. His pale features bear the marks of study, and, with his abundant dark hair arranged with some view to effect, make what, in the language of painters, would be called a good head. His dress has a certain priestly cut; and, should the Phalanstère ever be erected on the banks of the Loire—according to that captivating design exhibited at the Phalange Office, within a door of the house where Voltaire was born, on the quay that bears that witty scoffer's name—Victor Considerant, the opposite of Voltaire in all things, will look, as he paces through its pleasant gardens and orchards, or along its social halls, the sentimental, mystical, philosophical genius of so happy a place. Considerant speaks fluently and

well ; but when it is laid down that the student of Fourier must, in order to become acquainted with his system, go through several volumes, beginning with Fourierism-made-easy-books, general treatises, commentaries, preliminaries, etc., before he can venture to enter the bewitching labyrinth of the Phalanstère, then M. Considerant stands excused for having asked four nights' revelations in that quiet cemetery in which lies hushed the spirit of the old Charter of 1830.

However mistaken Considerant may be, he is not to be classed with the coarse mob of revolutionists that, with a torch in one hand to burn, and a knife in the other to slay, have made the Socialism of the year 1848 a spell of horror instead of a word of goodness and peace. A little tract, published by this gentleman in 1847, under the title of "Principles of Socialism ; or Manifesto of the Democracy of the Nineteenth Century," contains so fair a *résumé* of his views, that we shall endeavor to offer a general outline of its contents. Like all Socialists, the author finds the root of misery in unlimited competition and the tyranny of capital. Taking a rapid view of past history, he finds that the societies of antiquity had *force* for principle and law, *war* for policy, and *conquest* for end ; while their economical system was expressed by the word *slavery*. The feudal system was not less one of war and conquest, with slavery modified into serfage, owing to the humane sentiment that came with the first rays of Christianity. The new order of society disengaged from the feudal system, rests upon common law and the Christian principle of the unity of all races in humanity, from whence sprung the political principle of the equal rights of citizens in the State ; and this spirit he calls the Democratic.

The principle that all citizens are equal before the law, and entitled alike to fill all public functions, having been proclaimed by the Revolution of 1789, it did so happen that, for a length of time, the democratic principle was unfortunately identified with all that was revolutionary. That a new organization of society in harmony with this principle of equality must take place, is laid down as the great task of the present age. There is, as yet, no rule or direction for industry. The old corporations

have been swept away, which, under the old system, gave organization to trade and manufactures: but no new organization having replaced the past, the fact comes to this, that there is no organization at all. There exists the most absolute *laissez-faire*; and the consequence is, the most anarchical competition, and the subjugation of industry to capital.

There results, as a further consequence from this state of things, that while political rights are theoretically possessed by all, a new aristocracy has arisen, a financial moneyed aristocracy, who monopolize every advantage, while the masses of the people are reduced to misery. Absolute liberty without organization, means the absolute abandonment of the unprovided masses to the discretion of the few who are amply provided with every thing.

Having established the general truth of the preponderance of this new moneyed aristocracy, he comes to the competition that exists among the working classes, who, forced to find employment or starve, are obliged to underbid each other in the labor market, so that wages have fallen, and will continue to fall until the last point of reduction is reached consistent with the bare necessities of existence. For this, he does not blame the masters; for, owing to competition, each is obliged to produce at the lowest attainable rate, and one man could not afford to pay higher wages than his rival.

Thus it is, that the odious mechanism of unlimited competition breaks down all laws of justice and humanity—for it has this execrable character, that it is every where and always depreciating to wages. It is not only against one another that workmen have to contend in the labor market, they have to struggle against machinery which can do the labor of one man a hundred times over.

The same spirit of competition which has reduced the working classes, is also ruining the middle, where the great property or capital is devouring the little. Society is, then, tending to a division into two great classes—the smaller number possessing nearly all, and overruling commerce and industry, and the great number possessing nothing, and living in absolute dependence on the possessors of capital. This situation is not, he says, peculiar

to France, but is the social phenomenon which characterizes modern civilization.

Proceeding further, he shows that this new moneyed aristocracy has become the master of kings and governments; and looking at what took place last year, it is with some respect for the author's sagacity that we read the following passage:—" *Eh bien*; it is certain that if the wisdom of governments, of the intelligent and liberal bourgeoisie, and if science itself do not all take counsel, the movement which is hurrying our European societies, is going straight to social revolutions, and we are marching to an European *Jacquerie*."

While the rich are becoming more rich, the poor are becoming more poor. It is a war between capital and labor in the midst of the most tempting and aggravating growth of luxury.

The author next comes to a consideration of the remedies proposed, which he classifies under two heads—that of Communism, which he denounces as anti-social and illusory; and that of Association, which he adopts as a pacificatory principle.

Capital, labor, and talent are, according to Considerant—borrowing from Fourier—the three elements of production—the three sources of wealth, the wheels of industrial mechanism, the great primitive means of social development. If there were a fair division of profits, not in equal degree, but according to a scale that would allow higher remuneration to the higher qualities engaged—so much for capital, so much for the talent, and so much for the labor—why then, instead of the few wealthy, and the many miserable, there would be general comfort. That is undeniable. By raising the condition of laborers, there would be immensely increased consumption at home, and with consumption, more manufactures for the home market, and more to divide; with all the moral advantages flowing from the substitution of comfort for want and misery.

M. Considerant, drawing the distinction between Political and Social questions, thinks that the former have lost all interest, or are merged into the latter, because the former, in so far as they concern the relations between people and government, and of governments with each other, have become virtually settled.

He notices, as proof of the infatuation of the government, that it seems to be totally ignorant of the movement among the people of Socialist doctrines and ideas, and he remarks that, out "of 400 deputies there are not twenty who know that the people read more than the financial aristocracy, and that what they do read by hundreds of thousands are works, brochures, and pamphlets, in which are agitating, under different forms, the most grave and terrible social questions."

In order to show that this gentleman is not to be confounded with the mass of destructionists, so unfortunately notorious for the manner in which they would carry out their ambitious views, we must quote the following passage, written at a moment when he thought the monarchy to be in danger :—"The constitutional form, with an hereditary monarch, and an elected chamber, appears to us more advanced, more perfect, and more solid, than all other forms of government—the Republican form not excepted. But we do not believe, with a certain political school, that because we possess a Constitutional Government there must be neither truce nor peace in Europe so long as other people will not adopt our own form. Leave to other people the care of framing such forms as they believe suitable. Their independence and dignity are concerned in the question, and nations do not in general observe with satisfaction that their neighbors are busying themselves in their affairs." And he believes in Christianity. "Christianity is the great religion of humanity; Christianity will continue to develop itself more and more. To believe that there will be any other religion for humanity than that which has revealed to it its proper nature, its unity with all men and with God, is an illusion. The individual and collective union of men among themselves, and their individual and collective union with God—never will there be for men a more elevated religious principle, or any other than that." Again he says :—"Christianity, so far from being dead, was never more living, more spread abroad, more generally incarnate in human intelligence."

Resuming M. Considerant's doctrines, we find that he is a Christian, a Constitutional Monarchyman, a foe to war; that he

is against Propagandism, and interference with other nations or their concerns; that he writes for Frenchmen, and that instead of seeking to force an adoption of his system, he is for a commencement by way of practical experiment, in the hope that success in one instance may lead to adoption and imitation.

A Reformer who presents himself in this way is worthy of friendly attention.

However disreputable or defective the remedies proposed by such a man may be, yet some advantage is to be derived from attending to his testimony. We have seen that M. Considerant knew well what was passing in the minds of the working classes before the Revolution of February. He saw the blindness of parties to their own danger, and he predicted the *Jacquerie*, which was the spirit of the Insurrection of June, in Paris, and the spirit of the outbreaks in many cities of the Continent.

In considering the principle of association as presented by this writer, we have his testimony that if there be not injustice, there is a belief in injustice almost as dangerous in its effect. Is it true, as he implies, that neither talent nor industry are allowed their fair share in the production of wealth? We must view the question principally as relates to France, for it is with a knowledge of what is passing in his own country, and for his own country that he chiefly labors.

With regard to England, M. Considerant lies under a mistake if he supposes that the same injustice prevails here. If he walked into any one of our manufacturing towns, he could have pointed out to him individuals in scores who have risen to fortune from the humblest walks of life, by the efforts of talent and industry united with probity.

He would see, by throwing his eye along the boards that give the names of firms, that the principle of association which he prizes so much, is generally acted upon in this country. It is so and so and Co., to the end of the chapter.

Let him inquire into the history of these firms, and he will find in most instances, that the junior partners are men who have risen without the aid of capital, and solely by merit. And perhaps it may be allowed to be stated that if England resisted

firmly the revolutionary contagion of last year, the chief reason might be found in the prevailing sense of justice that operates between man and man, and which is so characteristically expressed in the proverbial love of fair play, no gross violation of which would be long tolerated.

Association is, however, the grand panacea of Socialists as distinguished from Communists. There is a numerous class who, with the prevalent disposition of Frenchmen to rely on government, think that it is government that ought to supply the capital necessary in the first instance to associations of working manufacturers, until they could gain the requisite capital for themselves.

This plan supposes the substitution of dividends of profits for wages, and it is against such a scheme that M. Thiers directed his arguments with so much effect in that branch of his book on property, which embraces the question of association. It is here that he shows how often the capitalist loses, fails, or is ruined, while the workmen run no risk, for they are paid their wages no matter how unprofitable the work may turn out.

Again, it has been shown that the money which the state would be called upon to furnish would be, in point of fact, the money of individuals collected in the shape of taxation; so that, should the principle be admitted, it would be the introduction of Communism, which has for its object the leveling of all conditions, by means of the control given to the state.

A further objection to the plan, and one dwelt most upon by M. Thiers, as applicable to all schemes of a Communist or Socialist kind, is that it applies to only one class of the community at large, namely, the workmen in towns, and does not affect the farmers and peasantry, so numerically superior, and who are not interested in such questions. And here by the way it may be remarked, that seeing the disposition of men to become corrupt and dangerous when agglomerated in towns, the policy of statesmen is becoming directed rather toward agricultural improvement than manufacturing development; the former having been miserably neglected, while the profits of the latter afford small compensation for the dangers which attend it. Seeing that workmen

can not do without capital, and that the state can not supply the place of the capitalist, it remains to be seen whether the plan offered by Considerant and the disciples of Fourier, for combining capital, talent, and labor in an organized system of harmonious co-operation can be made to succeed.

The plan of which a trial is to be made by the foundation of a model Phalanstère, will, it is said, be put into operation in a couple of years.

From the limited character of these personal sketches, we can not go so far out of our way as to enter into an examination of such a scheme in all its bearings. It may fail; but the failure, like that of finding the philosopher's stone, or giving the character of science to astrology, may be compensated by unexpected solutions of real value.

Mr. Macaulay, who is no ideologist, looks forward to the day when, judging by the advances already made in social improvement, men will look back to the miseries of Dorsetshire laborers with as much astonishment as we at the present day recur to the comfortless condition of the upper classes only a couple of centuries ago.

How is this great social advance to be effected? Is it by slow and steadily growing improvement, or is it to be the result of some great discovery in the economy of human society? Hitherto professedly Socialist schemes have been marked by immense pretensions contrasted with poor results. The manifest evils and miseries of society afford easy and full scope to the pen of the critic.

When Louis Blanc parades the statistics of corruption, crime, and misery, his reader follows the narrator with stifled breath; but when Louis Blanc sets about making a world of his own, a child building a card house is a model of wisdom and constructive power, compared with him. What more appalling vulgarity in the way of contrast can there be, than is presented by Proudhon's blasphemies, and proud pretensions, with his Bank Exchange? Even Fourier has the French way of rushing at an absolute conclusion, that destruction is amendment. It is told of this remarkable man that it was his indignation and dis-

gust at the frauds practised in commerce, which led him to the idea of abolishing commerce altogether, and of placing the producer and the purchaser in direct contact, without the intermediacy of the merchant. Because commerce, honorable itself, happened to be disgraced by some rogues, in one particular place, a valuable principle is to be abolished altogether. The reign of terror men went on in this cauterizing system for the cure of abuses by the destruction of the instrument, and yet they did not know mankind better. The man is a rogue, not because he is a merchant, but because he is a rogue, and would have been such in any other employment. How is the evil to be cured, if not by curing the disposition when the mind is fresh and tender, in other words, by education. And now we touch the vital points of the question. The Socialists fancy that men can be made virtuous by artificial organizations of society, whereas, the Christian and true philosopher would take man by himself, out of the way of evil example and of corrupting communication, and deal with him alone. It is by separating rather than bringing together, that purity of mind is to be preserved. Let the country bear witness against the town—the hamlet against the purlieus of capital cities. If all men were well brought up, and deeply imbued with sound principles, their own sense of right would effect, by slow degrees, every advantage possible of attainment in this world. We may therefore offer to the ready objection of the Socialist, that those who oppose all known Socialist plans, are bound to offer some remedy, at the hazard of a blind and despairing acceptance of the evils of society—that there is a remedy—a very rock-basis of amelioration in well devised education. Good men will make good institutions, and good education tends to make good men. Education, therefore, by all means, and in boundless abundance. Let wholesome seeds be sown early in the mind and in the heart, and the fruit will be self-respect, self-reliance, wholesome thoughts, and healthy action. It will be said that Communist writers have been educated men, and it is not unusual to find very high authorities quoted, from Plato to Sir Thomas More, and from him to some illustrious moderns, to show that genius and learning are not

necessarily infallible guardians of the mind from error. Perhaps a sufficient answer might be furnished to this objection, and an important lesson drawn from the fact that Communist writings have most generally appeared, and Communist notions prevailed, at periods of great corruption, against which they may, one and the other, be taken as signs of reaction. The fact that Plato had in view, when he wrote his "Republic," the stern virtues of the Lacedæmonians, might be advanced as proof that he, the idealist imaginer of a pure love, to which is attached the immortality of his name, wanted to mark his aversion, for the vices of his own time. But without raising a controversy of a speculative character, we have to come to his imitator, Sir Thomas More, who affords evidence, in his Utopia, that the social state of England in his time was such as to have seemed to his eyes, very like a threatened dissolution of society.

Between the breaking up of the feudal system, under Henry VII., and the commercial phase into which England entered after the discovery of the new world, there was an intervening period when great irregularities prevailed. The nobles entertained exorbitant establishments; their idle swarms of servants kept for show, and even as means of aggression, exercised the greatest violence, and committed all sorts of debauchery at the expense of the peasantry and the working people. Agriculture was much neglected, while the great proprietors turned their estates into sheep walks, on account of the more profitable returns given by wool. As the convents were broken up, the misery of the people became further swelled, and the consequence followed, that the country was overrun with mendicants, robbers, and assassins. The picture of Utopia is suggested by the effects of the mal-administration of the author's own country; and if it be the pleasant *jeu d'esprit* of a scholar, it is not without its serious moral. Sir Thomas More shows himself in his work, as much beyond his age, as modern Communists are behind ours. What could be more beautiful than the spiritualist maxim of the Utopians, so different from that of modern Communists whose ideas are of a worldly and sensual kind. "Shun voluptuousness, which prevents the enjoyment of a more exquisite

pleasure, or which is followed by pain, for pain is the inevitable consequence of illicit indulgence. To despise corporal beauty, and the exercise of corporal power, to reduce strength by fasting and abstinence, sacrifice health, and in a word repel the favors of nature, for sake of devoting one's self to the happiness of humanity, in the hope that God will reward the pains of a day by eternal transports of joy, is to perform an act of sublime religion. While, on the other hand, to crucify the body, and sacrifice one's self for a vain phantom of virtue, or for sake of preparing one's self for miseries that may never occur, is to do an act of stupid folly, and of self-cruelty and ingratitude; it is to trample on the gifts of the Creator, as if the creature disdained to owe him any obligation."

The spirit of Christianity and of classic learning, preserved through so many ages of darkness until they came forth together at the double revival of religion and letters, breaks out in a form which breathes of Plato no less than of the Gospel. There is the fanciful organization of the Greek, with the gospel-taught self-sacrifice and self-denial, which the material Communists of the present day, coarse parodists in all things, have failed to feel and appreciate; so that while they blaspheme God, they materialize the spiritual teachings of Christ. The wild Communism that broke out after the reformation in Munster, was a sign of the disordered state of the times. It was ignorance emancipated from mental thralldom, seeking to repay itself for long sufferings and neglect.

Let us come down to the philosophic Communism of the eighteenth century, and it will be found to be the suggestion of the most corrupt period in history—the age of the profligate Regent, of the Cardinal Dubois, of Louis XV., and Madame Du Barry, of the Mississippi gambling, and the *Parc aux Cerfs*. It is the exquisitely sensitive Rousseau, who fulminates a malediction against such society, and strikes at property as the foundation on which it is built; then follows the Abbé de Mably, who, as Plato did of old, takes the Spartans for his model, and with stern fanaticism, proposes the Lacedemonian Communism, with all its consequences, in the hope of recovering Lacedemonian virtues.

The Communism of the ancients, it should be remarked, was a sort of aristocratic Communism ; for society was divided into the free and the slave, the former monopolizing all state employments, they only having the privilege of defending the country, while on the latter was imposed the drudgery and duties of social life : a fact which, well considered, would show that the Communism of the old world belonged to a state of society that has passed away, and never can be revived. The Abbé de Mably would, however, have had the stern Spartan Communism imposed on his thoroughly-relaxed countrymen, attaching as a maxim, that in religion the state should be intolerant, and not allow Atheists or Deists to exist. Instead of blaming the priest for his eccentricity, it would be more profitable to regard his somber, classical enthusiasm as the sign of a mind filled with horror at the aspect of corruption that had reached its lowest stage, and could only be cured by a visitation of Providence, or an extraordinary effort of man.

The visitation came, and Robespierre tried to make the *contrat social* of Jean Jacques Rousseau a practical truth ; but even the Convention that sanctioned the reign of terror was not prepared to go so far. With Robespierre ended the philosophical school of Communists, and with Babouf opened the gross, savage school, of which the Communists of this day are the worthy disciples. Babouf, having settled in his own mind that Communism should be the law ; in other words, that the state should be masters and the people slaves—for there could be no individual property or individual home, no professions or callings, except at the dictation of the state, no free will, no liberty of choice—having made the individual nothing and the state all, Babouf formed a conspiracy, and it is the most horrible conspiracy on record. The conspirators were to have inaugurated their system by wholesale pillage, incendiarism, and massacres ; wide waste and terror were to pioneer the way to Communism ; and Babouf is the predecessor of the Blanquis, Barbès, Caussidières, and the other leaders thrown up in the ferment of February. With none of these must M. Considerant be confounded. He is no Mokanna or hideous veiled prophet, but an amiable experimentalist, who, if he fails—fails.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS—ANTHONY THOURET—ENGLISH ALLIANCE
—THE CAMP OF ST. MAUR.

IN the early part of August, some of the journals that had been suspended were allowed to appear; but in a few days afterward the interdict had to be replaced on the majority of those to which indulgence had been accorded. A list of the journals that appeared between February and June was drawn up by M. Panisse, an officer holding a high post in the police. It gives 171 names of journals; and as some of those names indicate the atrocious spirit that prevailed, and so speak, as it were, for themselves, the nomenclature is offered in this place to the reader.

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| 1. L'Impartial. | 24. Journal de la Conseil. |
| 2. Spartacus. | 25. L'Assemblée Constituante. |
| 3. Le Gamin de Paris. | 26. Archives du Peuple. |
| 4. Le Vrai Gamin de Paris. | 27. L'Ere Nouvelle. |
| 5. Le Nouveau Cordelier. | 28. L'Apôtre du Peuple. |
| 6. La République. | 29. L'Epoque. |
| 7. Le Moniteur du Soir. | 30. Le Courier de la Chambre. |
| 8. L'Esprit du Peuple. | 31. La République Rouge. |
| 9. Le Petit Homme Rouge. | 32. Le Père André. |
| 10. La Colère du vieux Républicain. | 33. Le Populaire. |
| 11. Le Peuple Constituant. | 34. Le Monde Républicain. |
| 12. L'Avenir des Travailleurs. | 35. Robespierre. |
| 13. La Vraie Garde Nationale. | 36. Le Représentant du Peuple. |
| 14. La Sentinelle des Clubs. | 37. Les Mystères de la Bourse. |
| 15. La Propriété. | 38. La Tribune de la Liberté. |
| 16. La Commune de Paris, Moniteur des Clubs. | 39. La Révolution de 1848. |
| 17. La Commune de Paris, Journal Révolutionnaire. La Commune de Paris, (Sobrier's Jour.) | 40. L'Opinion Publique. |
| 18. Le Peuple Souverain. | 41. La Providence. |
| 19. Les Saltimbanques. | 42. Le Courier de Paris. |
| 20. La Tribune Nationale. | 43. La Tribune Populaire. |
| 21. La Liberté. | 44. La Voix des Femmes. |
| 22. Le Salut Public. | 45. L'Unité Nationale. |
| 23. L'Aimable Faubourien. | 46. Le Radical. |
| | 47. L'Ami du Peuple. |
| | 48. Le Volcan. |
| | 49. Le Journal du Diable. |

50. Charité et Justice.
51. Journal des Enfants.
52. Le Peuple Français.
53. Diogène sansculotte.
54. La Lanterne.
55. La Politique des Femmes.
56. Le Travail; Journal du Club de la Révolution.
57. Mayeux.
58. La France Libre.
59. La Voix de la République.
60. Lettre du Diable à la République.
61. La Revue Rétrospective.
62. Le Diable Rose.
63. Le Bien Public.
64. Le Drapeau de la République.
65. La Constitution.
66. La Vraie République.
67. Le Pamphlet.
68. Le Lampion.
69. La Vérité Périodique.
70. La République des Femmes.
71. La Contemporaine.
72. La Silhouette.
73. Le Figaro.
74. Le Canard.
75. Le Bon Homme Richard.
76. L'Examen.
77. Le Diable Boiteux.
78. Le Tocsin du Travailleur.
79. Le Journal des Sans Culottes.
80. La Mère Duchêne.
81. Le Père Duchêne. Ancien fabricant des Journaux.
82. Le Père Duchêne; Gazette de la Révolution.
83. Le Travailleur de la Mère Duchêne.
84. Le Petit Fils.
85. Les Lunettes du Père Duchêne.
86. L'Amie Duchêne
87. Le Tintamarre.
88. L'Accusateur Public.
89. La Carmagnole.
90. Les Transactions.
91. La France.
92. Jacques Bonhomme.
93. L'Organisation du Travail.
94. Le Drapeau National.
95. Le Bonnet Rouge.
96. Le Vrai Républicain.
97. Justice et Vérité.
98. L'Indépendant.
99. Le Napoléonien.
100. L'Aigle Républicaine.
101. La Redingote Grise.
102. La Bonapartiste Républicain.
103. Napoléon Républicain.
104. Le Petit Caporal.
105. La Constitution; Journal de la République Napoléonienne.
106. Le Pilori.
107. Journal des Faubourgs.
108. Le Scrutin.
109. Le Salut Social.
110. La Cause du Peuple.
111. L'Abeille.
112. Le Soir.
113. Les Nouvelles du Soir.
114. Le Tribun du Peuple.
115. L'Avant Garde.
116. L'Echo du Peuple.
117. La Constitution.
118. La France Républicaine.
119. Les Bêtises de la Semaine.
120. Le Travail.
121. L'Ordre.
122. La République Française.
123. Le Réveil du Peuple.
124. Le Conservateur de la République.
125. Les Paroles d'un Revenant.
126. Le Voltigeur.
127. Le Manifeste des Provinces.
128. L'Esprit National.
129. La Tribune de 1848.
130. La Famille.
131. Les Boulets Rouges.
132. Journal des Ateliers Nationaux.
133. La République Possible.
134. Le Flâneur.

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| 135. La Voix des Clubs. | 154. L'Egalité. |
| 136. La Presse du Peuple. | 155. La Sentinelle du Peuple. |
| 137. La Séance. | 156. La Dépêche, |
| 138. Le Courier de Paris. | 157. Les Droits de l'Homme. |
| 139. Le Vieux Cordelier. | 158. La Vérité. |
| 140. La France Nouvelle. | 159. La Garde Nationale. |
| 141. La Conspiration des Pouvoirs. | 160. Le Patriote. |
| 142. L'Afrique Française. | 161. La Colonne. |
| 143. Le Tribunal Révolutionnaire. | 162. Le Courier de l'Assemblée Na- |
| 144. Le Révéléateur. | tionale. |
| 145. Le Scorpion Politique. | 163. L'Education Républicaine. |
| 146. Le Courier Républicain. | 164. Le Musée du Peuple. |
| 147. La Liberté Religieuse. | 165. Le Triomphe du Peuple. |
| 148. La Propagande Républicaine. | 166. Poliehinelle. |
| 149. Le Bon Conseil. | 167. La Sentinelle des Travailleurs. |
| 150. Le Petit Glaneur Allemand. | 168. L'Alliance des Peuples. |
| 151. L'Amour de la Patrie. | 169. Le Bonheur Public. |
| 152. La Démocratie Egalitaire. | 170. L'Incendie. |
| 153. Le Banquet Social. | 171. Le Sanguinaire. |

Such a swarm of cheap publications, vying with one another in their appeals to the lowest sentiments and passions, required some check, and the Government resolved upon restoring the old system of *cautionnement*, or lodgment of money by the proprietors of journals, by way of security for the payment of fines, should such be incurred. The sum, under the monarchy, amounted to 100,000 francs ; but the Government of General Cavaignac limited its proposal to 24,000 francs. Small as this sum was, the principle was vehemently opposed by the Opposition, which had ultimately to give way.

The leader of the Opposition, on this occasion, was M. Anthony Thouret, and we must try to sketch this remarkable person. This Anthony Thouret is a man of colossal size, and of stupendous gravity, moral as well as specific. Possessing a giant's strength, he does not use it like a giant ; for although in possession of the tribune, he had hardly begun to speak, when the lappel of his coat was plucked by Louis Blanc. When Sir Geoffrey, in Scott's "Peveril of the Peak," put his head out of the pie dish, he hardly excited more surprise and merriment than did the apparition of the smallest champion in Christendom by the side of the largest. Louis Blanc claimed precedence ; Anthony Thouret disputed it.

Never, from the days of David and Goliath, had a more unequal match been seen ; and it was David who won.—Goliath being allowed to carry off his own head, amidst the pleasant laughter of the daughters of Israel, who occupied the galleries. After Louis Blanc had had his argument, which amounted to this, that a restricted press was incompatible with universal suffrage, Anthony Thourét was allowed to resume his place without dispute. Like Falstaff, he was the cause of wit in others, or, if not of wit, of fun, which is not a bad thing in its way, when innocent. An actor, once playing a deep part in a tragedy, gave a sudden stoop, and the consequence on a portion of his gear was so unfortunate, that tears were turned to broad grins. The curtain fell, the damage was repaired, but there was no possibility of getting on with the tragedy for that evening. Thus it happened with Thourét ; as he had retired amidst laughter, so it was that his re-appearance proved a signal for a renewal of the same, no one knew why or wherefore. Perhaps it was the look of inane gravity painted on the broadest facial canvas on which dull simplicity had ever tried its hand ; perhaps it was the voice that rolled out in sepulchral volumes ; perhaps it was the look and voice together ; perhaps it was the opening chapter of his autobiography, in which he announced that he had been a martyr in the cause of the press, for which he had suffered much. The announcement of suffering was taken as a capital joke, and the stupendous martyr was laughed at because he failed in his look of the character. It was Falstaff as Romeo's Apothecary. The speech proved to be a series of axioms, drawn up in that sententious form which schoolboys employ on given themes. With an air of innocent inexperience, that would have been becoming in sixteen, the man of fifty, with half a stone weight for each year, enunciated what he believed to be profound ethical discoveries, adorned with florid illustrations, both producing the effect of novelty by their being common-place. "Thought," he said, "was to man what the head was to the body ; cut off the head, and (after a long pause)—he dies." Many a waggish tongue assured the orator of the undeniable truth of this maxim, as well as of many others that he uttered. Anthony Thourét was a great

Republican, a terrible Anti-Bonapartist. He spoke from time to time, and, to his credit be it said, never displayed gall, although, like Liston, he could not show his face without raising a laugh.

With the revolutionary journals suspended, the clubs severely controlled, and Paris in a state of siege, the Parisians began to feel more comfortable than they had felt for months. Within the Assembly, the old statesmen grew more bold and confident. M. Thiers battled with M. Goudchaux on a question of taxing mortgages, and beat him. The Commission that had been appointed to inquire into the June insurrection, and to examine how far the previous conspiracies of March, April, and May were connected with that event, presented their report early in the month of August, and directly implicated Louis Blanc and Marc Caussidière, who vainly essayed to disprove the accusations against them; but, upon the Assembly having ratified the report so far as to sanction the prosecution of these members, the latter fled.

At this time, Charles Albert had been swept out of Lombardy, and M. de Bastide was enabled to announce that England and France had joined in a negotiation for bringing the Italian question to a pacific conclusion. Here was the English alliance substituted for a Propagandist war, and that by a thorough Republican Government. In fact, the June insurrection and the discoveries made by the Commission of Inquiry, had changed people's views in an extraordinary manner. The army of the Alps, that was to have liberated Italy, was now wanted to liberate Paris, and was encamped at St. Maur, under the eyes of the prisoners of Vincennes. A visit to this camp became the Sunday attraction. The white tents, in regular lines, crowned the high ground of a beautiful ascending plain. The soldiers, flattered by the visits of the citizens, took pleasure in decorating the encampment, and the green sod was pressed into the service of pagodas, temples, and ante-rooms, for the sake of ornament, as well as accommodation. What with exercises, manœuvres, and reviews, St. Maur became a very agreeable rendezvous; and in this way happy France was led in the chains of martial law to the banquet of the Constitution, the general debate upon which opened on the 4th September.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

DEBATES ON THE CONSTITUTION—ABBE FAYET—DEMOCRACY—
FRESNEAU—DE TOCQUEVILLE.

THE debates on the Constitution drew out every man of ability and eminence in the Assembly. One of the most important discussions was the first upon the preamble, which attempted to give in a condensed form—a declaration of the rights of man. In this preamble was necessarily embraced the question of questions, with which, under its compendious title of "*Droit au Travail*," we are by this time sufficiently familiar. As we have already seen, a promise of according this right to the workman was hastily thrown out by the Provisional Government, before the majority of its members had considered what it meant; it became subsequently the watch-word of the Socialists. If the Republic could not realize such a promise, there was no real justification for the Revolution of February; and it could *not*.

The Committee which drew up the Constitution had evidently looked at the difficulty in every point of view, and could arrive at no other conclusion, than that the state owed to necessitous citizens a debt of assistance within the limit of its resources. In language still more familiar—the preamble promised a poor law; and to accomplish such a work was neither contrary to the disposition, nor beyond the means of a constitutional monarchy. In order to cover a retreat from this engagement of the Republic, the author of the Report (M. Marrast) filled the preamble with flourishes that exposed his words to some cutting criticism, opened by the Abbé Fayet, Bishop of Orleans, the *beau idéal* of a provincial priest. Wherever this little old man was seen, the smiling faces in his neighborhood showed that his lively, sarcastic remarks were telling; but like a true priest, as soon as he mounted the tribune, he felt as if he were in the pulpit, and in order to remind his audience (rather his congregation), that he

was no longer their gay companion, but their monitor, his aspect became changed. He could not, it is true, put a mask on his round, rosy face, nor keep his sly eye in constant subjection; but his voice did its professional whine, with undeviating, monotonous sobriety. Like all clergymen, the good old Bishop was viewed with scowling distaste by the philosophical republicans. His criticism of the declamatory preamble had the subtilty of the professed Casuist.

He challenged the author to tell him the sense of a democratic republic, arguing that a republic was a political form given to institutions, while democracy meant that the people managed directly their own affairs.

This line of argument had deeper purpose than was at the moment perceived. The clever divine knew well that nothing would be more fatal to the republic than an admission of the principle of democracy. It was all very well so long as democracy could be made to mean the town population; but the moment the peasantry were embraced in the word, there was an end to the republic, democratic or otherwise. If the Assembly abided by the term democratic, and acted upon it, the consequence logically would be an appeal to the democracy for its ratification of the constitution, and the answer to such an appeal, might prove doubtful.

For years the partisans of Henry V. had been challenging an appeal to the democracy in the enlarged, that is, the true sense of the word, meaning the whole people, and the result of the contest for the presidency of the Republic, where a new monarchical competitor was brought into the field, in the person of the Heir of the Emperor, showed that the Abbé de Genoude (whose *Gazette de France* was their organ), knew what he was doing.

The Abbé Fayet in seeking to bind the authors of the Constitution to the term democratic, so as to lay the foundation of an appeal to the people, was acting upon the knowledge, which he, as a country clergyman, had of the feelings and sentiments of the peasantry. M. Dupin replied, if not with equal subtilty, yet in a way to satisfy the majority, who were disposed to be

easily satisfied ; for not only did all classes of Republicans shrink from an appeal to the country, but the Orleanists, a large party, were as little inclined to have recourse to such an expedient.

The Legitimists and the Bonapartists might, with certainty, count upon the suffrages of the country people ; but neither of these parties was at that moment in much strength in the Assembly ; and even if disposed to combine, they could not force the majority to accept the fair consequences of their recognition of the democracy by an appeal to the people for its judgment in their work. To the surprise of the Assembly, a new adversary appeared in the field, in the person of a dark slight young gentleman (M. Fresneau), who, in one of the ablest speeches that had been made in the house, attacked the whole preamble with remarkable vigor. The calmness and self-possession—the close reasoning and sound sense evinced by the *débütant*, clearly marked him out as a man who will yet distinguish himself in public life. He argued that political axioms were idle and inapplicable, rather they were worse, for the manner of their being carried out by laws, would be the subject of eternal question and controversy. With a preamble in his hand declaratory of rights, a person might accuse the law of want of full accordance with the principles laid down, or of failure and insufficiency ; he might quote the preamble against the law and take his stand upon it.

Referring to former declarations of rights, he showed, they had all failed, and he quoted the ludicrous instance of a declaration that domesticity was abolished. There were to be no more domestics, for “domesticity was to be the exchange of good offices and recompenses.” It was impossible to arrive at accurate definitions of political rights and duties. They were not aware of the engagements they were undertaking, with regard to rights of labor and other rights ; and he would accordingly recommend that there should be no preamble, but that the Assembly should enter at once, practically and without preface, upon the articles of the Constitution. This view was not adopted.

We have now to introduce another of that thoughtful school of young men who, like the children of unfortunate parents, have

been cradled in fearful reminiscences of the first revolution, and inspired with premature wisdom.

M. de Tocqueville must have been a very young man when he produced that work on Democracy in America, which raised him at once to eminence as a politician and philosopher. He looks a young man still ; and as he sits buried in thought, the eye of the spectator can not fail to settle upon him with inquiry. A Socialist member, M. Mathieu, raised directly the question of *droit au travail* ; and, in replying to him, M. de Tocqueville entered at once on the question of Socialism. The mind of this gentleman is of an eminently reflective character. It repels no fact. It passes by no circumstance as unworthy of attention. There is rather the contrary tendency to admit nothing to be ephemeral, fleeting, local, or accidental. Each fact is regarded as in itself a phenomenon—a witness of a state of things the meaning of which is to be sought, or prophetic of something coming, for which man ought to be prepared.

A habit of mind like this may degenerate into disease ; but within due bounds, and under due control, it is most valuable. When we say disease, we mean that a disposition may be formed of fastening the mind too much on all sorts of facts, and of giving too much consequence to what may be trivial.

There are persons who, sooner than not give an answer to an inquiry, will invent one ; but the inquirer who would take the false answer for a fact, and draw general consequences from it, would fall into a gross error. Some instances of this kind might be found in the work on Democracy in America ; as, for instance, when the author asking a sailor why the Americans built ships of materials that do not last, received for answer, that they did so because of the constant changes and improvements in shipping. Whereupon the author descants most ingeniously—how no one would choose inferior materials for building if better for the same money could be found at hand. The sailor was a patriot, and fancied he gave a reason that redounded to the honor of his country, by assigning to foresight, the sins of bad wood ; but a stranger might conclude that the navy was hectic rather than of florid beauty, indicative of soundness and health. An example

of this kind reveals the exaggeration of a habit good in itself. The value of this habit is best proved by the effects of a contrary disposition.

Take a people who work much, become prosperous by work, and, having but little time, reflect but little; and yet such a people, wise in their own conceit, fall into the error of looking at all circumstances as local, and not indicative of a deep-seated state of things, requiring to be looked into and patiently provided for. Whatever be the state of things, it is the result of a number of causes; and as there is constant transition in society, although it escape general attention, the mind which can seize hold of such causes, and mark whither they are tending, must be acute, and the product of its observation ought to prove of eminent advantage. Such a mind is that possessed by M. de Tocqueville.

When the first part of his work on America appeared some fourteen years ago, it commanded general attention, especially in England, because it was considered that the author, having left his own country with strong democratic tendencies, was converted to Conservatism by the example presented by the workings of Democracy in the United States. Sir Robert Peel, at the famous Glasgow Conservative dinner, in 1836, made great use of the French philosopher's evidence. Yet it may be doubted if the latter had discarded any old convictions. In truth, the convictions of such a mind become attached more to general principles than to party views. M. de Tocqueville saw, both from what he knew of Europe and had witnessed in America, that society was tending every where toward Democracy; and with this conviction on his mind, it behoved him to examine whether that tendency was for good or for evil; and it would probably be more just to say, that instead of absolutely arriving at the latter of the two alternatives, he labored to point out how evil might be prevented by the conservation of all that was good in the old society. This view appears plain enough in the second part of the work published in 1840, which is full of the most sagacious observations. In this work he points out, with undeniable truth, that social equality, which is in fact the overruling passion of Democracy, leads to a general desire for worldly pos-

session, for sake of equal respectability and equal enjoyment; and yet, on this very account, he labors to show the necessity that thus exists for employing the counteracting effects of religion.

That general thirst for worldly enjoyment which attaches to democratic equality, brings with it dangers of a political kind—for as all that is requisite for the guarantee of such enjoyment is that order shall be preserved, the strong hand that can best preserve order will be sure to be preferred. M. de Tocqueville saw that there were fine peculiarities belonging to an aristocratic state of society, the parting with which he could not but deplore; but seeing that the tendency to another form was inevitable, he essayed, in a truly wise spirit, to point out the elements of weakness in democracy with their antidote, which he found in the encouragement of a religious education.

It may be necessary to explain the relation that exists between M. de Tocqueville's book and his parliamentary speeches: and why justice can not be done to the orator without reference to the author. The reason is this. It so happens, that among the remarkable speeches that were made in that ever memorable debate on the address in the Chamber of Deputies, immediately preceding the February Revolution, the least remarkable was certainly not that of M. de Tocqueville, who directly prophesied the coming change. He warned society that it was standing on a volcano. M. de Remusat used a similar metaphor at the *fête* given by the Duke of Orleans to Charles X., about the same period of time preceding the events of July, 1830; and in borrowing so memorable an expression, M. de Tocqueville gave more impressive significance to his meaning. A shout of angry reprobation rose from the ministerial benches at so sinister an allusion; and when the accomplishment of the prediction took place, it may be doubted if the soothsayer got credit for more than a lucky hit.

M. de Tocqueville claims his prophetic power not as the production of mesmeric charlatanism, but as a rigid deduction from facts and principles, of the certitude of which he felt convinced. He says in this, his present speech, "I will give you my reason why I believed that a revolution was at our door. All rights,

power, influence, honors, all political life, in fine, were confined to an extremely small privileged class, and beneath that class—nothing! I saw that there happened, with respect to this class, that which eventually takes place in all little exclusive aristocracies—public life declined; corruption extended more and more; intrigue supplanted public virtues; every thing began to shrink and deteriorate. Looking below, we saw the people living as it were, beyond the pale of all official movement, making a kind of life proper to itself; detaching itself more and more by thought and feeling from those who were supposed to be its guide, abandoned to those who were thrown into close intimacy with it; that is to say, to Utopian and dangerous demagogues. It is because I saw these two classes, the one little, the other numerous, becoming more separated from each other; the one full of jealousy, distrust, and anger; the other full of indifference, not unmingled with egotism and insensibility. It was because I saw those two classes marching on in opposite directions, that I said that which appeared to me well founded: the wind of revolution is rising, and the revolution is quickly coming.”

This passage is highly characteristic of the orator, in whose eyes events are never accidental, but the rigorous result of circumstances. He may, consequently, be believed when he declares, that he seriously accepts a Republic which he neither helped to make nor desired. It came in the order of events. But as it has come he attaches it to the causes that produced it, for sake of removing the same causes, which, if allowed to continue, would bring out something else as little looked for or expected. As it was the exaggerated domination of one class that raised the enmity of another—the Revolution was made to put an end to classes, and not to inaugurate Communism or Socialism, which he held to be general servitude to a master called the State.

The great Revolution, so far from being hostile to property, has raised up ten millions of proprietors, through the subdivision of land; and these were hostile to Communism. Of course he did not omit to present the example of America, where Democracy yet reigned triumphant, and yet where Socialism was held in abhorrence.

The conclusion which he (M. de Tocqueville) would seem to have arrived at is, that if the Revolution of February be regarded in a political, instead of a Socialist sense, it will endure. It ought, he said in two words, which resumed his whole doctrine on the subject, to be Christian and Democratic, but not Socialist.

M. de Tocqueville's manner at the tribune is not affected. It is that of an essayist who reads and who comments, rather than that of an orator who captivates, fires, moves, convinces, and subdues. Yet the prestige acquired by works so thoughtful and profound, by a young man in an age so flippant and changing, secures for M. de Tocqueville the most earnest and sustained attention from any audience, no matter how composed, which contains persons capable of respecting the claims of a true philosopher.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

DUVERGIER DE HAURANNE.

DUVERGIER DE HAURANNE, who came forward to combat against Socialism, was the real author of the reform banquets, which terminated in the fall of the Monarchy. In an evil hour M. Duchâtel, Minister of the Interior, affirmed that the country was indifferent on the subject of reform—the taunt was taken as a challenge—de Hauranne at once retorted that the minister should soon be awakened from his delusion, and the reform banquets were organized. The more commanding position of Odilon Barrot, his more impressive eloquence, gave him the conspicuous part in the performances; but the manager was the gentleman whom we are now noticing. His is a singular physiognomy—a remarkably fine head, long, grave face, pale and thoughtful, and testifying his descent from the pure ascetic Jansenist, of whom he bears one of the historical names; yet his movements betray a nervous excitability, a combative, impatient spirit, that mark him out for what he is—a born Oppositionist. His writings and his speeches divide his characteristics. The first, like his fine head, are thoughtful, methodical, and cold—the latter brisk, petulant, and *spirituel*. His writings are all political, and turn chiefly on English parliamentary history, or the conduct of parties in the British legislature. Like his old master, Guizot, whom he abandoned for Thiers, he regards our parliamentary government as a *beau idéal* of its kind; and, in spite of his own change of leaders, he remains a *doctrinaire*. He is not only well versed in English history, and a close observer, even a chronicler, as the *Revue des deux Mondes* can testify, of the daily struggles of English parties, but he is personally acquainted with their most eminent politicians. The task which Duvergier de Hauranne imposed on himself was that of familiarizing his countrymen with English habits of meeting in public. No spec-

tacle appeared finer to him than the meeting of representatives and constituents during the parliamentary vacation, at town halls, or at the festive board, for the sake of rendering an account of their stewardship, or of combining with their friends some movement in which they were one and all interested. It was this wholesome agitation, this diffusion of political life, this unceasing activity, that he saw with most envy; and it was with the hope of transplanting so excellent a temper to the soul of the French popular mind, that he planned the banquets, which ended in a manner so deceptive to his hopes.

The result proved, among other lessons, how difficult it is for a popular reformer to bring up, by any sudden effort, the mind of a country to the point at which he has himself arrived by years of meditation and study. When a principle becomes clear to the mind of man, the wonder to himself is that he should have ever doubted it; and forgetting that simple as it may look, the minds of others must reach it through the same toil and discipline, he fancies that all are prepared to go along with him. Duvergier de Hauranne fancied that a hasty, excitable people, with no other than revolutionary traditions, barricades, and fights, might be made to enter in a moment into a system of moral agitation quite new to their habits, and for which no sort of previous training had prepared them. A less impetuous man might have been warned by the almost state of isolation in which he was left to pursue his enterprise. The Conservative party remained away; the Republican party would not coalesce; the Socialists, who were conspiring, were rejoiced at the prospect of a new element of perplexity. Had the Government not interfered, the sectarian character of the movement would have soon been revealed, and it might have had no other effect than the beneficial one of familiarizing, by example, the mind of the country with political meetings. A step would, accordingly, have been effected toward the very object which the author of the reform banquet had in view. The interference with the last banquet gave parties who felt no concern about the object a pretext for violence, and under pretense of aiming at reform, to make a dash for the Republic.

We must do de Hauranne the justice to say, that among the

strange assembly that goes by the name of the *Constituent*, he looked the least surprised or disconcerted of any. Odilon Barrot was horrified and mystified by the mischief he had unconsciously caused. Thiers took to his bed—Dupin knew not what to do—but de Hauranne seemed as much in his element as if he had accomplished his design of converting a Chamber of Deputies into a British House of Commons, relieved by county meetings, town meetings, parochial meetings, and Manchester leagues without; instead of which it became almost a revival of the Convention, with a narrow escape from the horrors of its prototype. A *bon mot* has made the fortune of this gentleman in the Assembly: M. de Lamartine had, in his magnificent emphasis, declared that he not only respected but *adored* property. “Mais, Messieurs,” archly remarked de Hauranne, “*on ne respecte pas toujours ce qu’on adore.*” Such is Duvergier de Hauranne—reflective and impetuous, a very vulture in opposition, and yet as playful as a kid. There is no man, taking him altogether, whose presence would be more missed from a legislative assembly.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MONTALAMBERT—DE FALLOUX—BILLAULT.

As the speeches of M. Thiers on the address in the Chamber of Deputies were among the most brilliant oratorical efforts of that statesman, so the same debate in the Peers was illuminated by one of the finest speeches that ever fell from Count de Montalambert. Yet nothing could be more opposed than the views of these distinguished individuals. M. de Montalambert was as much charmed with the government of M. Guizot for its efforts in favor of the Swiss Sonderbund as M. Thiers was irritated. There is, in every man's character, a romantic side, although he may not suspect so himself. M. Thiers believes himself to be the most positive, practical, and matter-of-fact of mankind, yet the battles of the Empire fill his imagination with great pictures, and he is a hero-worshiper. In politics he is a stickler for authority. What military history is to Thiers, ecclesiastical records are to Montalambert, and he would erect priestly authority over every other. There was no metaphor, figure, or other poetical, romantic, or—what is more closely connected than is generally supposed—philosophical sign in the language of Montalambert on the occasion, the great occasion of his oration in the Chamber of Peers. The simple picture of a venerable Church taking refuge in the land of Tell, among a pure pastoral people, amidst their native ramparts, at a moment when authority was every where being loosened, and the sympathies that were awakened on their behalf, were all urged with a fervid earnestness that shook the most staid and impassible of well-bred assemblies. The ministers were delighted, and applauded without measure. The frigid Duke of Nemours descended from his seat and gave his hand to the orator. For days subsequent, the denizens of the Faubourg St. Germain crowded to the residence of Montalambert, in the Rue du Bac. He took to his bed with excitement, and that was his last speech as a Peer.

In the National Assembly, Montalambert was a different man from what he was in the Chamber of Peers. He was ill-received at the tribune; but from the outset he retorted on his assailants and interrupters with an expression of disdain which seems to make part of his character. As we said when speaking of Berryer, that an unrivaled pulpit orator was lost in him, so we would say of Montalambert, that he would have made a capital controversialist priest. There is in his general style and appearance something which is half clerical and half fashionable. His manner is taunting and provocative. He holds his head on one side, and throws at the Mountain those long askance looks which a nose *un peu retroussé*, helps to render particularly saucy. Only that he is a man of fashion he would look very like a pedagogue dealing with the whole rabble of Communists, Socialists, and rebels against Church authority, as a set of school-boys, whom, having severely lectured and reprimanded, he would willingly chastise. With all his oratorical powers he is supplanted by the milder De Falloux, a man of about the same age as himself; like himself, a good son of the Church, and not gifted with free power of speech, but known as the writer of the "Life of Pius V." In this work De Falloux shows that he would reinstate priestly authority even as it was when this pontiff hurled his imbecile excommunication at the head of Queen Elizabeth. Authority, which with Montalambert is a dogma, is with de Falloux a sentiment. The physiognomy of the latter is such as you would attribute to a pious crusader, as the crusader is represented kneeling in monumental marble. A high, pale brow, soft, mild eye, regular features, and a pointed beard elongating the oval face. It is to de Falloux, and not to Montalambert, that the Church party look. While such able champions of authority as these remained faithful to their party and their convictions, the Republicans obtained a conquest from the ranks of the old parliamentary *centre gauche* in the person of M. Billault, who afforded a pledge that his newly-adopted sentiments were not simulated but real, by rallying to the side of the *droit au travail*, the feasibility of which was alone believed in by the Red Republicans and Socialists, or, as they were classed

under the one general designation, of *Montagnards*. In speaking to the question, he described himself to have been all his life a positive and practical man, the very reverse of a Utopian. He believed that there was a debt due by society to the working classes, which it behoved it to pay. The evil was flagrant, and they could not shut their eyes to it. He believed that the debt could be paid, and should be paid. Was it true that with the undeniable advantages that had grown up, misery had kept equal pace? Was it true that in the great centers of industry there were profound, chronic, permanent sufferings?

Still M. Billault did no more than assert with Lamartine and others, that the principle ought to be affirmed, and that they should set about to make, rather to seek, some means of carrying out the principle by law. From this day forth M. Billault was viewed with coldness by the old parliamentary party, and regarded as a man ambitious of leadership. It was recollected that although he had been attached to the party of M. Thiers by the ties of office, having been made Under Secretary of State by that gentleman, yet, that of late years he showed a disposition to set up for himself, and add one more fraction of party to the numerous fractions of party into which the Chamber of Deputies was formed. It was on the ground of envenomed hostility to England, that M. Billault used to take his stand. He was foremost in declaring against the *droit de visite*, and was mainly instrumental in forcing both governments into the substitution of the new treaty for blockading the coast of Africa for the old, giving a right of search of all suspected vessels. The purity of his motives was somewhat affected by the fact, that he was the chosen—may we not say, without offense, the hired—advocate of the slaveholders of Nantes; and an advocate this gentleman is, rather than a statesman. He is a plain, business-like man in appearance, of considerable fluency and some acuteness, but without the slightest pretensions to what he so much aspires—that of a party leader.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LAGRANGE OF LYONS.

IN dealing with particular principles and their champions, we can not fail to be frequently struck with incongruities sometimes formed by the contrast of the principles with the man. If we find some particular individual most forward in the utterance of benevolent sentiments, the chance is that the lip-philanthropist is truculent in act, and ferocious at heart. The worst moral phenomenon of these times, is the revelation of an irreligious hypocrisy. Religious hypocrisy is often weakness of will ; the succumbing of virtue to desire, followed by an effort to hide a sense of shame, and that sometimes by means of self-deluding sophistry. Irreligious or non-religious hypocrisy must be rank depravity, for it is not put on to hide weakness, but deliberately assumed for selfish purposes. An amiable and good man, the worthy son of the famous philanthropist, De Tracy, the friend of Lafayette, proposed to inscribe on the constitution the abolition of capital punishment. His motion was unfortunately seconded by Lagrange, familiarly called Lagrange of Lyons. Who is Lagrange of Lyons ? On the night of the 23d February, a man stole along under the shadow of the low wall, formed by the elevated *trottoirs*, which at a few feet distance from the houses on the north side of the Boulevard des Capucines, makes the sunken narrow street called the Rue Basse du Rampart. It was about ten o'clock—six hours previously the call for reform had been granted, the people were joyful, but it was judged necessary to keep guard over the Hotels of Ministers. A line of soldiers was drawn across the Boulevard des Capucines, a little above the Hotel of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, to prevent crowds assembling on that point. A picket of cavalry mounted guard behind. A mob of persons preceded by boys carrying torches attempted to force their way through the line of soldiers.

The officer on duty was remonstrating, in the expectation of turning them aside, as he had turned other mobs of the same kind. While the parley was proceeding, a pistol shot was fired from the *Rue Basse*, a soldier was wounded, the line retaliated—the dragoons galloped up, making a semi-circle of fire with their carbines, and the *National* put into print that fifty-two persons fell killed and wounded. With a promptitude that betrayed the plot, several tumbrils advanced; the dying and wounded were put into them. The gloomy procession advanced to the *National* office: the glad tidings were sped through the markets and faubourgs, and the Republic was raised in the dark conspiracy of which Lagrange of Lyons was the instrument.

The people of the faubourgs of Paris subsequently elected this man to a seat in the National Assembly; and his first essay is to render impossible, by his support, the humane proposition of Destutt de Tracy. Yet it would be unjust to this Guy Fawkes, to confound him with the vulgar assassin. He is a political fanatic, as Jacques Clement was. Only he would feel humiliated to be put in the same category; because Clement was a Jesuit, and he has no belief except in human perfectibility after some strange type, dimly pictured in the chaos of a disordered imagination. He was, in this wicked business, the dupe and tool of others, who had neither his fanaticism or his daring, such as it was. Whenever M. Lagrange mounted the tribune, an eye accustomed to watch the physiognomy of the Assembly might perceive an air of sadness steal over the right benches. Proudhon excited curiosity, Leroux impatience, Lagrange a shudder and a horror. The man has no power of utterance, nor is he dogmatic, or paradoxical, or offensive; but he is associated with great ruin: he fired the train that shook all Europe, and spread devastation and massacre through the principal capitals and provinces of the continent. He knew not the sum of mischief he was perpetrating. What imagination could conceive it, and the mind retain its sanity. Lagrange has the look of a half insane man. At one time he may have passed for handsome. His features are spirited and striking, and are set off by an abundance of hair, that was once coal-black; but the eternal scowl which sits on the

man's visage, and which is rather affected than natural, his fantastic attitudes, and foppish dress, combine to give him the air of a stage bravo, hired to stand at the corner of a scene with folded arms, looking daggers, and say nothing. To him might Macbeth truly address the speech, that "his spirit shone through him." Like that spiteful, merciless, but great man, Cardinal Richelieu, the ultra-revolutionist Lagrange is said to waste away his leisure hours in the company of cats. While sitting in the Assembly he sucks unceasingly a camphorated quill, and varies his attitude *ad infinitum*. We wish we could find even more details about this person; for nothing is immaterial concerning the man, who, on the night of the 23d of February, caused the blood to flow in which a humane King, to use a phrase of Chateaubriand, "slipped and fell," and left to Pope, Emperor, Kings, and Potentates, to desolate cities, countries, and provinces, many a day of shame and misery. He is a lion at Socialist banquets, and the recognized organ of the friends of the transported insurgents of June. He has proved unremitting in his efforts to attain a general amnesty, but when he wrings his hand, and weeps, and prays for mercy, the night of the 23d February, like "the widow's curse," in the energetic language of Massinger, "hangs on his arm."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE—EX-BARON CHARLES DUPIN.

It was on the 26th of September that Louis Napoleon Bonaparte took his seat in the National Assembly. He had been elected by Paris, and by the departments of the Charente and Yonne, and such manifestations of popular enthusiasm had every where appeared, as to have strengthened the uneasiness and deepened the distrust with which the heir of the Emperor had been viewed by the Republican party. It was resolved, however, to treat the Prince with perfect indifference, so far as indifference can be put on by an assembly, for the nonce-sustained indifference by a large popular body being out of the question. When Louis Napoleon entered the *salle* he was greeted with no friendly welcome. Quietly, almost timidly, he crept to the seat which was held vacant by his old tutor, M. Viellard, whose affectionate smile and pressure of the hand were the only demonstrations of kindness that had cheered this hitherto unfortunate exile. As soon as the President proclaimed that the *Citizen* Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was a representative of the people, the new representative said, "*Je demande la parole.*" Straightway he mounted the tribune without a mark of encouragement. His self-possession did not forsake him as he proceeded to read from a written paper, which, in concise and unaffected language, declared that he owed too deep a debt of gratitude to the Republic, which had given to him, after thirty-three years of proscription and exile, a country and the rights of citizenship, not to devote himself to its service.

Simple and touching as was this appeal, it did not break the icy reserve which had been adopted. The enemies of the Prince were in one respect disappointed, and in another most perversely gratified. It was expected and hoped that he would have made his appearance in the midst of some claptrap or *coup de théâtre*,

some miserable parody of his wonderful uncle's manner, that would have raised a laugh fatal to his *prestige*. He did quite the reverse. The compensating gratification was furnished by the discovery that the Prince had a German accent, and that he was very unlike a Parisian.

It was perceived that, if he did not afford the handle of an absurd *entrée* on the political scene, his accent would furnish an exhaustless series of little ridicules that would wear him down, among a people who, with a readiness for great changes, are the greatest conservatives of small habits, of routine, and petty proprieties, of any nation, rather of any city, on the face of the globe.

There could be no salon *convenance* with a German brogue. The Prince had only to open his mouth, to offend the delicacy of ears not naturally very musical. The fact that the Prince could not speak French was registered that evening by the newspapers, and repeated next morning with cordial satisfaction. No event had caused so much pleasure, since the limp of the Duc de Bordeaux. When it was discovered that the royal Pretender halted, he was looked upon as civilly dead.

A tongue that could not fluently utter the language of Racine, would in vain have pleaded the memory of Napoleon. In order to settle forever with the Prince, it became necessary to draw him out. It was evident, from his being obliged to commit to paper the few sentences that he uttered on his introduction, as well as from his general bearing, that he did not possess a ready elocution; and on this foundation was reared a little battery of tormenting insinuations, a discharge from which did eventually succeed in stinging Louis Napoleon into an effort at an extemporaneous speech, which proved, as had been expected, a breakdown; whereupon there was an outburst of joy, and the journals duly registered the exclamations of Flocon, of the big Anthony Thouret, and of Clément Thomas, that their minds were at ease on the score of a Pretender.

The Prince declared, with spirit and dignity, that he had once for all answered the calumnious insinuations as to his objects, which had been so repeatedly urged and disavowed, and that

henceforth he would not notice any attacks of the kind. The shop windows were filled with caricatures. Paris had so long dictated to the country, that it was fondly fancied that the reign of the capital was still supreme. Perhaps no man had ever been so caricatured before, and lived it down. The Prince bore this lithographic persecution without evincing the least irritation. Was it real superiority, or mere stolidity—had he been tamed by imprisonment and exile, and had he suffered too much in reality and in fact, to heed such impertinences? Was he too really rejoiced to find himself at home in his own country, to allow his happiness to be overshadowed by the petulance of such wits? Did he think it impossible that pictures and squibs could destroy the impression of the *Arc de triomphe de l'Etoile*, of the bronze column in the imperial-looking Place Vendome, of the tomb at the Invalides? There can be no doubt that the Prince felt profound faith in his popularity with the people. He knew that the day of perfect triumph would come, and that he would receive full compensation for the distrust of the National Assembly and the disdain of his opponents. Whatever destiny may be reserved for Louis Napoleon, we now know that hitherto he has suffered too much from the contemptuous opinion of men. A life, that, should his future career prove good or glorious, will be regarded as marked by events of the most touching romance, has hitherto been treated as undeserving of respect, or only deserving of blame. He was born in Paris, the 20th April, 1808. His father, the King of Holland, was a good, conscientious man, who devoted himself to the interests of the people whom he was placed over, and, by his virtuous independence, incurred the displeasure of the Emperor. His mother, Hortense, was the daughter of that Josephine whose memory, despite her failings, will ever be regarded by the French with tender and romantic interest.

Louis Napoleon comes, then, from the best branch of the Imperial stock—no less the heir of his great uncle, than the claimant of the debt due to his beloved ancestress for her sufferings. The birth of Louis Napoleon took place when Napoleon was at the height of his power, when the continent was at his feet, and when antique, glorious nations were reckoned as mere depart-

ments of France. It was Josephine herself who stood sponsor for the young Prince. The baptismal ceremony was performed by his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, and Paris hailed the ceremony with magnificent fêtes. He was seven years old when Hortense was obliged to retire from Paris. The Empire had perished. The unfortunate Princess took up her abode at Augsburg, where she superintended her son's education, until she was obliged to quit Bavaria, and to seek an asylum in Switzerland, choosing the Canton of Thurgovia on the borders of the Lake of Constance.

When of sufficient age to serve, Louis Napoleon entered the Swiss army, in a regiment of which Dufour, subsequently the Commander-in-Chief of the federal army against the Sonderbund, was colonel. While yet almost a boy, the Prince, with his brother, became engaged in an attempt to revolutionize the Roman States, and had the misfortune to witness the death of his brother in an affair so miserable that it has already passed into obscurity. He, himself, was saved at Ancona from the search of the Austrian police, by the address of his mother, who boldly hid him in the very palace of the governor. Having been refused a residence in France by the Government of Louis-Philippe, the Prince took refuge in England, from whence, in August, 1831, he returned to Switzerland, and, on his arrival, received a deputation from the Poles, then making a desperate struggle against Russia, who offered to place themselves under his command.

His subsequent attempt to get up a military revolt at Strasburg; his later attempt at a *coup de main* at Boulogne; his arrest, condemnation, and long imprisonment at Ham, with his adventurous escape, are too familiar to need more than a passing allusion.

There are now three circumstances which, connected with the life and adventures of the Prince, can not fail to strike observation:

1st. His deep-rooted conviction in his own destiny.

2d. The fact that all that is interesting and touching in his history, has been hidden under public acts, whose failure has given them a half stupid, half ludicrous aspect in the eyes of the world; and,

O*

3d. That this Prince, at whom the wits of Paris were laughing, and whom the people of other countries regarded as weak and dull, if not positively wicked, possessed a popularity such as no living man could boast; a devotion to his person that was not suspected until it blazed out of a sudden in all parts of the land: east, west, north, and south, and with an intensity recognized by all to be irresistible.

We must endeavor to examine this matter a little more. There were many reasons why the world should have deceived itself as to the character and prospects of Louis Napoleon. There was a more immediate and important pretender in the field, should the throne of Louis-Philippe come to be contested; that adversary, in the eyes of all men, was the Duke of Bordeaux. It was, accordingly, about this young Prince that public interest attached itself.

The sympathies of the sovereigns of the north were with him; the feelings of the clergy were on his side; the old families clung to the principle of legitimacy; and the rural population were considerably influenced by the clergy, who, for sake of conveying a clear meaning, we must still call the aristocracy. Nor did the middle and industrious classes turn their attention at all toward the Bonapartists. They could not reconcile the name of Bonaparte with peace, and they could not view with pleasure the prospect of general war, which would have deranged their affairs. The literary men, although less peaceably disposed, yet never could forget or forgive the hard regime under which the press lay bound and gagged. The gigantic struggles of the Empire, so fruitless of results, left after them a long sense of weariness. War could not be made to support itself now, and the budget had so swelled, that added taxation to support war, would prove excessively onerous.

To all these reasons must be added moral considerations. All nations are brought closer together, and by mutual intercourse have rubbed off many prejudices. They feel that there is cruelty in treading down the fruits of the husbandmen, in sacking towns, and giving over civilized people and gentle and innocent families' homes to the licentiousness of armies. Such were some of the

general considerations which helped to throw the heir of Napoleon into the shade. His two efforts to seize the crown rested evidently on the army, and, had either succeeded, the army would, it was not irrationally conceived, be taught to feel like Pretorians; to regard the young Cæsar as the puppet they had set up, and having set up might pull down. There would have been an end of discipline and no security from this emperor-making-army but by employing it in war. The success of Louis Napoleon at Strasburg or at Boulogne would, hence, have led to war as the least of two evils—for war would have been a less evil than military anarchy.

The trial of Louis Napoleon by the Chamber of Peers in 1840, for the attempt at Boulogne, served to sink him utterly. His German accent, his difficulty of speech, and as a consequence his somewhat confused manner, were regarded as signs of weakness of mind. The tame Eagle had given an irremediable air of folly to the Boulogne expedition. The tame manner of the hero on the great stage of a state trial, when flippant audacity would have been better than ill-guarded silence, or still more awkward replies, betraying a want of presence of mind—this tame-bearing manner, giving no hold to admiration, and on which sympathy fell deadened, put an end to any interest that might have been felt in the hero's fate. He might have lain forever in the fortress of Ham, as forgotten as a victim consigned to an *oubliette* in times of feudal oppression. He escaped, and, as a matter of course, sought the hospitable shores of England; and while in London launched into the gay world of fashion, con-founded in the crowd of frivolous votaries of pleasure.

The Monarchy is withdrawn, and the Republic set up in its place. Louis Napoleon is free to visit his native land; but in a moment of revolutionary chaos, where any thing may be expected and no party need despair, the Prince was regarded still as a mere adventurer, who came to try his luck.

The Provisional Government evinced uneasiness at the presence of the Bonapartes, and the Prince withdrew; but the few-days or hours of his obscure stay in the capital must have been filled with deep emotions pregnant with great hope.

How powerfully must not his earliest impressions, those the most ineffaceable, the impressions of childhood, have returned upon him? The child who, at seven years of age, is treated as the heir to a crown, will be all his life a king in feeling; take such a child, and let his youth and manhood be buffeted from shore to shore, an exile and an adventurer, making desperate attempts to recover what he deems his birthright; failing—then tried, then imprisoned, then an exile again, taking the last plunge of despair, which is dissipation, until sebered by the advent of a hope arising from events which have shaken the world. Place him again on the ground of his childhood: let us imagine him before the palace of the Tuileries, resplendent with the glories of the Empire, and now only saved after the vilest profanation from being destroyed by drunken and debauched revolvers, by having had scrawled upon its walls, “Hotel des Invalides du travail;” in other words, asylum for superannuated paupers; while it is in the mean time a hospital for those who were wounded on the 24th of February. From the garden side he would see attired in long gray coats, and wearing white night-caps, the gallant burners and suffocators of the poor Municipal Guards of the Château d’Eau, enjoying those terraces which were ever the delight of his mother and grandmother. Standing in the whirl of such ruin, in presence of a monument that remained erect through so many changes and revolutions, like an enduring rock, testifying of stability and order, and to him doubly so, for order was the law of Napoleon’s mind; can we be surprised if the vows that he made were in favor of the restoration of society? The wild voice of the revolution might howl in his ears that the name of Bonaparte had no power or authority in a time of doctrinal discovery; but that prince could not take one step without encountering a monument, so expressive of Napoleon, and so much eclipsing or absorbing all other monuments, as to make the great mistress of continental cities look to have been molded by his hand and stamped by his genius. Even at Nôtre Dame, which is to old Paris what the Madeleine is to the new, the visitor’s dreams of old times are disturbed by an invitation to see, what? The robes which Napoleon wore

on the day of his coronation. And the man who sorrowed and suffered saw all this as no other man could see it ; his faith grew strong, and with the prescience that had its source in profound feelings, he felt that the name which drew France out of revolutionary chaos might again achieve the same glory, but combined with the goodness that animated the heart of Louis, King of Holland. The passion of love with which not only the distant provinces but the capital itself hailed the new condition of Louis Napoleon, when he at length determined on waiving delicate scruples and taking his seat in the Assembly, seemed to have confounded all parties. The Monarchists thought it prudent not to attempt to stem the popular will ; and it speaks well for the object of an ovation, the like of which had never been witnessed, in numbers and intensity, that he did not for a moment lose his head, and that being the only man not taken by surprise, he advanced steadily along the path which he had evidently long marked out in his own mind. The writings of Louis Napoleon had been brought into notice some time after the revolution, and they did him good service in this way, that they showed him to be a man who understood the spirit of his own time. The questions to which he applied his mind while a prisoner at Ham, referred to the two great wants of French society. The first, the combination of authority in the government with social equality ; and secondly, the extinction of pauperism, which has become the less endurable on account of that deep-seated spirit of equality, which, irremovable as a sentiment, will oblige all society to conform itself in some way to the overruling feeling. The strength of Socialism lies here.

The following reflections on pauperism were published by the Prince, ten years ago :—

“ The reign of caste is finished : there is no way of governing except through the masses : while government must be according to their will, it becomes the more necessary that they be so disciplined, that they may be directed and enlightened as to their true interests. Government can no longer be carried on by force and violence ; the people must be led toward something better, through appeals to their reason and their hearts. But as

the masses require to be taught and made moral, and as authority requires on its side to be kept within bounds, and to be itself enlightened upon the interests of the greatest number, two movements become, as of necessity, of equal force : action of power on the mass, and the reaction of the mass on power. But these two influences can only act without clashing by means of intermediaries, which possess at once the confidence of those whom they represent, and of those who govern. These intermediaries will have the confidence of the former so soon as they shall be freely elected by them, and of the latter when they shall fill an important place in society ; for it may be said with truth, in general, that man is what the function which he fills obliges him to be."

There can not surely be a higher appreciation of moral dignity than in these passages. Education is pointed at as of absolute necessity ; with education, free choice of representatives, and at the same time authority and dignity in the governing powers, but of moral acquirement. The following passages from the Prince's "*Idées Napoléoniennes*," published a year later, evince even in a stronger light the character of his mind and the nature of his studies :—

"When there is no longer public spirit, nor religion, nor political faith, some one, at least, of these three things must be created anew before liberty can be considered possible. When successive changes of the Constitution have shaken the respect due to the law, the influence of law must be revived before liberty can become possible. When ancient manners have been destroyed by a social revolution, new manners must be formed in accordance with the new principles before liberty can be possible. When government, whatever be its form, has neither force nor prestige, and there exists no order either in the administration or in the state, fresh prestige must be created and order re-established before liberty can be possible. When in a country where there is no longer an aristocracy and no other organized body but the army, it becomes necessary to re-constitute civil order, based upon a precise and regular organization, before liberty can be possible."

It is a proof how much adventitious circumstances, more than

abstract merit, affect society, that sentiments like these were allowed to pass unheeded, because they emanated from an adventurer, supposed to be ruined, and whose success would have confounded parties. Had the Duke of Bordeaux published such opinions, they would have been received with an adulation as much beyond their real merit, as the neglect that attended them was unworthy of the independence that ought to characterize thinking people. Why Louis Napoleon should be no orator is explained by the axiomatic character of his writings; a frequent sententiousness is the fruit of reflection and thought, and the tribune is not the place for the utterance of phrases which presume much previous study, to which the hearers have not been gradually conducted while charmed and interested on the way. It would be too much to say that the works of the Prince display extraordinary literary merit. Perhaps so much the better. When there is genius, at least so it is with Frenchmen, in these our days, there is often a love of paradox, a desire for extravagance, and, unconsciously it may be, a distortion of views. A governor of genius might, in times where so many things have to be fixed in their proper places, and set right, be tempted into adventures that might cost tears and blood. What is wanted is a man of solid judgment, good principles, good heart, a clear and cultivated understanding. Do not these extracts reveal such qualities? By the light of subsequent events, as it generally happens, we see more clearly, qualities which before we could not discern for ourselves.

The moment of the arrival of Louis Napoleon was well calculated to enable him to form an opinion of the powers of leading men. He took his seat in the midst of the debate upon the most important question, whether the Parliament should be composed of one or two Chambers. It was on this question, and in support of two Assemblies that Odilon Barrot delivered perhaps the best speech he ever made in his life. It was quite an oratorical triumph, as sound in matter as it was effective in manner. It was this speech that in all probability suggested the fit man to be first Minister of the Republic, as soon as it should be regularly constituted by the election of the President. It happened, how-

ever, that it was the Ex-Baron Charles Dupin who resumed the debate, which was an adjourned one, on this question, and curiously enough, his views were in direct opposition to those of his more celebrated brother. As Dupin the elder is a lawyer, so Charles Dupin is the incarnation of figures—a very calculating machine. The British House of Commons could not furnish a more exclusive dealer in arithmetic. The two sides of a question are to him the two sides of an account; his arguments a running debtor and creditor, his conclusions a balance sheet. The science of statistics is most valuable, and statistics employed as an element in the consideration of a question, give accuracy and strength to general arguments. But there can be no doubt that an exclusive reliance on figures is too much the fashion of the day, and that parliamentary debates have been lowered and vulgarized, by the haggling and peddling tone, the fighting over accounts, recently brought into fashion by the study, if study it be, of blue books. Dullness has discovered a way by which it may look profound, and men of comprehensive intellects, apprehensive of appearing rhetorical and ill-informed, feel obliged to follow in the track of this dullness. Burke, the most brilliant, as well as the most solid of statesmen, he who possessed the ore with its luster and its standard value, employed statistics most copiously, but in due subordination to great principles, whose truth and working may ever be tested by details, but not supplanted by them. Charles Dupin looks the character of his mind and habits of thinking. He is tall and lean, of cold eye and bilious complexion, yet choleric as a dogmatist. The wonder in the present instance was, not that he should have brought his figures to bear against his brother's law, but that his brother should have taken up a position that astounded his friend Lord Brougham. The truth would appear to be, that only some men like Odilon Barrot and Duvergier de Hauranne were swayed by considerations of a constitutional character, others were moved by views which were independent of the constitutional question at issue. Charles Dupin seeing that society had been saved by the promptitude with which the Assembly in June invested one man with the executive power, and enabled him to provide measures

that a day's delay might have rendered valueless, voted for a single Chamber. So completely had authority been broken down by the destruction of royalty, that it appeared well to him that such authority as had been spared, should be concentrated somewhere. A battle had been fought and won, but the campaign might be renewed at any time; Socialism had been "scotched, not killed." Its attack would depend for success on its suddenness, and on surprise. The means of defense ought to be simple and ready. It might be dangerous to have to reconcile two houses at such a moment, when by the artful tactics of party, seeds of division might previously have been sown between them. Both might chance to be bidding against each other for popularity. Their mutual distrust, or their struggle for influence, might paralyze the action of both. The army might not know from what side it should take its orders. Dissension between the legislative powers might create wavering in the National Guard; one party would alone see its way clearly, be unhindered by scruples, unchecked by hesitations, and that party the enemy of society. It was therefore on special grounds, not without weight, that Charles Dupin sided with the genuine Democrats, to whom he was all his life opposed, and voted for a single Assembly. There were some, who, on the contrary, maintained the one Chamber, in the expectation that it would become a long Parliament, or Convention; yet this party has, according to an acute writer, M. de Barante, made a mistake, and for this ingenious reason, that by allowing a senate to be made they would have removed all, or the greater number of the political celebrities of the day, from the lower to the upper House, and the new men, who had not yet acquired influence, would not be blazed down as they of late have been, by the distinguished senators of the monarchy. The truth of the observation has already been proved, for we have had occasion to notice more than once, and to dwell upon the fact, that as soon as the effervescence attending the early meetings of the Assembly had subsided, we saw the old familiar names regain their ascendancy, and the obscure aspirants to parliamentary fame shrink back, awed by their own sense of infirmity.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

FELIX PYAT AND THE MOUNTAIN.

IT was, as we have seen, by allies connected together by different motives, that the resolution of limiting the Parliament to one Assembly was carried. The effect of this resolution was greatly to enhance the position of the President of the Republic; for, instead of becoming a moderator and arbitrator in the State, he would now stand on the same footing as the Assembly itself—elected, like it, by universal suffrage, and entitled, it might be, to draw inferences as to his own rights, of a dubious character. He would have a right to say that he was chosen to do the will of the people, and to refer to popular opinion as his authority rather than to the Assembly. There would be even this difference in his favor, that, while the Assembly was composed of individuals, each of whom only represented a particular locality beyond which he might not be known, the President would be known to all the people, and chosen by all the people. If the unique expression of the nation's will was to be sought for any where, it would surely be in the person chosen by the universal voice. The resolution not to have a senate amounted virtually to a denial of the constitutional principle of checks and balances, and to the confounding of legislation and execution, which experience had proved ought to be kept separate.

The extreme left, called the Mountain, having led more moderate republicans into the rejection of a senate, conceived that they had created a basis for the rejection of a President, and it was fairly enough argued that the consequence of the former ought to be the conferring upon the single Assembly the whole power of the State. As the Assembly was not to be balanced by a senate, why should it be balanced by a President? Why should two rival powers be placed face to face? The end might be, that the President, taking advantage of some popular delusion or ex-

orbitant popularity, would some day or other have himself declared President for life, King, or Emperor. It was, therefore, contended that the strict logical result of a determination to have but one Assembly should be, that the President should derive his authority from this Assembly itself, in order that it might control him, and hold him by a responsibility from which universal suffrage would, in a considerable degree, relieve him. It was further suggested that, in choosing his ministers, a President elected by the universal suffrage of the nation would feel independent, not only of the Assembly, but of ministers themselves. He might say that, being personally responsible—for the maxim that a King can do no wrong did not cover him—he could not feel bound to follow the advice of ministers, although imposed by a majority of the Assembly. Suppose it should happen that the Assembly had ceased to represent the feelings of the people on some vital question, and that its term of three years was running to a close, why, the next Assembly might impeach him; for his responsibility held him bound to the nation, and not to one particular Parliament more than another. He might, therefore, at any time, reject the advice of ministers, and stand out against the majority, pleading his personal responsibility—his belief in the general opinion—while, at the same time, the appeal to that belief might lead to a demonstration fatal to the popular body, because less popular than the chief of the State.

All dangers and inconveniences would be removed, it was said, by making the sole Assembly a really unique power. The departure from checks and balances in the powers of the State justified the line of argument taken by the Mountain, while it exposed the inconsistencies into which their opponents had allowed themselves to be drawn by a departure from principle.

But if the one side feared a President, the other feared an Assembly which would concentrate all powers, legislative and executive, in its own hands; such an Assembly would soon become a Convention, and that was precisely what the Mountain wanted to effect. If the apprehensions of what a President might become were quickened by the presence of a Louis Bonaparte, his presence was viewed with at least equal satisfaction by those of all parties,

other than the Republican, who were glad to see a person appear on the stage who might, by the *prestige* of his name, save them from that greatest of all dangers—an unchecked, uncontrolled, democratic body, animated with recollections of the first great revolution, and ready to imitate its worst acts.

The organ of the Mountain on this occasion was Felix Pyat, a man who, like all the conspicuous members of his party, was full of paradox. Pyat is a dramatic writer, who does not halt midway, like Victor Hugo, but goes the whole length of the principle from which he takes his line of departure. He would despise, as so much trick, the diluting a heap of vice with some impossibly isolated virtue. All society is rotten in his eyes. It must be pulled down utterly, that the dregs may rise to the top. He is the most somber of misanthropists—the most acrid of cynics—the fiercest of demagogues. Hugo degrades royalty by his pictures, and would uphold it—debases aristocracy, and yet would maintain it—he describes the objects of his worship, and finds in his own desecration further motives for reverence. It is only another form of pride—"Behold what he may do with impunity." There is no such egotism as this in Pyat. He is thinking altogether of his work, and that is destruction. A little before the Revolution, Pyat employed the theater, as Sand and Sue had employed the *feuilleton*, as a means of irritating the poor against the rich. His "*Chiffonier de Paris*" was to most persons a repulsion; to some an attractive drama.

The sojourner in Paris is well acquainted with the appearance of the wretched *Chiffonier*, as he sallies forth at night, a lantern in one hand, a short stick with a hook at the end in the other, a basket strapped to his back, and his little wiry-haired dog, helping him in his search for rags, bones, shreds, and patches. The dwelling of the *Chiffonier*, in the remote and filthy Rue Mouffetard, is miserable in the extreme. His room is the storehouse of his diggings in the dust and ashes of an exhaustless California. Pyat takes for his hero the *Chiffonier* in all his hideous squalidness, fills him with all virtues, and, by way of contrast, presents some characters taken from the titled and wealthy classes, whose lives are stained with the foulest crimes. No one will attempt

to say that a Chiffonier is not deserving of all sympathy—or that there is any creature of the family of man who ought to be held irrevocably doomed to misery; but that which is condemnable is this way of showing off assumed virtues by assumed vices; as if the virtues were the property of one class and the vices of another.

The moral intended to be drawn from a story in which the poor are painted all good, which they are not, and the rich all bad, which they are not either—that moral is neutralized by the predetermined bad faith of the author. He writes not to shame and subdue obduracy in high places, or to soften and elevate the suffering, but to inflame and irritate passion, to whet vengeance, and to hound on to crime. This repulsive work had been preceded by a play of his, in which the most daring liberty was taken with a piece of familiar history, for sake of indulging the mind in its propensity to paradox. Pyat chose Diogenes for his hero, and the famed Aspasia for his heroine. Animated by whim or caprice, the fascinating dame, in all the luster of her charms and dress, and attended by an illustrious train of admirers, pays a visit to the tub of the cynic, at the moment when he is more than ordinarily ungracious, and she falls in love with him.

And yet M. Pyat is far from presenting in his own person that taste for rags which strike his imagination so agreeably. He wears a long beard it is true, but it is carefully attended to. His head seems at least to be under the constant care of the coiffeur. Nor is his manner in the tribune unattractive. His countenance is striking and intelligent—his eyes are lustrous and fine, with a somewhat gloomy expression. His speeches have sometimes thrown the Assembly into a fever of indignation, by the savageness of his attacks on the *bourgeoisie*; yet he not unfrequently extracts a laugh by the bitter pungency of his well-prepared, well-polished, and well-finished antithesis. A Revolutionist, Red Republican, Socialist, Communist, scowling at palaces, and *habitué* of the haunts of misery, he is still but a *littérateur*. Above all and before all, being an artist, he would overthrow society with a view to art. The conflagration would first be made for sake of the picture, and then—*nous aviserons*.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

M. DUFAURE—COUNT MOLE—MARSHAL BUGEAUD.

FOUR months had nearly elapsed since the Insurrection of June, and the tranquillity which the country owed to the severe and firm, yet withal mild government of General Cavaignac, was considered to be so well secured as to justify the removal of the state of siege. The head of the government determined at the same time to strengthen his hands by calling to his counsels two or three eminent statesmen, who, although they might have served under the Monarchy, yet bore such character for probity and independence, as to disavow the jealousies of the strictly Republican party; while they would bring with them the support of their numerous friends, softened and satisfied as these would be by such deference to their feelings.

It was not an easy matter for General Cavaignac to manage the necessary negotiations. He was himself the recognized head of the Republicans. He was the brother of Godfrey Cavaignac—the son of a Conventionalist who had been an agent of the Committee of Public Safety—he had been cradled in respect and love for the men of the Revolution. He had, on the other hand, fought with and crushed a Socialist rebellion. He was, therefore, compromised forever with the Ultra-Revolutionary party. But he was still surrounded by men who were most obnoxious to all sections of Conservatives, and he was reputed, although with little probability of justice, to lean for advice on persons whose principles were considered to be loose. In a word, it was thought that should the question arise between a restoration of the Monarchy and a Red Republic, he would accept the latter with all its dangers; or, as some would say, with all its horrors. A late circumstance had occurred to justify these assertions. It was discovered that Commissioners had actually been appointed, taken from some of the most ardent Republicans,

with the mission to preach up Republicanism through the provinces, whose languid acceptance of a sort of government for which they had no taste, began to inspire uneasiness. The name Commissioner, after the example set by Ledru-Rollin's emissaries, was enough to cause a ferment. It was a name indicative of corruption and intimidation coarsely exercised—of magistrates summarily dismissed—and the money of bankers impounded at the bidding of some *sans culotte* proconsul.

Three months of the most conciliatory conduct on the part of General Cavaignac had nearly been neutralized by this discovery. A question was raised in the Assembly, and although the explanation was offered that the so-called Commissioners were amicable volunteer agents going forth on a mission of conciliation, a deeply injurious impression remained. So far as he himself was personally concerned, Cavaignac could successfully stand upon his pre-eminent services to the cause of society, of order, and of civilization; but he could not remove the distrust with which his *entourage* was regarded. Negotiations, however, were renewed with the Parliamentary Club of the Rue de Poitiers, which was governed by M. Thiers chiefly, and afterward mainly influenced, in accordance with that gentleman, by Count Molé, Marshal Bugeaud, and other distinguished members of the old Conservative party. The object of this Club was to assemble all such representatives as were desirous of preserving society from the new doctrines, which, having already penetrated the masses in towns, were tempting ambitious men to take advantage of the occasion that they might become popular leaders. Hence it was that in this club were found not only Monarchists and Bonapartists, but moderate Republicans. There was thus no inconsistency in General Cavaignac, who had saved society by the sword, seeking the support of a Club which professed to maintain what he had saved. Furthermore, this distinguished man had resolved, that so long as he held what he looked upon as a provisional trust until the Constitution should pass, and a regular Government be founded, he would regard himself as the organ of the Assembly, considered with reference to the majority. In the Assembly there were three parties, the moderate Re-

publicans, of which he was the head; the Red Republicans, under Ledru-Rollin, from whom he had broken; and that formidable coalition of old parliamentary members, generally called the Rue de Poitiers Club. No one of these parties could, by itself, carry any measure. The Red Republicans hated Cavaignac, because they were obliged to do so, or to affect hatred, out of obedience to the Clubs. To them he could not look. The Moderate Republicans were divided, out of jealousy toward the man who had supplanted the Executive Commissioners of Government; but those who had, like Garnier Pagès, Pagnerre, St. Hilaire, and even Lamartine, been set aside to make room for the gallant General, did not, on that account, coalesce with the Mountain, as the Ultra-Republicans were called. Cavaignac owed his position to the toleration of the Rue de Poitiers Club. Being aware that such was the case, he naturally desired to cultivate an open and avowed union as the more respectable and honest, rather than this covert support, which was so little agreeable to his pride. At length M. Dufaure and M. Vivien consented to enter the cabinet, and their adhesion was inaugurated by a measure that virtually put an end to martial-law. Two more honorable men could hardly have been found, and yet their nomination was so ill taken that some Republican members resigned offices they held, and the newspapers raised the cry of reaction. M. Dufaure at once became the presiding spirit of Cavaignac's Administration. To the Republic he vowed the firmest allegiance, and to his chief—the most perfect expression of Republicanism, in its best form—he became personally attached. If M. Dufaure was sincere, in such an acceptance of the great change that had been made as amounted to conversion, such a fact would have been calculated to produce important results, not only as regarded the stability of the Republic, but in the guarantee afforded by such a man that moderation and probity would, henceforth, be its animating principles. He would, at the same time, have done General Cavaignac the personal service of pledging the security of his own unimpeachable reputation to the country that there was no foundation for those floating suspicions about his Red Republican leanings, that the prudence, firmness, and good

sense of his public conduct had failed to remove. The most obvious considerations, derived from evidence of good intentions, fail of effect upon excited political parties.

The presence of M. Dufaure only served to calm the mind of Conservatives, and of the orderly part of the community, pending the interval which was to elapse until the great question of the Presidency should be decided. He caused an alleviation of party warfare without altering party determinations. It had always been the fate of this gentleman to stand either alone, or only to sway a small party of friends. Upright and conscientious, he always was; but it was never an easy question to settle whether his habitual isolation arose from fastidious honesty or mere moroseness. He never could be called doctrinaire, *centre gauche*, or *gauche*, or *droit*; nor did he ever fluctuate between them. Always he preserved his personality. Where he did take, he took strongly. For Count Molé he felt respect and esteem, which the latter reciprocated. With M. Passy he identified himself. But it was new and strange for this cold, reserved man to evince that ardor of devotion which he manifested toward General Cavaignac. Publicly did he declare, that in all his great and manifold experience of public men, he never found one who so completely satisfied his opinion.

There is something unique in the air and manner as in the eloquence of M. Dufaure. Cold, awkward, puritanical in look, as he ascends the tribune, he would seem the least fitted of men to sway a mixed French assembly, and yet, of all who were in the habit of addressing the house he was the most effective. Not that he was an orator in the sense in which Berryer, Thiers, Lamartine, or Barrot are orators, but because he was the best of every-day debaters. Without wasting one word in the way of exordium, he went directly to the question, and dull must the hearers have been to whom the subject, after an exposure by M. Dufaure, did not become as clear as light. He was ever received with welcome, for seldom did he mount the tribune except for the purpose of extricating the matter in debate from what would appear inextricable confusion. Sober of gesture, and yet warm as those are warm who are anxious to make clear important

truths, he poured forth a stream of lucid language truly refreshing to the mind. In reply, Dufaure is unrivaled, for, without wandering from the point, without wasting a word on extraneous matter, except to throw it out of his way, he goes right to the heart of the question, and, clearing it from sophistry, holds it up like a radiant gem to the eyes of his delighted auditory.

Such a man, without being entitled to take first rank among statesmen or orators, and yet rejecting subordinate positions, filled, however, a post which no other man but himself could fill with the same effect. Without being witty or *spirituel*, he sometimes almost became so by his ready clearness. An example may suffice. While he was one day speaking, some rude member of the Mountain interrupted him with the continued growl of *contre révolutionnaire*. M. Dufaure stopped, and, with pungent logic, apostrophized the interrupter. "Well, I wonder that a gentleman who is more intelligent than I am does not comprehend that he who is *counter* revolutionary is revolutionary." The fineness of the retort told on his quick-witted audience, and he was allowed to proceed without further interruption. If we have at all succeeded in conveying an idea of this distinguished gentleman's characteristics, the reader will understand that such a man by temperament is Republican. As one of the Republicans of the *Gironde*, his mind may, probably, be imbued with recollections of the famous Girondist party. Had he lived at the time of the Revolution, his place would, undoubtedly, have been among them. He is fitted for equality rather than domination. His mind has not the expansive range, nor his feelings the breadth, nor his passions the strength necessary to give ascendancy over men. Nor would he submit to the ascendancy of others, for no blaze of eloquence, or attractiveness of manner, could blind or delude such a man to the real character of the subjects brought within the scope of his examination. Over him, there could be, therefore, no mastery.

This man, able to enlighten and convince, but not to overrule, and repelling at once, by mind and temperament, all attempted domination, is by nature a Republican. His thorough devotion to Cavaignac may be explained not only by the perfect straight-

forwardness and clear-headedness of the Republican soldier, but by a readiness to submit to experienced counsel, which made Dufaure his guide and friend. Such a man would never have conspired against the Monarch; indeed, the Crown was ever anxious to obtain his honest services, and there was no cabinet, however powerfully composed, but would have derived increased influence from his support. When in office, he was accused of yielding too much to a royal master who was singularly gifted with the power of bending all men, coming within his reach, to his purposes. An honest and severe mind may yet give way occasionally where there is an amiability of nature, and Dufaure has, under his reserved and almost repelling exterior, a fund of kindliness.

A few days after the cabinet had been modified by the introduction of M. Dufaure and of M. Vivien, a man of great eminence appeared for the first time at the tribune—Count Molé. The return of this veteran statesman for Bordeaux, followed in a little while by that of Marshal Bugeaud for La Charente, produced a profound effect on all parties. In most of the late single elections the Republicans had received warnings enough that the country had recovered from its surprise. Within doors the effect was not less sensible. Thiers, Dupin, and other statesmen had had to win their way to attention. Molé had not assuredly served the Monarchy with less zeal—his name was not less odious to the revolutionary party—yet by the 26th October had this party so shrunk back, and the old men of eminence so gained in ascendancy, that M. Molé was spared the annoyance to which so many of his friends had been subjected; and it was amidst expressions of respect, mingled with congratulation, that he rose to speak for the first time in the National Assembly. The question which induced him to break silence was somewhat nice. It was whether the election of the President of the Assembly should be fixed for the 10th December. The Republicans would have preferred an adjournment for a year, under pretext of having the organic laws, as they were called, because they were supposed to be indicated by the Constitution, all passed before the final constituent act should take place, that of ap-

pointing the executive head of the Republic. Men must for propriety sake appear to be guided by principle, while they are in reality swayed by notions which it is held decent to keep in the background. The Republicans desired the postponement, not for the sake of the organic laws, but because they feared Louis Napoleon. They hoped by maintaining the provisional state of things for a year or so—in other words, by keeping Cavaignac, an undoubted Republican, in power, one with all the necessary qualities for making a republic respectable—that the new institutions would take root in the affections of the country, that the *prestige* surrounding the name of Louis Napoleon would be dissipated, and that the President would be Cavaignac himself. Curiously enough M. Molé made his first, indeed only speech, in favor of the republican view, and more curiously still, the man most interested in its adoption, namely, General Cavaignac, opposed the postponement, insisted on an immediate election, and by his personal weight and influence effectually marred the intentions of his own friend, and of some of his opponents. The argument adduced by M. Molé for postponement, and by General Cavaignac against delay, took like ground. Both contended that until a provisional state could be put an end to, and a government regularly and finally constituted, the public mind could not recover tranquil assurance. The organic laws having been declared to form the essential complement of the Constitution, M. Molé would have it that there would still be a provisional state of things, notwithstanding the election of President, attended with this anomaly, that there would be on the one side an omnipotent constituent assembly which had abdicated a portion of its power, with, on the other side, a disarmed executive power, waiting for a future assembly to confer its full rights. The consequence of this mutually undefined and unsettled power must be misunderstanding and collision. General Cavaignac would not, however, consent to remain in an equivocal position. He was determined that, cost what it might, the country should be allowed as soon as possible the rightful exercise of the privilege with which it was endowed by the Constitution. If we must look for motives be-

yond the ostensible arguments advanced, we would be inclined to suspect that the friends of the dethroned dynasty voted with the Republicans from the same fear, that of the rising star of Louis Napoleon, only that their fear took a different direction. The Republicans saw in the heir of the Emperor a new empire, and the Royalists an intrusive dynasty. A great many were swayed, too, by the assurance that a prolongation of the government of Cavaignac was an assurance of protection. No party except the Bonapartists could have had any motive in urging on an election of President ; but against all parties Cavaignac stood out, and as much by his personal influence as by the fear that, if defeated, he would resign, and leave the Assembly exceedingly embarrassed for a successor, he carried the resolution for an early election. His friends, however, introduced a resolution which they expected would enable them to determine the election according to their wishes. It was resolved that unless one candidate should have at least two millions of votes, and a clear half of all who polled, the choice should fall on the Assembly itself. How the calculation failed, we already know ; but to return to M. Molé. He must have felt that he was in a strange place. He who had in his young days written a political essay of such arbitrary flavor as to have attracted the notice of Napoleon, who conferred office upon him—he who, under Louis-Philippe, leant to an alliance with Russia, and conciliated the favor of the Northern Courts—there he was now an active member of a constituent assembly. An empire and two monarchies were but as shadowy recollections, and the present a shadowy chaos. Yet with the weight of past recollections and present cares, and with the load of seventy-two years, Count Molé is the youngest-looking man of his age in the world. In person he is small and dapper, and he dresses like a youth hardly out of his teens. His hair is not yet quite gray, but his face is grave and thoughtful. The form is long, and the lower part protrudes, and gives an expression of raillery, in which the ex-minister sometimes fondly indulges. His eye is dark, bright, and intellectual. Take him altogether, he looks the fastidious courtier, at once pliant and disdainful, but, however open to criticism, an unmistakable gentleman.

The influence of Count Molé over the Chamber of Peers was supreme, and his influence at the Tuileries not less. When in power it took the united strength of a coalition of parties to shake him from his seat. The handle against him was the recall of the French troops from Ancona, before the liberties of Italy were secured. Once deprived of power, the coalition broke up; Guizot parted company with Barrot, and Thiers and Guizot fell back on their mutual suspicions and smoldering rivalry. The friends of M. Molé used to say, and perhaps believe, that with his fall went the consistency and solidity of the conservative party. One ministry came in amidst the stormy perils of an émeute, to be wrecked upon an imprudent demand for a royal dotation, of which they disapproved. Another ministry was confounded by the earlier treaty of July, 1840, which placed France in a state of isolation, and led to the ruinous armaments and fortifications, that so fatally deranged her finances. At length the monarchy itself slipped through the fingers of the foremost of Molé's opponents in the great coalition, while under his eyes was Odilon Barrot, floundering in the snare into which he had fallen. M. Molé may comfort himself by saying, only for that unprincipled coalition all this might not have happened—or he may say, that had he been in power he might not have been able to resist the seductive manners and great will of the greatest sufferer of them all. What may be his future views can only be matter of surmise—but there he was, the most active and busy man in the Assembly, and it may be suspected that he was so in order to gratify the prevailing motive of his whole life—the restoration and consolidation of order. He did not abandon ease for the constant labor of not only attending the Assembly, but the harder toils of parliamentary committees, and parliamentary clubs, negotiations with this party and that leader—and all for the mere sake of political vanity. Before the Monarchy fell, it had been for some time notorious that Count Molé and M. Thiers were on the best terms, and several times it had been rumored that they were both about to take office together. So formidable a combination may have had the unfortunate effect of disturbing the equanim-

ity of rivals in office, and of inducing too much subserviency to a master who was well skilled in playing off the passions of men against each other. A visit of M. Molé to court—a well-attended reception of the statesman's salon—a day passed by the British Ambassador at Champlatreux—a smart speech in the Chamber of Peers, would, any one of them, give rise to speculations in the political world, such as only a political star of the first magnitude excites.

Let us now divert our eye from a man against whom there was once a fatal coalition of all parties, toward one in whose favor there has been an enduring combination—one, indeed, so rare as to present a phenomenon in its way. Marshal Bugeaud is the spoiled child of fortune. He is great in spite of himself; nay, he is great in consequence of acts that would, taken singly, have overwhelmed another man with unpopularity. The Legitimists identified him with the imprisonment of the Duchess of Berry, at Blaye. The Republicans connected him with some severe repression of troubles, and thought of the terrible *sang froid* with which he appeared in the Chamber before Dulong, whom he had shot in a duel, had been laid in his grave. The army reproached him with his treaty of Tafna, made with Abd-el Kader, by which the subtle Emir was enabled to gain time, recruit his strength, and lead the best generals of France a ten years' chase. No government could insure his obedience, and even toward the Court he was unruly. He planned and ordered the inconceivable iniquity of the suffocation of a tribe, men, women, children, with horses and cattle, in the caverns of the Dahra. When finally recalled, he, contrary to orders, and to the express wishes of his Government, marched an army into the mountains of Kabylia, where dwelt a mercantile trading community—like all such disposed to avoid war—and then he wantonly, and without political necessity, or serious object, burned, wasted, and ravaged the district. Yet this man, the torment of Marshal Soult, the restive servant of the Court, the plague of every Government, a grotesque and comical pamphleteer, has throughout all changes, found himself the petted, flattered, pampered idol of all parties. For his government of a province, in which he never fought a

battle, he was created a Marshal of France ; for a battle on the borders of Morocco, with wild, irregular Moorish horsemen, who could not approach infantry in squares, he was made a Duke. By the Court his eccentricities were forgiven, because he was the selected sword of an expected Regency. He was called upon at the twelfth hour to fulfill the implied engagement, and perhaps he would have fulfilled it had he been allowed. The Provisional Government had hardly been installed, when Marshal Bugeaud offered it his adhesion. Within half a year, we behold him a member of the National Assembly, courted and complimented by the right benches, the champion of the middle classes ; and he is now under the Republic, Commander-in-Chief of the titular army of the Alps. Marching from town to town, proclaiming himself the shield of society—allowing it to be reasonably suspected that he would desire above all things to find a Milan in the faubourgs of the Metropolis.

The Legitimists have forgiven him Blaye ; the Orleanists his hasty allegiance to the Republic ; none think, for no one ever did think, of reproaching him with the Dahra massacre, and his making a Palatinate of Kabylia. The strange favor bestowed on such a man, was not honorable to the Monarchy. It does not now speak well for the moral feelings of parties. The Marshal never, it is true, could be accused of subserviency ; on the contrary, he was remarkable for a rude, independent audacity. Would he have acted so, did he not know that he was wanted ? He understood that service would be expected from him, such as he was capable of fulfilling with terrible fidelity. Backed by Court favor, of the steadfastness of which he had no reason to doubt, he cared little for the orders of superiors, and by his assumed independence gratified his vanity. That which is surprising is, that this man should be above all the hero of the middle classes. The National Guard have unbounded confidence in him. He is to those guardians of society menaced by the Socialist, that which he was to the Court menaced by the Republicans. He speaks much, and writes much, professes to be an agriculturist, as well as a warrior. He is a William Cobbett in his farm, a Duke of Alba in the field. Full of external bonhomie, but

with a heart of steel. In person he is large and coarse, yet his silver hair and ruddy complexion please the eye, and in some degree explain his personal attractiveness. No man with the same homely good look, ever executed harder acts. Blaye was a more objectionable duty than St. Helena, and the erudite pages of Sismondi have to be searched for a *pendant* to the Dahra.

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CHAPTER XL.

PROMULGATION OF THE CONSTITUTION—GENERAL CAVAIGNAC— ELECTION FOR FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC.

ON the evening of the 4th November the cannon of the Invalids startled the citizens of Paris. After a moment of panic, it was understood that there was no insurrection, and the guns which recalled the gloomy impressions of June, were now pealing a welcome to the Constitution, which had been passed by a majority of 739 to 30.

After the motion of the grave M. Dufaure, it had furthermore been decreed that the Constitution should be inaugurated by a fête in the Place de la Concorde, and Sunday, the 12th, was fixed for the ceremonial. The day proved most unpropitious; the very perfection of November weather; atmosphere sad and heavy; rain, mingled with snow-flakes, melting as they fell; nor did popular enthusiasm make up for the depressing effects of the elements. The people showed indifference. There was no spontaneous procession, or delegation, or illumination. The ceremony passed according to the official programme, and there was an end of it. Inferences enough were drawn from this manifestation of popular apathy, the most moderate of which was that the Revolution had produced disappointment.

The candidates for the Presidency of the Republic were now fairly in the field. A little time showed that there were only two who could dispute the great prize—General Cavaignac and Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. The first had all the claims desirable from proved personal merit and eminent services afforded to his country. The other bore a great name; and, if he had committed great faults, he had paid the atonement of great sufferings, which he had patiently borne and ennobled by study.

Within the five months that General Cavaignac governed France he had given proofs of every qualification necessary to

the head of a popularly ruled state but one—eloquence, in the highest sense of the word. The jealousy and enmity of a clique broke out in the nick of time, and afforded him the opportunity of making a great speech. It reached the ears of General Cavaignac that some members of the Government, which had been cashiered by the Assembly in June, the second day of the Insurrection, were preparing a sort of literary infernal machine which would blow his reputation to pieces. The chief agent in the plot was M. Barthelemy St. Hilaire, a gentleman who enjoyed some reputation as one of the professors at the Sorbonne. M. St. Hilaire had prepared a history of the Insurrection, the object of which was to show, partly through insinuation and partly through direct charges, that the insurrection had been owing, in the first instance, to the willful neglect of precaution on the part of the Minister of War, namely, Cavaignac, and that its protraction with the consequent sacrifices of life, might be attributed to his military incapacity.

General Cavaignac determined that the charges prepared against him, notoriously by members of the Assembly, should be openly preferred in the Assembly, and Professor St. Hilaire had the honor of reviving the Greek custom of reading his history in public, but alas! he won no crown, gained no applause, and carried off no prize.

The charges as recapitulated by the accused General himself were: That he had neglected the orders given him to have a sufficient number of troops in Paris; that he had not followed the instructions addressed to him in writing the night preceding the insurrection, and which, if executed, would have prevented the outbreak. That his general system of defense was defective, that he had no artillery at hand, and could only procure it with great difficulty from Vincennes; and that, in fact, the leading motive of his conduct was to bring about that which actually took place, in respect to himself, his elevation to the dictatorship.

The history which has already been given in the course of this work of that terrible insurrection, precludes the necessity of going through the details of the General's celebrated defense. In general terms, it may be said that he proved that he had assembled

in the neighborhood of Paris the troops ordered by the Executive Commissioner of Government ; that he never disobeyed any order ; that his plan of defense had been arranged beforehand, with the concurrence of two of the ablest generals of the day ; while as to his manœuvres to have himself made dictator, he disapproved the charge completely.

What we have to do here is to note the effect produced by this speech. It was immense. Hitherto the qualities attributed to Cavaignac were good sense and good intentions. He had come before the world an almost unknown man. He had never held a chief command in Algeria before February ; but as Colonel and then Brigadier Cavaignac, he had been esteemed as a highly meritorious officer. He was a man who never sought to push himself into notice or to attract attention to his acts. He drew up a report once of an affair in which he had been severely wounded, without mentioning his wound. Appointed Governor of Algeria by the Provisional Government, he set at once about his duties, and it was remarked that the first paper which he issued on his appointment was of a singularly superior kind. Called home to take the post of Minister of War, he applied himself to the duties of his department as if he had no other object to attend to. He sought not to attract attention to himself by speeches, and he dreamed not of intrigues. When, to his clear judgment, a battle was impending, he prepared to meet it ; when it came, he mounted his horse and inspected the barricades with that concentrated intensity of purpose which would not allow him to ward off the balls flying about his head.

Elevated to the head of the government, he applied himself to the study of foreign affairs, and having satisfied his mind that peace was for the interests of France, he determined that no earthly consideration should induce him to entangle the country in a war, so long as her honor was not affected. Taking the lead in every debate, he never said a word more than was essential for the purpose of making known the views of government. Nor would he have spoken at all if he did not deem it to be his duty to accept, frankly, the burthen that had been placed on his shoulders. Regarding situations exactly as they were, he recog-

nized that pending the proposition of the Constitution his government was only provisional ; that the Assembly was master, and that he should, as in duty bound, execute the wishes of the Assembly so long as he held its confidence.

When the Red Republic was refuted, he parted company with Red Republicans ; and when Conservative principles were shown to be those of the parliament and of the country, he opened places in his Cabinet to Conservative members ; and all this he did without the sacrifice of the great principle of Republican government.

It is told of him that when once asked by his superior if he would draw his sword against Republicans, he answered no, and resigned. His superior esteemed him so much that he made him withdraw his resignation.

As a statesman, he acted on the same principle. The Assembly commanded his obedience so long as he could obey with honor. For the Republic he would fight to the death : such was Cavaignac, such his singleness of view and purpose : never seeking to do more than the necessities of the moment required, and then performing his immediate duty with masterly power and entire self-devotion.

Challenged at length to make a defense of his general conduct—he set about his task, as an advocate would have done, and delivered such a speech as the most eloquent speaker at the bar could not probably have surpassed. The gracefulness of his delivery was not less remarkable than the method of his arrangement. His readiness and repartee were not less lively and sparkling than the clearness of his statement and the cogency of his argument. The whole was set off with a high-bred courtesy, that savored of the court more than the camp, while delicate irony stood in the place of invective.

The election of General Cavaignac to the Presidency of the Republic was by his partisans deemed secure. The incarnate expression of the Republic had arisen. The man had been found whom no situation had taken by surprise ; and as all situations had been met and filled with perfect ability, the measure of such a man's capacity could not even yet be said to have been reached.

New trials were before the Republic, and there was the man, who, holding a true straightforward course, and taking things as he found them, could yet adapt himself to an encounter with any difficulty with marvelous plasticity. The eloquent oration threw back a blaze on previous acts; nor was it a manifestation of power artfully concealed until the critical moment, for sake of a dazzling surprise: so reasoned his friends, and so thought just-men, who tried to spell the design of Providence in allowing great and perplexing changes.

For a moment parties opposed to the Republic seemed confounded; but they quickly rallied, and, with the perverse sophistry of party, next drew reasons from the versatile talent of the man for renewed efforts against him. It was whispered that, until the moment when he was stung into putting forth his powers, he had cunningly veiled them; his modesty, reserve, and professions in favor of order, although professions authenticated by acts, were merely put on until his enemies, deceived by an appearance of limited ability, and the timid, entrapped by the hope of protection through his firm probity, and the constitutionist, attracted by his apparent readiness to lean on the moderate for advice, should combine to place him at the head of the State—and then away would fly the mask—down would go the legal crutches, and out would fly the sword beneath the banner of the Red Republic. "There is more in that man than we know," became the watch-word of party. Besides those who conscientiously apprehended that a moderate Republic was not possible, there were others who did not desire to see a Republic, even if moderate, consolidated. In the eyes of such persons the virtues of Cavaignac told against him.

If any man could consolidate a Republic in France, he was that man. In look—in manner—in conduct, he was the *beau idéal* of the Republican; not of the *sans culotte* school, but the patrician Republican of Rome. At the prime of life—tall, well-formed, and dignified; with the proud head of a Coriolanus, and the sensibility of the stoical Brutus. His quickness to feel suspicion or slight, explains why he shunned occasions for display. This characteristic quality explains, too, his tenure of office in

times so difficult ; for his readiness to resign power secured power in his hands ; and it furthermore explains why he is not now President of the Republic ; for the unwillingness to be supposed desirous of postponing the election that he might cling as long as possible to place, precipitated the victory of his rival. Thus, brave, proud, sensitive, dignified, able, and unostentatious ; full of republican zeal, and yet anxious for the maintenance of all social rights, as consecrated by the sentiments, habits, religion, and laws of society ; a moral and military disciplinarian ; it would seem as if Providence had sent the right man at the right time to the French people, and they rejected him. Rejecting, they revered and esteemed him ; wherefore, there can be but one answer, " they did not want the Republic."

A few days previous to the election, a circumstance of an unfortunate description occurred, of which the enemies of General Cavaignac were enabled to take advantage. Among the many strange acts of the Provisional Government was the preparation of a pension list for suffering political offenders. The strangeness was not in the principle of such a measure, but in the classification of worthy sufferers. The family of Fieschi were set down for pensions. The relations of Lecomte, who fired a blunderbuss into the *char-à-banc*, where were seated the family of Louis-Philippe ; these relations of the regicide had their claims acknowledged, although Lecomte had not even the palliative in republican eyes, of fanaticism ; for his sole motive was revenge, because he had been dismissed from his situation of wood-ranger. In fine, a pack of villains were placed on this pension list, whose names figured by the side of some other names of character.

The report of the Provisional Government was probably forgotten. It passed into the hands of M. Senard, when that gentleman became Minister of the Interior, who, simply looking at the decree, without, it is charitably to be presumed, examining the appended lists, presented it to General Cavaignac for signature. The decree thus signed lay by until M. Dufaure became minister ; and M. Dufaure, without undoing the parcel, sent it to some committee, and there the discovery was made. The signature of General Cavaignac was held to make him answer-

able for intentions of which he was completely ignorant. Admitting this, it was yet with some reason said, "Behold republican morality," and the Republic, in its abstract character, was stained with the exposure. Events which occurred at Rome a little previously, were not without influence upon the election for presidency.

The Prime Minister of the Pope, Count Rossi, was assassinated on the fifteenth of November, at the moment he was entering the chamber of Representatives. Very terrible and disgraceful scenes followed. The Pope's secretary, a Cardinal, had been killed; and the Pope himself was in danger. As soon as information of these events reached the French Government, General Cavaignac promptly resolved to offer the assistance of France to the head of the Catholic Church; a special envoy was at once dispatched to his Holiness, and a brigade of troops ordered to embark for Civita Vecchia. In the mean time the Pope had taken refuge in the kingdom of Naples, and the proffered aid became unnecessary. Count de Montalambert, the organ of the Catholic body, publicly thanked General Cavaignac in the Assembly, and then canvassed against him. The man was respected; but the Republic incurred fresh odium for the excesses of Roman demagoguism. With Cavaignac the cause of Republicanism was identified, and he who struck down demagoguism with his sword, paid the penalties of its extravagance under all forms, and in no matter what country.

The election day arrived. The weather was of extraordinary fineness and beauty for the season; the animal spirits of the people rose cheerfully. The name of Napoleon proved a charm for the peasantry, who marched to the polling places with outspread banners. In the leading towns Cavaignac was well supported; but the farmers and peasantry voted *en masse* for the heir of the Emperor. It was calculated that it would take a fortnight, at least, to examine the votes; but the result was not doubtful from the first hour. Conjectures of an injurious character to the head of the State were hazarded by people who did not know the man; but an opportunity was soon afforded for demonstrating their unworthiness. General Cavaignac was be-

sieged with entreaties, under every possible form, to grant an amnesty to the prisoners who were paying the penalty of their crimes against society in June. Prayers were addressed to him in private,—no means calculated to excite his pride, to pique his vanity, to tempt his love of popularity, to open prospects of a new party leadership, were withheld; such entreaties failing, motions were made in the Assembly, and had he consented to act merely a passive part, the amnesty had been voted. He resolved to resign his authority in all its plenitude to his successor, and even to afford him the advantages of an act of grace, should policy warrant its performance.

On the evening of the 20th of December, an unusual movement was observed in Paris. Troops, appearing in all directions, were seen converging to one point—the National Assembly. The Place de la Concorde, the quays, the avenues to the Assembly, bristled with bayonets, and were animated by cavalry. It had been resolved upon suddenly to proclaim the President of the Republic, without waiting until all the votes had been counted. The reason assigned for this step was, to defeat by anticipation the suspected designs of a party, to carry Louis Napoleon from the Assembly to the Tuileries, and there abrogate the oath to the Republic, by proclaiming him Emperor. Within the Assembly there was no less surprise than without. The public in the galleries were amazed and delighted, when an uninteresting discussion about the printing of the debates was interrupted, to allow of a ceremonial being performed, destined to become a page in history. On the invitation of the President of the Assembly, M. Waldeck Rousseau ascended the tribune, and read the report of the Committee, stating that, so far as their inquiries had proceeded, it appeared that 7,327,345 had been ascertained, and were divided as follows:—

The Citizen Louis Napoleon Bonaparte obtained . . .	5,434,226
The Citizen Cavaignac	1,448,107
The Citizen Ledru-Rollin	370,119
The Citizen Raspail	36,920
The Citizen Lamartine	17,910

General Cavaignac rose, and without preface, handed in the

resignation of ministers, adding simply, "I come also to resign into the hands of the Assembly the power with which it was good enough to invest me. The Assembly will comprehend, much better than I can express, the sentiments of gratitude that its confidence and kindness have ineffaceably engraved on my memory." A burst of enthusiastic plaudits accompanied the gallant General to his seat. The successful candidate was then proclaimed President of the Republic, and after a short address, delivered with fervor—an address conceived in the most unostentatious language, and breathing of peace and concord, Louis Napoleon descended from the tribune and walked to the place where sat his honored rival, whose hand he respectfully took and pressed amidst renewed applause. The Assembly needed no fresh proof of the magnanimity of Cavaignac; but the behavior of Louis Napoleon, at this, the first hour of his trial, produced a most favorable impression, and tended to remove many prejudices. In a few minutes after, the President of the Republic left the Assembly, in company with his Prime Minister, Odilon Barrot.

CHAPTER XLI.

FIRST CABINET UNDER LOUIS NAPOLEON—M. DE MALEVILLE, HIS SUCCESSFUL DEBUT, AND IMMEDIATE RETIREMENT—CHANGES—M. PASSY.

THE composition of the Cabinet appeared the next day in the *Moniteur*. In old times it would have been called a coalition ministry ; at present it was entitled a conciliation one. Odilon Barrot took the comparatively subordinate post of Minister of Justice. His so doing was not without significance. The magistracy had been disorganized, the administration of justice had been lax ; the Prime Minister, in placing himself at the head of the law, implied that his first business would be to set the disjointed framework of society aright. The Foreign Affairs were intrusted to M. Drouyn de l'Huys, a gentleman who had proved the independence of his spirit by opposing a former administration, and forfeiting in consequence the direction of the commercial department of the Foreign Office. His demeanor was in accordance with his character, being that of a frank, courageous, intelligent man. The War Department was assigned to General Ruilhière, who under the monarchy was reckoned a Conservative. To the mild and humane de Tracy was given the Marine. M. Léon de Maleville and M. Léon Faucher took, the first the Ministry of the Interior, the latter the Department of Public Works. M. Bixio, a Republican *de la veille*, was made Minister of Commerce. M. de Falloux, Minister of Public Instruction and Religion ; and to M. Passy was confided that most important post, the Minister of Finance.

One of the first acts of the Cabinet marked in a way not to be mistaken its determination to deal vigorously with factions, should they renew their armed attempts against society. General Changarnier, already Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard of

Paris, was appointed commander of the first military division, embracing the garrison of Paris. This was an immense concentration of power in the hands of one man. Many objections were urged against it, but they were overborne by the consideration that such unity of action in the hands of so able and intelligent a general, would enable him to provide so rapidly against factious manœuvres, that they would be paralyzed at once. The first trial of strength between the Cabinet and the Opposition was on this subject:—The day after Christmas, M. Ledru-Rollin vigorously attacked the Government for an appointment which he argued, book in hand, to be illegal and unconstitutional. Odilon Barrot, hampered by his scrupulous respect for law, made so qualified a defense as to encourage his adversary to come a second time to the charge; but the latter was now to encounter a new antagonist. M. Léon de Maleville had not, until he was appointed minister, taken any part in public discussion, although in the old Chamber of Deputies he had signalized himself by his easy wit and lively elocution.

A few friends of M. Thiers seemed to have entered into some compact, either not to hazard the rudeness to which their chief had exposed himself, or by silence to mark their disdain. By the side of de Maleville sat the philosophic Charles de Remusat, a mute but watchful observer, keeping as clear from intrigues as he did from the tribune. Remusat would not take office; Maleville did; and his first appearance, coming after the leader of the Mountain, was watched with curiosity. The two men bore a certain resemblance to each other—so much so, that, on the breaking out of the June insurrection, and at a moment when the National Guards were incensed against Ledru-Rollin, whom they suspected of treason, de Maleville had been set upon by a group of this civic corps, he having been mistaken for the burly member of the Executive Commission.

Alike as the two men were in size and appearance, de Maleville had the advantage of possessing an ample fund of happy turns of expression, which used to be so characteristically French, and which is every day becoming more rare. Few of the best leading men are able to season their discourse with wit—Ledru-

Rollin not at all. When de Maleville opened a new and unaccustomed fire of pungent pleasantries upon his violent yet solemn adversary, and raised a roar of laughter which pursued him up the Mountain, the discomfiture was so evident, that the battle was already won. "I am happy," began de Maleville, "to hear the Minister of the Interior of the Provisional Government evince such scruples on the score of legality."

The recollection of the outrageous violations of law achieved by Ledru-Rollin, contrasted with the two speeches he had last delivered, when put so neatly before the Assembly, told very happily. "I am yet more pleased to find how little taste he has for unlimited powers." The Commissaries of Ledru-Rollin, armed "with unlimited powers," being thus brought to mind, caused the satirical laughter to be renewed; and when with a courteous but humorous bow the minister congratulated his adversary on his improved constitutional manners, the Assembly backed the sarcasm with its applause.

The Cabinet had started off well. A match was found for the affected successor of Danton. The lion's skin had been torn off his shoulders. He was but a sham Danton, and his roarings thenceforward would have only brought back the "countryman with his cudgel." To the surprise and concern of the public, it was learned that on the day after his triumph, M. de Maleville had thrown up office, in consequence of a personal dispute with the President of the Republic about the surrender of some records, which the latter deemed injurious to his feelings, but which the former did not feel himself authorized to surrender. With M. de Maleville, the representative of the Republican party in the Cabinet, M. Bixio, withdrew. M. Faucher was raised to the Ministry of the Interior, M. Lacrosse took M. Faucher's portfolio of Public Works, and M. Buffet succeeded M. Bixio. The effect of this change was not agreeable to the public.

There were but two men of commanding reputation in the Cabinet, Odilon Barrot and Hippolyte Passy. The others were certainly able and honorable men; but their merits remained to be proved. They had not even made distinguished figures in Parliament, much less held the reins of Government. It was

known too, indeed it could not be unknown, that the President of the Republic, who had taken the personal friends of Molé and Thiers, and at their instigation and advice, would have much more willingly accepted the service of the chiefs than the subordinates; and a feeling of commiseration sprung up for this well-intentioned ruler, who would have surrounded himself, and did, so far as opportunity afforded, surround himself with the most eminent political guides, taken from all sections of constitutional Conservatism.

The credit of Odilon Barot began to rise the more that his frankness and courage contrasted with the reserve manifested by others. Another blow awaited the new administration—and it was to come from the Chambers. The Minister of Finance had to grapple with enormous difficulties, owing to the embarrassed state of the Exchequer; and yet he had hardly entered on his functions when a successful proposition to abandon a great portion of the lucrative salt tax, came to derange his calculations and perplex his plans for bringing the finances into an orderly state. Happily for the country, M. Passy remained steadfast to his post; but it became manifest to ministers that they could not hope to carry out any general scheme of policy in so unfriendly an assembly.

At this conjuncture the Republicans tendered their homage to the President, but he remained steadfast to his advisers, with honorable fidelity; and by the straightforwardness of his conduct, went far to put an end to those suspicions of intrigue with which it was taken for granted the hotel of the Presidency must be filled. It was not only that the Constituent could not be reckoned upon, but it was known that the President and his Ministers were not quite agreed as to their relative position. The Ministers were imbued with the old Constitutional doctrine of sole Ministerial responsibility, while the President felt that the responsibility placed on his own shoulders, threw him into a position widely differing from that of a king, who can do no wrong. Both, however, appeared to resolve, that until a new Assembly should be got together, the consideration of all great questions should, so far as it was possible, be placed in abeyance.

Let us direct our observation a little to M. Passy. He had served in office under the Monarchy, with M. Dufaure, and such was the close political connection that sprung up between these two gentlemen, that the name of one could not be mentioned without that of the other suggesting itself; like qualities of mind and manners are not essential to close friendship, although the broad basis of a common principle may be. If M. Dufaure be cold and reserved, M. Passy is fresh and frank—a fine, bald-headed, personable gentleman. There is much difference, too, in the mental accomplishments and eloquence of each. M. Dufaure is singularly lucid, but confined. M. Passy possesses, on the other hand, that great power of generalization, which is the fruit of ample reading with inward digestion, habitual reflection, and constant habit of exposition. No one can say more in a few words. Within a speech of less than half an hour, he would give a financial statement to the Opposition, that if not unanswerable, few could answer. Yet this matter of finance is not his special pursuit, for Passy is a philosophic statesman. His little *brochure* on the inequalities of wealth, written as a corrective of those false and extravagant notions put forward by the Communists, contains, within some fifty pages, more pregnant matter, easily portable to the memory of the plain, inquiring mind, than could readily be found within the same space in any modern work. On this account it is much more useful than the diffuse and elaborate essay of Thiers, and reminds the reader of some of those celebrated essays, so terse, thoughtful, and weighty, which were furnished by the French writers of the seventeenth century. Thiers can not generalize. He can analyze and deal with details, until he arrives at his conclusion as the result of the whole, instead of enabling the mind to measure the extent of a wide question by the light of a great principle or pregnant suggestion. Thiers is among political writers, that which Balzac is among novelists, whose descriptions have been compared to an auctioneer's inventory. Passy gives you the elixir, but spares you the details of the process. It is curious, that of the two great friends, Dufaure became the mainstay of General Cavaignac, and Passy the great bond of the first cabinet of Louis Napoleon.

Had he resigned, upon his defeat on the salt tax, the Ministry should have broken up, Although he resolved to present no financial measures until there should be a new Chamber, yet his name and his presence served to revive public confidence in a remarkable degree. Such is the value of character, such the advantage of reputation.

CHAPTER XLII.

MOVEMENT AGAINST THE CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY—PROPOSITION FOR DISSOLUTION—PIERRE BONAPARTE HEADS THE OPPOSITION—HIS EXTRAORDINARY Demeanor—RESOLUTION OF ODILON BARROT—STORMY DEBATE—PARTY INTRIGUES—VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC—IMPEACHMENT OF MINISTERS—PARIS THREATENED WITH ANOTHER REVOLUTION—ASSEMBLY AT LENGTH RESOLVES ITS DISSOLUTION—GENERAL CAVAIGNAC AND GENERAL CHAN-GARNIER.

As a consequence of the dispositions that had been made evident by the election of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, a cry arose for the dissolution of the National Constituent Assembly. It was urged that the Assembly elected under the immediate influence of a revolution against which the country had now appeared to enter its protest, was in duty bound to retire before such a manifestation of the popular will. It had besides accomplished its mission. The Constitution being made, the Constituent lost its title; nor could it by an effort of its own put itself in harmony with the wishes of the country or with the head of the state, now the recognized expression of those wishes. The President, by his selection of a ministry from the Conservative ranks, had himself shown in what light he regarded his own nomination. The country, by the movement which was beginning against the Assembly, whose first acts were in hostility to his Cabinet, proved, on the other hand, that the President was not mistaken. To have resisted such a movement would have been dangerous. Had the Constituent persisted in opposing the will of the country, the end of the Republic might have been anticipated. However loudly parties may talk, and whatever airs of dignity they may assume, they instinctively seize the true character of their position. The Constituent knew that to stand out against the country would be to make an Emperor. The

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question then resolved itself into the most decent manner of dying.

An obscure individual, whose name had not been heard of before, was induced "to rush in where *leaders* feared to tread," and to hazard the delicate proposition. M. Râteau moved that the Assembly should at once settle the day of dissolution. The 12th January was fixed for taking the motion into consideration. In the mean time parties out of doors were considerably excited. The Republicans were furious, for they dreaded an election. Petitions for and against dissolution were hawked about for signature. Those in favour of dissolution outnumbered by far the others; but the Republicans gained, as they conceived, a great advantage in the person of Pierre Bonaparte. When the motion was announced from the chair, M. Deseze, a Legitimist, supported the affirmative in a temperate, argumentative speech, gracefully delivered; and it was to him that Pierre Bonaparte rose to reply. Pierre is the brother of the Prince of Canino, one of the leaders of the Roman demagogues; and Pierre aspired to similar rank in Paris. The man is of violent temper, of which he gave a proof once by inflicting a wound with a knife on a person with whom he had a quarrel. He is not only violent, but in dress and appearance extremely vulgar. He usually wears a cutaway green coat, with brass buttons, and looks like a horse dealer. His broad face bears no resemblance to the Bonaparte family; but viewed in profile, the shape of the head is like that of his more elegant cousin, the son of Jerome. Pitching his voice to a shout, he declaimed against the audacity of anti-revolutionary factions, which dared to prejudge the decision of the Assembly as to the period of its glorious mission. He protested that such a question ought not to have been allowed to be raised, and he denounced what he called the impious crusade that had been preached against the Assembly. "It is time," he said, "to impose silence on those rebels in open revolt. Whatever decree the Assembly would choose to adopt, it should be religiously respected, under pain of being declared traitors to their country. Such decree would," he affirmed, "be respected in the name of the democratic Republic and of the sovereign peo-

ple." This speech, which the aspiring brother of Canino read, was pronounced with a dull vehemence which partook rather of an unintelligent turbulence than of impassioned conviction, but it derived a certain degree of importance from the man's position. The Mountain was in a frenzy of delight; the right benches looked astounded. Perhaps they marveled at the happy dispensation of Providence that Pierre was not the born heir.

The debate had proceeded for some time, when at length Odilon Barrot rose to state the views of the Government. He said that however confident the Assembly might feel in its own strength, it was his profound conviction that a body which had fulfilled its mission could not prolong its existence in presence of an executive power which had sprung from a movement different from that to which the Assembly owed its own origin. There was an incompatibility between both. While such a situation lasted, it would be impossible for any ministry to take long views or attempt important reform. Not contented with mere reasoning of an abstract kind, the minister frankly ran through the impediments that had been thrown in the way of the Government. The speech was interrupted at almost each sentence; one cried that he was presenting an act of accusation against the Assembly; another gave the minister a gross contradiction. M. Portalis exclaimed, "*Allez-vous-en,*" and this rude cry of "be-gone," shocked the Assembly at the time of its greatest excitement. M. Portalis had filled high legal functions under the Monarchy; had in old times been a Legitimist; bore the title of Baron; turned republican, and signaling himself by the violence of his sentiments, was made first Procureur-Général of the Republic; resigned his office in a pique; and now betrayed how completely all sense of dignity was extinguished by this utterance of a gross insult, for which he was called to order. Reduced to its simplest expression, the speech of M. Odilon Barrot amounted to this: that the Assembly had no right to sit any longer; that if it did persist in protracting the session, the ministry would not feel called upon either to submit to its decrees, or to present any law for its adoption. So bold a speech was blamed pretty generally; it brought the dispute to a crisis, and such a crisis as

could only be settled by a *coup d'état* on the part of the Government, or a popular manifestation, such as could not be resisted. Would the Assembly challenge such an alternative?

The Opposition, headed by Pierre Bonaparte, tried to win over the President with the hope that he would change his Ministers, and throw himself on the Republican party. An opportunity for pleasing him was afforded by the election of Vice-President of the Republic. It was well known that the Conservatives desired to have M. Vivien appointed to that high office. The sentiments of the President could only be known by the order in which he would place his three names on the list for selection by the Assembly. He placed M. Boulay de la Meurthe first, General Baragnay d'Hilliers second, and M. Vivien last, and the majority, out of deference to the feelings of the President, returned M. Boulay, on Saturday, the 20th January. As the Vice-President of the Republic is, *ex-officio*, President of the Council of State, M. Vivien would, on that account, have been remarkably well fitted by his attainments for such a position. M. Boulay, a thorough Bonapartist, whose father had been greatly esteemed by the Emperor, was known favorably on account of the interest which he took in charitable institutions and the education of the people; and as it was to those points the President had indicated his intention of directing his views, the selection of M. Boulay was not ill-advised. He is a corpulent dignitary, with a pleasant, rubicund visage, and if the Republicans could only have won over so cordial and so trusted an intermediary, there might yet be an overthrow of the Barrot ministry. It would seem, however, that notwithstanding the vehemence of M. Boulay's republican professions "he loved," we fear we must alter the line, "not Rome less, but Cæsar more." A bold move was now made by the Ministers, met by a bolder one on the part of the Opposition. On Saturday next following, a demand for the suppression of political Clubs was presented by Ministers. They were defeated on the point of urgency or priority, and M. Ledru-Rollin moved an impeachment.

The following Monday merits historical note. At an early hour in the morning the *rappel* was beaten for the National

Guards to turn out, and in the course of the morning the city was occupied *militairement*, that is to say, at all the strategic points there were placed a body of troops and a company of National Guards in full fighting trim. The general emotion was extreme, the more so as no one could explain to his own satisfaction the cause for such an immense display of troops. The more general impression was, that the Government had resolved upon a *coup d'état* by a summary dismissal of the Assembly, an impression entertained by many to the present hour, and which will probably never be completely eradicated. The Assembly had not frankly and unreservedly accepted Louis Napoleon Bonaparte; it had begun by thwarting his Government, and it had received, without protest, an Act of Accusation. On the other hand, the Cabinet had, at once, and at the same time, told the Assembly that its title had ceased, and pronounced the Clubs an obstacle to Government. Very specious reasons might have preceded an ordinance for the dissolution of the Constituent, yet the experiment, unless sanctioned by the voice of the people, might have proved fatal. When Louis Napoleon Bonaparte rode out unexpectedly that morning, and presented himself in all directions, throwing himself completely unprotected into the arms of the people, the suspicion was confirmed that he sought in popular manifestations the final reason for consummating the wish of his official advisers. The Government, on the other hand, affirmed that they were in possession of a plot to renew the battle of June. An opportunity had certainly been thrown in the way of the standing staff of the Socialist conspiracy, which such astute, bold, and ready desperadoes were not likely to neglect. The term of the expiration of service of the *garde mobile* was approaching, and notwithstanding the brilliant courage exhibited by these civic troops in June, there was much reason to fear that they had been worked upon by the indefatigable agents of the Clubs. They were children of Paris, who had been swept from idleness and mischief, and ranged on the side of order by the decree of the Provisional Government, which, at the suggestion of M. Lamartine, created a *garde mobile*. They were all thoroughly imbued with a republican spirit, and

since the change of Government they had, many of them, been persuaded that they were now soldiers of the *réaction*. Here, then, was this formidable force about to be virtually disbanded for sake of admitting of a reorganization, by which the number would have been reduced one-half, the pay considerably diminished, and the new corps subjected to change of quarters—from the pleasant pranks enjoyed in the gay and voluptuous Paris, among citizens who had assisted them, with expressions of gratitude, to, in all probability, the burning sands of Algeria.

With several thousands of well-disciplined fellows, accustomed to barricade fighting, taken from the side of Government and placed behind those impromptu fortifications, which they formerly had so successfully attacked, it is not surprising that the hopes of the Clubs should have revived. The leaders had on their side the violated Clubs, a large portion of the Assembly, all those who believed that the Constitution had been infringed upon, with a ready army whose passions were inflamed. There was a third party which suspected that General Changarnier feigned alarm for the sake of finding a pretext for showing how complete were his own plans for taking military possession of the city, and demonstrating that he had rendered an *émeute* impossible. It would not be difficult to muster partisans according to these three categories; believers in a *coup d'état*; believers in an actual conspiracy; and believers in an old soldier's trick. Those disposed to believe in a conspiracy, would probably dwell on the suspicious physiognomy of the city on the Monday morning of the 29th January. They would ask, Who are those men in blouses, so well mounted, who were galloping here and there, and drawing up to whisper directions to pedestrians in blouses? What meant those mysterious signs of intelligence? What meant the appearance of those ill-omened faces that precede troubles as surely as the stormy petrel heralds the approaching tempest? What meant those ferocious cries and abominable choruses, which were occasionally indulged in, redolent, as they were, of the guillotine and of pillage? The Assembly met, and so preoccupied were members with the idea of a *coup d'état*, that Odilon Barrot felt it necessary to open the day's proceedings with a speech, explaining the measures resolved

upon relative to the Mobile Guard, the agitation it had caused, the hopes excited among the Clubs, and the necessity for taking precautions against disturbance.

The Assembly did not part that evening, however, until, after a long discussion, it passed a vote by which the principle of its dissolution was accepted. Thus the *coup d'état*, had such been contemplated, was averted—the impeachment was virtually killed, and a day, which at the opening presented so extraordinary an analogy to that of the morning of the 24th of February, closed with a decisive victory for the Government. Reasoning back from the advantage gained, as is habitual to the human mind, it was then said that the whole paraphernalia of the day had been gotten up to terrify the Assembly into voting its own dissolution. Recovering from its surprise, the Opposition demanded, on Saturday, the 3d of February, that there should be a parliamentary inquiry into the circumstances connected with the military display of the previous Monday. The Minister of the Interior opposed the inquiry, and was beaten by a majority of twenty. Then was brought to the test, the question whether the Ministry would retire or not, before a vote of the Assembly. They repaired to the *Elysée Nationale*, and on consultation with the President of the Republic, it was ruled in the negative. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was therefore, with his Ministers, against the majority. The following Monday, the Minister of the Interior ascended the tribune, and laid before the Assembly, extracts from a considerable number of reports, calculated to prove that a conspiracy had been matured, and would have broken out, with all possible accompaniments of horror, on the Monday in question, only for the timely precautions of the Government. The statement, undoubtedly produced a great impression, and General Oudinot came to the support of the Government, with an amended proposition. There had, in fact, been mixed up with the demand for the inquiry, an accusation against the Minister of the Interior, that he had issued an offensive circular, which, in point of fact, had been forwarded under his official cover, but by an individual not connected with his office. General Oudinot, taking advantage of the Minister's apologetic

explanation, moved that the Assembly, satisfied with the disavowal of the Minister, pass to the order of the day, which was carried, and the demand for a parliamentary committee of inquiry virtually fell to the ground. At length, on the 8th of February, after a long contested struggle, during which various propositions had been offered and rejected, it was settled, on the motion of M. Lanjuinais, that the Assembly, as soon as it should have passed three organic laws—to wit, a law organizing the Council of State, an Electoral law, and a law regulating the powers of the Executive—would dissolve. This resolution would, according to calculation, bring about a dissolution in May. The Opposition stipulated, that in the interval, as much time as possible should be devoted to the consideration of the financial expenditure of the country, in order that the Constituent Assembly might have, at least, the glory of endowing the country with a moderate budget, and thus relieve the people from excessive taxation. The narration of the events, connected more or less with the mysterious Monday, would not be complete, if we failed to notice an incident which deeply moved the Assembly and the public. From the moment that General Cavaignac bade adieu to power, he had ceased to take part in the debates of the Assembly, and after a little while returned to the country, to recruit his health at all times delicate. He was, nevertheless, regarded with pride, by the Republican party; he was their head and chief—the man on whom their hopes settled. Had not Cavaignac arisen, that party could not have boasted the possession of a truly great and competent man.

During his absence, a legitimist newspaper—the *Union*—contained a paragraph, the sense of which was, that General Cavaignac had been tampering with the army, but that General Changarnier had detected his projects. The public gave little attention to this loose and idle statement; yet it seemed to have produced a painful impression on the mind of the gallant General against whom it was pointed. The newspaper was supposed to be in accordance, in its general principles, with those entertained by the Commander-in-Chief, and it was on account, probably, of this impression, that General Cavaignac took the course of bring-

ing the matter publicly under the notice of the Government. The Minister of the Interior unhesitatingly pronounced the calumnious article to be beneath contempt.

General Changarnier rose next. He began by declaring that he had no connection, directly or indirectly, with the newspaper in question. Betraying how much his own feelings were hurt, he expressed surprise that General Cavaignac, who had long served with him, had not known him better than to have imagined that he could have been a party to such a proceeding. Never had he condescended, he said, to Police Acts, and certainly he had not troubled himself with inquiries into the details of General Cavaignac's conduct. The affair began now to take a dramatic turn. "I know that his conduct is honorable," emphatically spoke the Commander-in-Chief; on which General Cavaignac gave a disdainful toss of his head, which evidently stung Changarnier, who, drawing himself up, and directing his eye to the former, apostrophized him personally, "General, it is not with the object of paying you compliments that I speak; do not repel them! We have served long enough together for me to know you, and it seems to me, besides, that my testimony should not be treated with disdain. I have often had the satisfaction, and it was for me of the liveliest kind, of contributing to your advancement, and my sentiments regarding you can not be called in question." He went on to express his surprise that the matter had not been brought under his immediate notice, and repelled all participation in the article.

General Cavaignac replied, that he was quite aware of the only answer which could have been given, but that it was essential that the country at large should know it. The scene was, indeed, remarkable. Both were proud; but the pride of Changarnier was that of a military superior, displaying habitual *hauteur*, which Cavaignac, who had been his subordinate, would no longer tolerate. While the former could not divest himself of this notion of superior rank, he felt sore on another account. If Cavaignac had saved society in June, had not he, Changarnier, saved society in April. Political act for political act—their merits were, at least so he might have felt, the same; and if it

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had been his good fortune to have been in Paris in June, he would, in all probability, have contested the supreme command. The great title of Cavaignac, was precisely that which Changarnier was the least disposed to admit.

The jealousy of French officers under Napoleon had become proverbial; and without implying that Changarnier was jealous, yet he never did exhibit that frank, comrade-like spirit, which marked the intercourse of Lamoricière and Bedeau. If not a better soldier, he was the elder. General Changarnier is one of the most distinguished officers of the Algerine army. His characteristic is intrepid coolness. No peril or difficulty can shake his judgment, or excite him. His features are small, and when he was a young man, may have been even effeminate, but there is a play of electric quickness over them, such as portraits fail to communicate. Should he be called into action against rebellion, he would be the Claverhouse of the time. His manner is facile, and ever gay. He is easy of access, and his speech is characterized by a spice of caustic humor. Yet, in temper, he is arbitrary, and unbending in the maintenance of authority. By whim, of which he possesses a good deal, he chooses to seat himself among the ultra-democrats, and not unfrequently cracks a joke at the Mountain. Having failed in their efforts to have him deprived of his united command, the Opposition refused to allow the demand for his pay. "Very well, gentlemen," pleasantly remarked Changarnier, "if it comes to blows, I must only fight you *gratis*."

The high reputation and the pleasantry of this elderly (for he is not old) soldier did not, though such combinations usually conciliate, in the least appease the ultra-republican representatives. The seat he had chosen was probably an additional offense. Fearing, they hated him, while their ill-conceived dislike appeared to cause him diversion, on which account they hated him the more. His grotesque pleasantry, "that it would have been as easy to make an emperor as a box of *bon-bons*," was too pungent and too true to be forgiven. It was taken to express a foregone conclusion.

Never will the Republican party believe that Changarnier

accepted the Republic except as a temporary necessity. The party desirous of maintaining order rely on his honor and fidelity.

Such is the man to whom the peace of Paris was confided by Louis Napoleon, on the advice of Odilon Barrot and his Cabinet. His conduct on Monday, the 29th January, the perfection of his strategic arrangements, would alone justify the opinion entertained of his judgment and capacity.

CONCLUSION.

HAVING brought to a close these personal sketches and notes, the writer would feel it to be a misfortune if from the whole should result a conclusion derogatory to the character of political representative bodies. There has already been too much inconsiderate condemnation of popular legislative assemblies caused by the irregular efforts of Roman and Tuscan demagogues ; the rash and all but fatal precipitation of the raw Parliament of Piedmont, and the crude efforts at Constitution-making at Berlin and Vienna ; with, to crown the whole, the mystic discussions of the German Parliament at Frankfort.

It should be recollected that if, in all these instances, there was more or less of giddiness, it was because of human infirmity, not able to bear the first rays of constitutional light. In no instance has the Parliament made the revolution ; on the contrary, the Parliament is born of the revolution ; and if for some time the representative body betrays the violence of its origin by reprehensible conduct—yet the probability is, that the first effervescence over, and as soon as the Assembly would drop under the yoke of those customary rules from which no constituted Assembly can escape ; with habits of open debate, and of private conversations and consultations leading to the formation of disciplined parties, under the irrepressible ascendancy of rising leaders of talent and of worth—the least promising Assembly would very soon put an end to anarchy, and finally establish order in connection with liberty.

Neither the German nor the Italian Constituent Assemblies or Parliaments have had a fair trial. The Frankfort Parliament, which has been the least exposed to club excitement, demagogue tyranny, and least hampered by the control and suspicion of sovereigns, has preserved throughout a highly respectable attitude. If it has not shown a practical spirit, it may be for the

reason that the nature of its mission was such as to preclude the fair consideration of practical questions.

The French Constituent Assembly has stood in a situation different from all, and, indeed, one altogether unique and unparalleled. The club and demagogue operations, which had such free scope in other countries, were in France brought to bear upon a nation habituated to upward of thirty years' representative government, and the consequence was such as we have seen—that there were returned to the Assembly, along with the foremost revolutionists, a fair amount of established political reputations. By degrees these reputations win their way, until eventually they command, as of old, the support of opinion out of doors.

The Constituent Assembly, although it did for some time obey the wild impulse to which it owed life, yet grew more and more sober; and while it must be acknowledged that even in its early days it rescued society from the Clubs, whose irregular influence it absorbed into its own regular form, it did, ere itself decreed its dissolution, refuse to gratify factions, by involving the country in war. The country, notwithstanding the faults committed by the Assembly, owes to the latter a debt of gratitude. It repealed, modified, or corrected, the destructive decrees of the Provisional Government, respected the rights of property, family, and religion; and while resisting wild or impracticable theories, manifested sympathy for the suffering classes, and promoted education. Nor can it with truth be said that it unsettled every thing; on the contrary, finding every thing unsettled, it did settle a great deal.

It will now be concluded, perhaps, that inasmuch as the Constituent Assembly, elected under such circumstances, continued yet to advance so far in the track of what may, with due reference to circumstances, be comparatively called Conservatism; that the Legislative Assembly, chosen in tranquil times under the auspices of a settled Government, whose motto is order, will differ little from the old Monarchical Chamber, and restore the Monarchy. Certain it is that there is only one party which at this moment looks on the Constitution as settled, and that is the moderate Republican party, of which Cavaignac is the head, and the *National* the organ. The Red Republicans and the Socialists,

forming the Mountain, are already clamoring for two fundamental changes—the removal of the President, and the *droit au travail*; and if we admit that the Bonapartists and Monarchists have relinquished all hopes of restoring one or other of the representatives of the different dynasties, yet it can hardly be supposed that they have relinquished the hope of creating a second Chamber.

Against the hopes of both, the moderate Republicans have taken every possible security. They have framed an electoral law, by which all magistrates, functionaries, and officials who are biassed in favor of old forms, are disqualified from becoming members of the Legislative Assembly. They have created a Council of State, with ample privileges of supervision over all laws and all acts of administration, and they have chosen the preponderating majority of the Members of this Council from among approved Republicans—and in so doing, they have undoubtedly built up a strong security for the Republican form.

In consequence of the disqualification created by the electoral law, it will not be easy to speculate even for some time on the character of the Legislative. The Convention which made the reign of terror was composed of new men. By a decree of the previous Assembly the members, from some strange notion of disinterestedness, resolved that they should not seek to be returned; thus the way was opened to untried adventurers, unabashed and uncontrolled by the presence of established reputations. Similar results may not be apprehended now, although those who pushed for the disqualification of all public functionaries, had probably the Convention in their mind's eye, and expected, at all events, that the Republic would be safe in the hands of the more ardent class, for whom room has been made. Yet it seldom happens that results justify party calculations. As there are few men of independent fortune in France, and if professional men be obliged to resign their means of living, we may expect the new Assembly to be composed in part of those who having been functionaries can, with the assistance of twenty-five francs a day allowed to representatives, afford to give up employment; of manufacturers and men of independent estate; and of small landed proprietors,

with the usual infusion of doctors and advocates. The three first categories would be conservative—but it may be open to conjecture whether the mass of small landed proprietors, likely to make the majority, will not lean to the Empire. If this conjecture should prove correct, the caution taken by the Republicans through their system of disqualification, would serve a very opposite purpose to that which they had in view. Formerly the influence exercised by the capital over the provinces was such that the latter did not dare to dispute its supremacy. Now it is not so. The Revolution of February has given a deep stab to the system of centralization. The provincial councils instead of meeting to talk of roads, schools, and infirmaries, assemble now to consider what measures of defense might be necessary in case of a Red Republican revolution, and whether a march of the departments on Paris might not be advisable for the sake of bringing its corrupt population to reason.

It is a curious phenomenon in the history of French parties, that the attention of all should be turned toward home. Foreign politics, that used to possess exclusive fascination, have lost their savor. It is not that ambition is dead, that the military passion is extinct, that the desire for exercising sway over the continent is subdued, but that society is itself in peril; and until the peril be allayed, France must look to herself. The cancer of Communism is at her heart, nor is it a complaint of yesterday, it is one of old standing. It was planted by the Encyclopædists of the eighteenth century. The doctrine, which denying a Divine Providence, and as a consequence, the whole code of morals based on Revolution, did indeed lay the root of Communism, which is Materialism pushed to its extreme consequences. Emancipated from all received traditions, rules, laws, and social ties, every quack deems himself at liberty to create a new world, admitting with becoming candor, that chaos must precede form and order. It is by the use of this fearful analogy that he justifies to himself, the terrible ruin which must be the preliminary to his work. Through some such stage of mind as this, the French youth must go. In other countries the moral meazles may take other forms, but in France the romance of teenship is

desperately destructive. The plodding professors of more advanced years have an army of allies of a formidable character. It is the conviction with which the Conservative classes are impressed, that the evil lies too deep to be cured by any mere form of political institutions, that the Republic is not threatened with any active combination against it. Political faith is very weak; the majority would put up with any *régime* that would maintain tranquillity. The activity of the Socialists will not allow such passiveness to exist, and their conspiracies will drive the orderly disposed into the adoption of stronger measures of protection. Only for the newly awakened enthusiasm in the provinces, the chances for a restoration of the elder dynasty would have been very great.

The middle classes in the towns would prefer the Orleans dynasty, and until the magic name of Napoleon had been pronounced, a fusion of dynastic interests appeared advisable, and of no difficult accomplishment. The middle classes do not relish the idea of a restoration of an elder branch, with which they associate Aristocracy and Jesuitism; but they might have been brought to accept a compromise, which would open the prospect of a return of the Orleansists, which was emphatically a *bourgeois* dynasty. Louis Napoleon, whether by taste or policy, has turned toward the *bourgeoisie*. His Prime Minister is the political disciple and successor of Lafayette. Thus with the peasantry and small proprietary at his back, with the clergy by no means hostile, he turns to the *bourgeoisie*; should he succeed in winning over this powerful class, he would combine the partisans of both branches. The *bourgeoisie* will not, however, be easily made to forget the position they enjoyed under Louis-Philippe. They will be the less disposed to forget it on account of the injuries they are enduring at the hands of the Socialists, while they are so feebly defended by the Republicans. With the shopkeepers and merchants and manufacturers, the Duchess of Orleans and the Prince de Joinville are as popular as is the Duke of Bordeaux in the Faubourg St. Germain.

Louis Napoleon can not be said to have sure footing in the metropolis. His prospects must, then, depend upon the composi-

tion of the Assembly that shall be returned by the provinces. The majority will be, in all probability, Bonapartists ; but what will the leaders be ? This majority will be composed, perhaps, of men unaccustomed to public life. Some Bonapartist leader of genius and eloquence may spring up, but at present we see no such man. For a while, then, it would seem as if all parties should be forced to observe an expectant position. Monarchists, Bonapartists, and even Republicans, will fear to stir lest they should make an opening for the watchful Socialists. A rash move on the part of the latter would, should a second June be occasioned, precipitate a decision in the Monarchical or Bonapartist sense. It would seem, then, that those who expect very prompt reactionary movements on the part of the new Assembly, may be disappointed ; and yet the rapidity with which a movement, when once set in motion extends, so as to embrace all classes, before they have time to reflect, is one of those traits of the Gallic temperament that prohibits prognostication. It may, however, be surmised, that the disposition and tendencies of the Assembly will be checked by the mutual distrusts of parties, the temper of the metropolis, and the views of leading statesmen.

THE END.

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